THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

An Illustrated Weekly Magazine
Founded Aº Dº by Benj. Franklin

OCTOBER 2, '09 — 5cts. THE COPY

Beginning **The Losing Game**—By Will Payne

Squeezing the Water Out of Motor Car Prices

CAR buyers pay every expense of the car manufacturer. Every expense—legitimate and otherwise.

The car buyer pays the maker's bills for material, pays his payroll, his selling commissions, taxes, insurance, freight, rent, coal bills—everything.

Because every expense of the maker **is figured in the price** of the car—the price the buyer pays.

* * * * *

The maker who is extravagant, wasteful, a poor business man, is compelled to charge more for his car than is the careful and competent maker.

The maker's extravagance and mismanagement add to the price—but do not help the car's quality.

Remember that.

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The extravagant, wasteful maker bluffs his high price upon buyers **who are not careful** to ask what they get for their money.

Or who think that high price must mean high quality.

* * * * *

Price and quality are widely different things.

Careful buyers know that already.

Careful buyers get **maximum car-merit** without paying for a maker's racing team, publicity stunts, red-tape and watered stock.

Careful buyers first **analyze cars** and then **compare prices.**

That's the way to get your money's worth.

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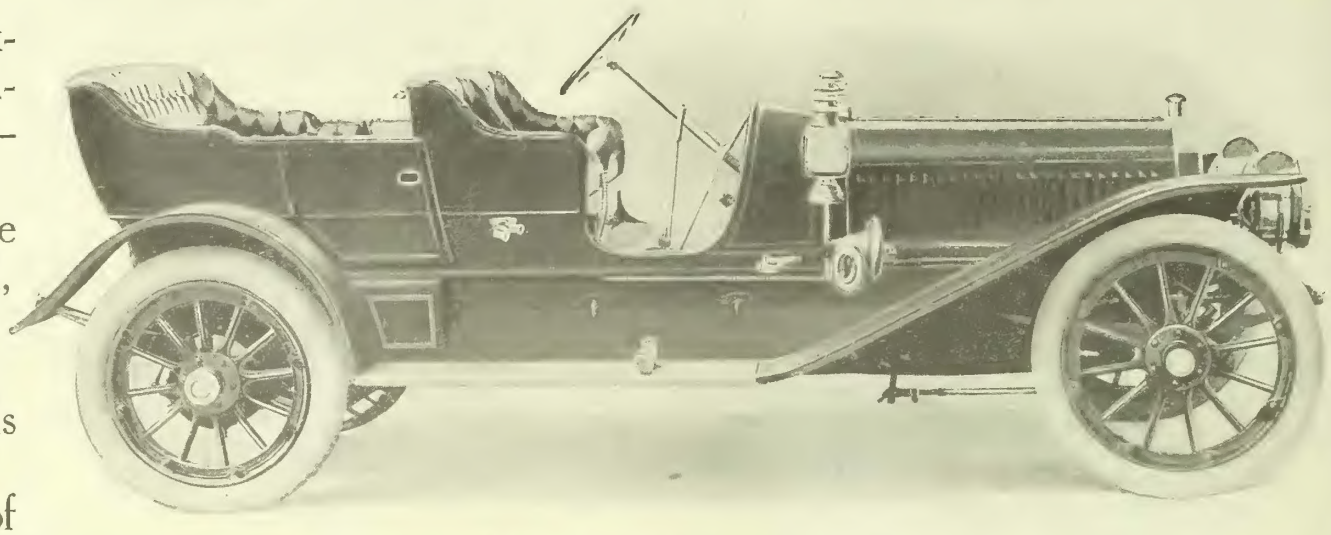
There is no mystery about motor cars.

Any clear-headed man can determine a car's real worth **by comparison.**



This is the self-cranking, 48 horse-power, four-passenger, Winton Six Touring Car—$3000.

Except in body, it is identically the same as the five-passenger car. Six-cylinder, 48 h. p. motor. Cylinders offset. All working parts housed. Oil-bathed, multiple-disc clutch. Four-speed, selective transmission. Bosch or Eisemann magneto, and storage battery. The liveliest carburetor we have ever seen. Force-fed lubrication. Frame narrowed in front, to allow short turning radius. 124 inch wheel base. Semi-elliptical springs, with four shock-absorbers and four rubber bumpers. 34-inch wheels. 4 inch tires in front, 4½ inch tires on rear wheels. Low-suspended body. Price, with four or five-passenger touring car body, runabout body, or toy tonneau body, $3000. With limousine body, $4250. With landaulet body, $4500. Chassis only, $2750.

WINTON SIX

The Car that traveled 184,190 miles on $142.43 upkeep—averaging 77 cents per thousand miles

For instance:—

Compare **power.** A 48 horse-power car is worth more than a 30 horse-power car.

Compare **motors.** A Six is worth more than a four. A motor with working parts fully housed is worth more than one with working parts exposed.

Compare **clutches.** An oil-bathed, multiple-disc clutch is worth more than any other clutch.

Compare **transmissions.** The selective type is worth more than the progressive type. Four speeds are worth more than three.

Compare **conveniences.** A self-cranking car is worth more than one that requires cranking.

Compare **operation.** Quietness is worth more than noise. Flexibility is worth more than inflexibility. Hill-climbing capacity is worth so much that you can't afford to lack it. Comfort (always try the rear seats) is priceless: an uncomfortable car is a white elephant on your hands.

Compare **types.** Is it an up-to-date Six or an out-of-date type?

Compare "previous performances." Has the car stood up in the past, or is it a newcomer without a pedigree?

* * * * *

Just make these comparisons, and then—

Compare **prices.**

* * * * *

Having found that the sweet-running, six-cylinder Winton Six possesses every desirable element a motor car can have, you will note that its price of $3000 is less than the price of every other quality car on the market.

The Winton Six price is lower because—

There is **no** water in Winton Stock. (Incidentally, there is no Winton stock for sale.)

There are **no** Winton mortgages or bonds with interest charges to force up the price.

We make the Winton Six in our own plant, eliminating intermediate expense.

The Winton plant is conducted in the most economical manner, consistent with high-class results.

There is **no** extravagance in Winton management—no army of time-serving clerks, no load of unproductive labor, or red-tape.

We **do not** give 30 or 40 per cent commission on sales.

Being America's longest-established successful makers, we know how to produce **maximum car-merit;** and,

Knowing that it pays in the long run, **we give our purchasers the benefit** of our economies in production and selling.

* * * * *

That's why the six-cylinder, 48 horse-power Winton Six at $3000 represents the absolute limit of motor car value.

We want you to **make us prove** this statement.

Because, in proving it, we'll make you as enthusiastic over the Winton Six as we are.

* * * * *

Write for our literature today. It is filled to the brim with straight-from-the-shoulder facts.

The Winton Six buyer gets the best car we can make at the lowest price ever placed on a superior product by any manufacturer.

THE WINTON MOTOR CARRIAGE CO., 111 Berea Road, Cleveland, Ohio. Please send Winton Six literature to

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The Winton Motor Carriage Co.

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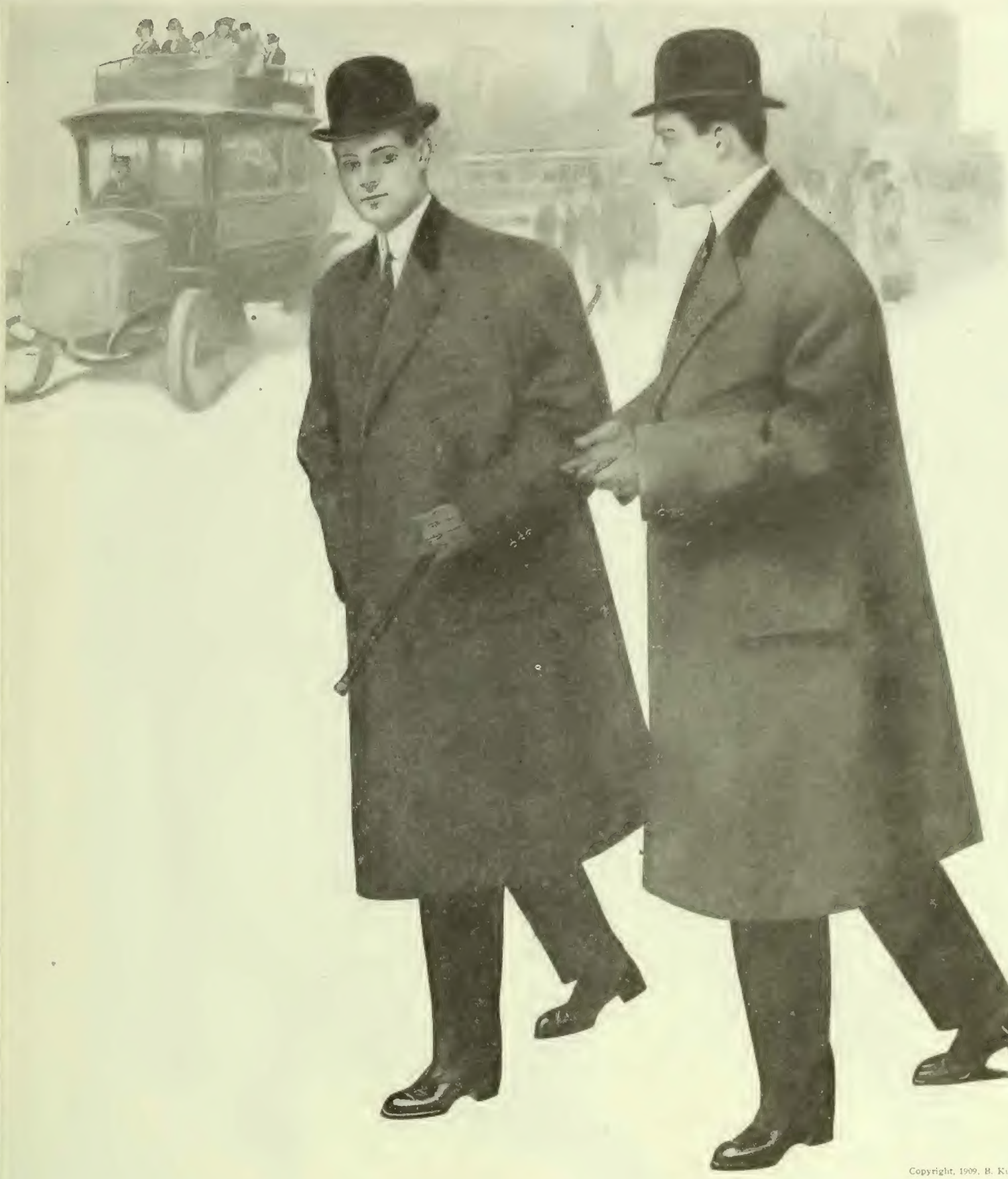

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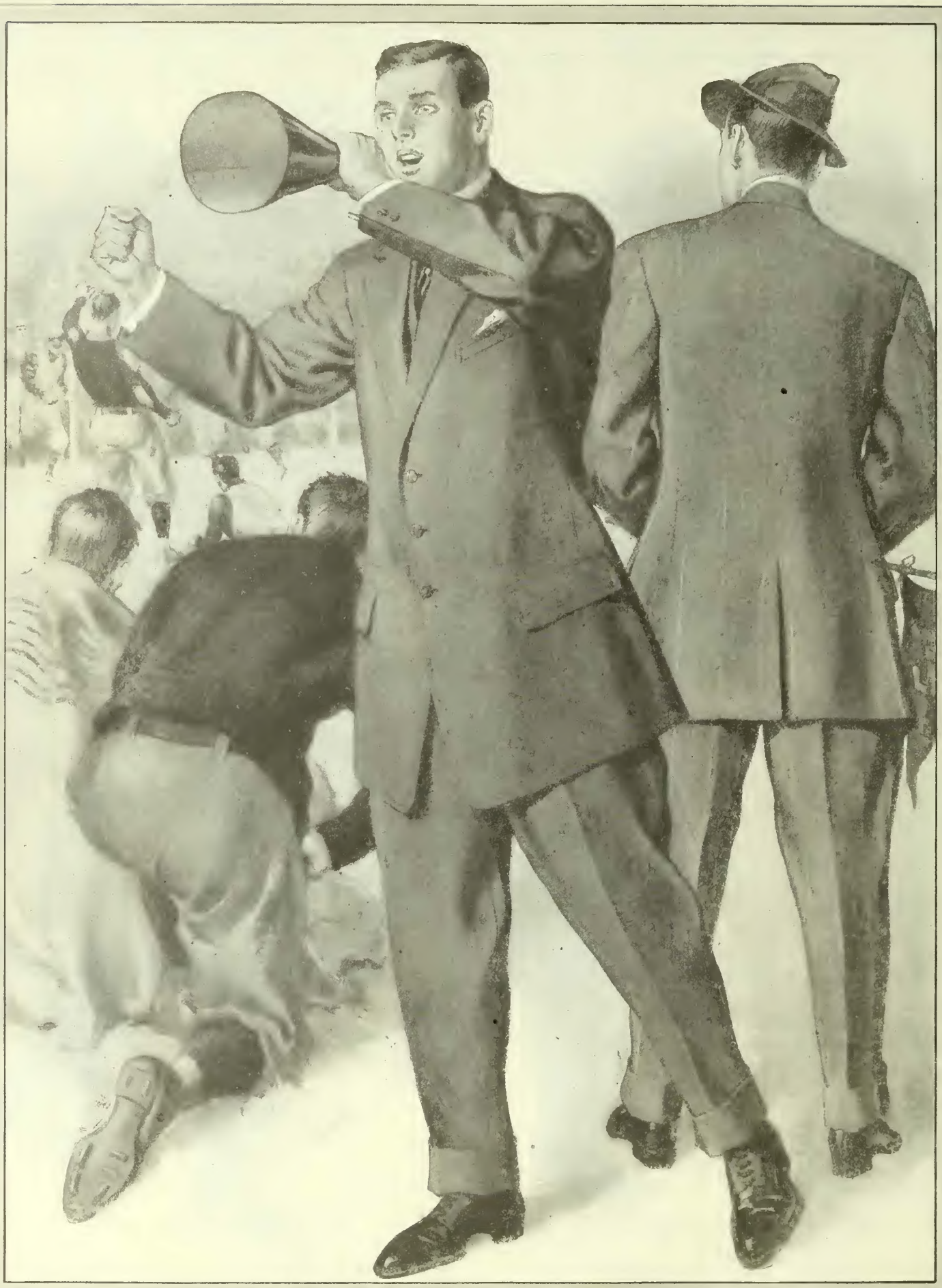
Athletic fellows who demand ease and plenty of room to swing in—clothes that are cut on their own splendid lines—find just the style, fit and comfort they demand in Kuppenheimer garments Clothes that match the personality of every man of every build and every age.

You'll find your style and size in our new models at the better clothiers.

The House of Kuppenheimer

CHICAGO NEW YORK BOSTON



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COLLEGE men who wear our clothes are considered the best dressed men in the bunch. The style, the all-wool fabrics, the tailoring, are the reasons.

When you buy look for our mark in the clothes;
a small thing to look for, a big thing to find.

Hart Schaffner & Marx
Good Clothes Makers
Chicago Boston New York

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THE LOSING GAME

By Will Payne

ILLUSTRATED BY F. R. GRUGER

IN CHICAGO, one hot Wednesday afternoon, a man and a woman sat side by side at a long table silently playing an odd game. Each had a pack of paper slips a little larger than ordinary playing cards. Upon his slips the man wrote things like this: Cen 130⅛ SR 19 BO 62½ ACP 92¾ RG 24. When he had written three such signs upon a slip, one below the other, he pushed that slip from the top of his pack with a touch of his finger. The woman reached over and picked it up. In front of her was a round, black metal disk a foot and a half across, containing keys with letters and numerals on them like the keys of a typewriter, but arranged in a circle. Putting the slip which the man had discarded upon the top of her pack, the woman's fingers fell lightly on the keys of her machine. That was all. Since nine o'clock in the morning they had been doing just that without speaking a word.

The man was known as John Roth; but that was not his name. Some time before he had been engaged in a wire-tapping enterprise which had turned out unfortunately. He had good reason for changing his name and letting his beard grow. The beard was coarse, straight and of a muddy brown. His forehead was broad and sloping, his eyebrows bushy, his nose uncommonly large. His big, sprawling body had slipped half out of the wooden armchair. He was in shirt-sleeves, the right cuff rolled up to his elbow, and his back was partly turned to the woman so that his upthrust right shoulder seemed to ward her off. Occasionally he ran his fingers through his hair. His round, gray eyes held impassively to the pack of white slips; but inside he raged sullenly, with a gnawing sense of being an under dog that was not only beaten raw, but muzzled. He had a vague, yet painful, feeling that if he could only bite somebody it would be a blessed relief.

He merely touched the slips from the top of his pack, making the woman reach an arm's length to get them—which she did silently and steadily, putting them on top of her pack; her fingers touching the keys of her machine. Her brown eyes were demurely downcast to the work, but now and then, as she reached for a slip, they took in the man's towsled hair and coarse beard, his burly, defensive shoulder and solid head, the chin resting on his breastbone. That occasional look through her dark, demure eyelashes seemed to throw off tiny sparks. Twice or thrice, also, her lips parted slightly and, very gently, she clicked her small, white teeth together.

She was a little past twenty-six, not very tall and not in the least fat, but her attractive figure was plumply filled out. Her dress was blue and white, its extreme simplicity suggesting the uniform of a nurse. One might have said that her dark, velvety eyes and luxuriant hair were her best points. She appeared on the pay-roll as Miss Emma Raymond.

The room was about twelve feet by twenty, and they were the only occupants excepting the office manager, who sat at a desk over by the window—a man grown gray in the service, now heavily oppressed by heat and flesh and rheumatism. On the long table immediately at the woman's right stood a pretty contrivance of burnished brass. It might have been taken for the show model of a complicated engine, but it was alive. Here and there a part stirred uneasily, and at the farther end a brass finger moved erratically around a wheel, occasionally giving off little sparks. The wall at the end of the room was taken up with an arrangement of metal, tile and electric-light bulbs. That, too, was uneasily alive. Light flashed and died in the bulbs, now here, now there, as though it were trying to play a tune.

Nearly everything in the room seemed trying to do something that it couldn't. The man and woman got to no culminative point in their game; the brass contrivance stirred and sparked, but didn't go; the light no sooner showed in a bulb than it died. One thing, however, did go—a little wheel in a brass box at the woman's left hand. It went like mad, and from it unwound an endless ribbon of white paper, printed over with letters and numerals like this: Cen 130⅛ SR 19 BO 62½ ACP 92¾ RG 24.

His Upthrust Right Shoulder Seemed to Ward Her Off

The paper ribbon was a ticker tape. The letters and numerals on it gave the price at which stocks were selling. The quotations were coming to the man over the "C N D" wire—the fast wire direct from the New York Stock Exchange. The woman's machine operated all the tickers by which these quotations were transmitted to local brokers and bucketshops. The man wrote: "U P 69¼;" the woman touched the keys of her machine: "U P 69¼" came out on the tape in many offices up and down La Salle Street and thereabouts; brisk young men chalked the figures on the blackboards, and a thousand gamesters were glad or sad at seeing that Union Pacific stock had sold at $69.25 a share.

"Got Some More That's Burning Your Pocket?"

Across a small court from this room was a much larger one, containing many long tables equipped with banks of telegraph instruments at which rows of operators were seated. From the big room, through open windows, came a wide, confused clatter as from a huge swarm of metallic and unrhythmic crickets. The man was aware of this hard, rapid, senseless clatter; aware, also, that it was beastly hot, for a little trickle of perspiration ran down his big nose. Mentally, he cursed the weather and the quotations and the telegraph company and everybody who was making a noise in the big room and himself.

All day he had been writing badly on purpose. Now, he let his hand slide off into a half-intelligible scrawl. Moreover, he began to abbreviate outrageously. In the stock code, for example, "STP 119¾" meant a sale of the common stock of the Chicago, Milwaukee & St. Paul Railway at $119.75 a share; "EF 45½" meant a sale of the first preferred stock of the Erie Railway at $45.50 a share. But he scratched down merely "ST¾" and "E 5½."

With such blind copy only a very alert and intelligent operator of the ticker machine could send out the quotations correctly. No word, however, came from the person behind his right shoulder. Nobody called up the manager to protest that the quotations were wrong. Evidently, she was sending them out correctly. So the man guessed that the woman was able to read the signals as they came over his wire. Now, an operator of the ticker machine need not understand telegraphy. With good copy the work is quite mechanical. He had his own idea as to why a woman who did understand telegraphy had been put beside him.

The work was finished about half-past two, and a little later the man left the office. Striding over the threshold, he noticed Miss Raymond standing in the corridor. She stepped forward, and he perceived, with surprise, that she was going to speak to him. They had been introduced after the manner of the office. That is, the manager, showing her to the chair at his side the previous Monday morning, had said: "Miss Raymond, Mr. Roth." He had merely bowed then and since. She had shown no inclination to go beyond impersonal nods. Her deportment, indeed, was very modest.

Now, confronting him in the corridor—in her nurselike dress and plain straw hat—she addressed him in a rather low, even voice—a voice quite ladylike—and the muscles of her face were perfectly controlled. She said:

"Say, what's the matter with you, anyhow, you big stiff? What are you trying to soak me for?"

He was completely disconcerted. Looking down into her brown eyes he perceived that she was angry and had no more fear of him than a ferret has of a rat. She continued in the same even, ladylike voice:

"I'm going to hold that job, and you can't do me out of it by giving me rotten copy. You can bet I won't stand for it another day. I don't want to make a row unless I have to, so I'll give you a chance to wake up. Does it grind you to see me making fourteen dollars a week punching that machine all day? Or have you got somebody you want to work in there? What ails you, anyway? A man that has to wash his face with a currycomb can't do me."

Quite helplessly he put his hand to the contemned beard. And then he burst out laughing—for there was something companionable in her wrath, a sort of good-fellowship in the opprobrious terms she applied to him; and the man, in truth, hungered for fellowship. He was as lonesome as a wounded animal in a hole. That was their real introduction. Its violence not only broke the ice, but fairly warmed the water. Indeed, about ten minutes later they were walking up La Salle Street together.

"And so," she remarked, looking thoughtfully up at him from under her dark eyelashes, "you thought I was a spotter."

He had not said so. She had merely inferred it from what he did say. "Spotters are not popular, except at headquarters," he replied good-naturedly; "and a woman who was a telegraph operator wouldn't be running that ticker machine at fourteen dollars a week unless she had something else in view."

"I can receive pretty well," she explained, "but I haven't learned to send yet. My brother-in-law is an operator. He's been teaching me and coaching me up on that ticker-machine job. You see, he got the job for me—as his sister. Maybe you know him—Jim Raymond?"

He did not answer. It was not convenient to say whether he knew Jim Raymond, for by a sort of freemasonry among telegraph operators one may be able to trace another.

"So you want to be a telegraph operator?" he said companionably, yet with a faint touch of sarcasm.

"Oh, yes," she replied in her demure way. "I want to stub my fingers off, twelve hours a day, for grub and lodging, and have some fat assistant superintendent chuck me under the chin. That's what I'm honing for. Don't you feel that way about it yourself?"

The man's heart stirred, as though somebody had said to the beaten under dog: "You're perfectly satisfied with this diet of breadcrumbs and cold potatoes, aren't you? You'll never, never again try to jump through the pantry door and grab a steak, will you although, as you've been noticing, the door isn't quite shut?"

It was brutally hot in the street. The glare from the stone flagging hurt their eyes. Crowds of people toiled sweatily along, jostling them. Behind was the stifling operating-room, with its hard, idiotic clatter, whither he would go as soon as he had a bite to eat, and work a commercial wire for three hours to eke out the eighty dollars a month that he got for working the stock wire. Oh, undoubtedly, this was what he wanted! They stopped on the hot, dirty cobblestones of the crossing to let a big, bottle-green automobile glide by. A man and a woman lolled negligently on the back seat. He didn't want anything like that himself! Oh, no!

All the same, he looked warily down at the woman's trim, demure figure out of the tail of his eye, and talked of telegraphy. He had been burned once, and was shy. She was to take a trolley car at the corner of Monroe Street, and he waited with her for it to come along.

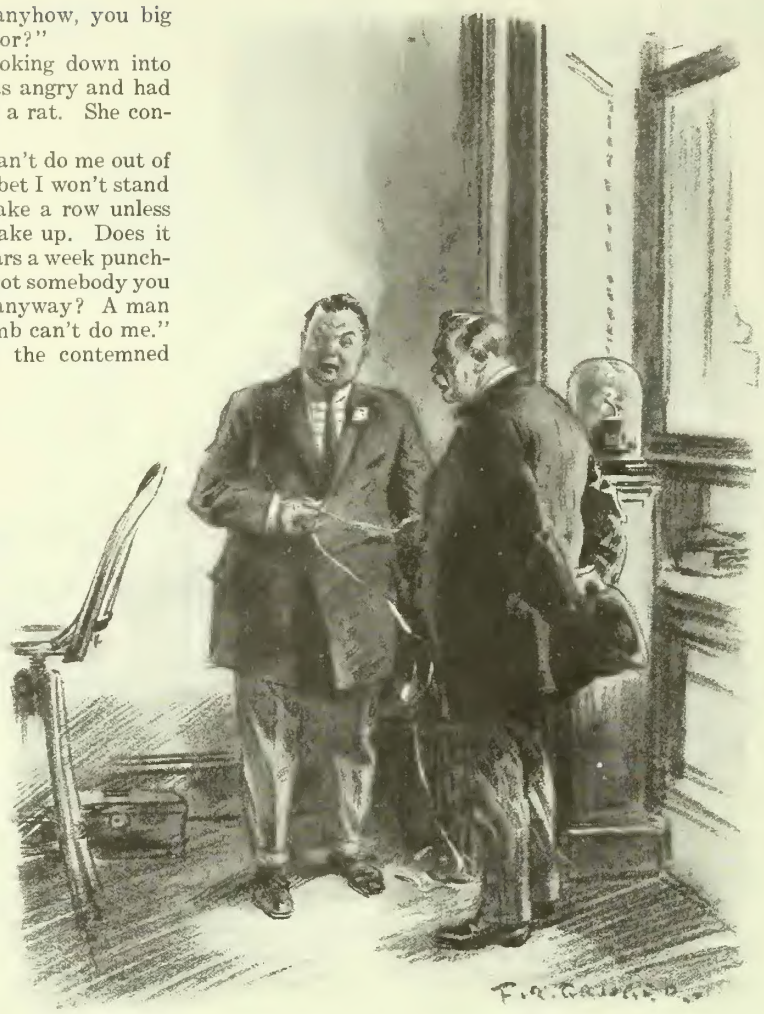
"I suppose it's better than some other jobs—has more opportunities for a bright young man," she said. Her words were innocent enough, but a different meaning seemed to lurk in her dark eyes.

"I've never seen the opportunities myself," he replied dryly.

"No?" she inquired, and gathered up her skirt, for the car was approaching. "I supposed—if you took me for a spotter, and it made you sore—I supposed you must be putting something over."

He laughed easily. "Oh, there's no chance there to put anything over!" he said. She went out to the car and glanced back at him quizzically over her shoulder. He laughed again and waved his hat.

That was the beginning of an odd sort of courtship, in which she was the aggressor. Neither of them was thinking of matrimony then. He wasn't thinking much of gallantry, nor she of flirting, but already the thin edge of an idea lay between them. She contemplated it candidly; but the man, as yet, pretended it wasn't there.



She Thought That Dallam Glanced at This Man Significantly

It would be hard to say whence this idea came. The man had always been a quite law-abiding citizen, excepting his wire-tapping adventure, and a great many people regarded beating a poolroom as not only permissible but praiseworthy. One of the woman's occupations had been that of cashier in a florist's shop, and there she had tapped the till a little; but the florist himself was a cheat, and his son tapped the till regularly. So her conscience was clear.

After a while she told him about tapping the till—for they fell into a way of seeing each other pretty regularly outside of the office—going to luncheon together, or to some respectable place for a chat over a glass of beer after the work was done. He found at once that, although she permitted herself considerable freedom of speech, her conduct was always modest, and she was very strong on some of the proprieties. Indeed, he had trouble in persuading her that a rather sad little Italian restaurant below the Board of Trade was perfectly respectable.

One day she said teasingly: "What is it you're putting over, there at the office? I can't catch on to it. Why don't you let me in?"

"Oh, there's no chance there to put anything over," he replied, laughing it off as he had done before.

"But those quotations mean money in the brokers' offices and bucketshops, don't they?" she persisted.

"What do you know about bucketshops?" he said, taking her half-joking tone.

"I suppose," she replied, "you guessed from my conversation that I was brought up in a convent. But I wasn't. I've lived in this mussy little burg all my life. Born right over here on Desplaines Street. About the bucketshop," she continued, "when my florist failed I quit with two hundred and fifty dollars—part mine, part his. Like a dutiful child I trotted over to a ladies' bucketshop on Sherman Street with it. I had a hot tip from good old Jim Raymond, and I thought I was going to make a home run; but they had me fanned out before I could grasp the bat. I've had sort of rotten luck," she added, and though she spoke jestingly her eyes darkened.

"Married, I suppose?" he asked sympathetically.

"Oh, sure," she replied promptly. "I couldn't have missed that any more than a man sneaking home with a jag could miss falling over the piano lamp. Married at twenty—and off and on for the next five years. It's off for keeps now. After five years of my kind of marriage any smart woman ought to be able to graduate."

"Yes, you've had poor luck," he said gravely.

"I judge," she replied rather casually, "there's one member of the Roth family that knows a lemon when he sees it."

"You can judge better," he answered, "when I tell you my name isn't Roth. My name is John Pound." At once his heart stirred as though something had pricked it, and he bottled himself up again. By that time she was familiar with the bottling process. He would move only an inch at a time. So she talked more about herself.

"Father's regular occupations were belonging to the union, supporting the Democratic party, losing his job and nursing a grouch," she said. "He was bully at all of them; but the family's long suit was vi-cissitudes. I went to work when I was twelve—a bright little cash-girl. After that, when father had a job I went to school—once for nearly three years at a stretch. Then we came in for a whole collection of vi-cissitudes, and I went to work again. My own happy home had vi-cissitudes where other homes have carpets and food. But my brother-in-law is all right—honest as the day is long and twice as poor. For a man that never had any money Jim has lost more on more fool things than anybody living. But he's a good fellow."

It is hard to resist such companionable candor—especially when one is desperately lonesome and has the root of an idea growing in him. Time came when he explained to her the operation of wire-tapping. He made a rough little diagram on the back of an envelope so she would understand it better. Here was the racetrack. This long line was the wire from the track to Chicago. Here was where the wire-tappers cut the wire in two—above some loft, or, perhaps, above a copse of trees or a cornfield where the illicit operator sat hidden with his instrument on an upturned shoe-box. As the report of the race came over the wire this operator took it off and held it back until he had the name of the winning horse. Then, by a prearranged code, he flashed that name to his confederates who were posted in the poolrooms. The confederates at once bet on the horse that had already won. When the illicit operator sent in the delayed report they took their winnings and departed.

Both of them were bending over the table in the Italian place, the rough diagram between them. "I've known of twenty thousand dollars being cleaned up on one race," he said.

As he glanced up her full, level look fell into his eyes. "Why did you quit it?" she asked with sympathy.

He smiled a little, ungenially. "They got on to us. There was trouble. The rest of the gang skipped out and left me to hold the bag. I'm liable to arrest now."

She had felt sure something like that had happened. Still sympathetically she said: "But they got more than your money—they got your nerve. You're all bottled up."

He had rather known that before—they had got his nerve; he was cowed and bottled up. But someway, as she said it, looking into his eyes, it came home to him with force. Also, it came to him that her nerve had been inspiring him; that she had been helping him up out of the hole in which he skulked like a hurt animal. After that they got on faster.

A few days later he was again marking on the back of an envelope for her. "You've noticed," he said, speaking in a low tone, "that there are a lot of things on the ticker tape besides the quotations proper. For example"—he wrote it on the envelope—"you'll see this: 'No Pa 135.' That means the operator has sent out a quotation of 135 on Pennsylvania Railroad stock, but it was a mistake, so now he sends 'No Pa 135' to cancel the mistake. Or you'll see 'Last E 18.' That means there has been confusion somewhere as to the last quotation on Erie, so the last quotation is repeated. Or you'll see 'Cen s. 129.' That means, 'New York Central has sold at 129'—a quotation at that price on New York Central has been overlooked, and it is now sent over the tape out of the regular order in which it occurred. You understand?"

She slowly nodded her head. "I see. You mean you could send out things of that sort over the tape to suit yourself." Her voice, like his, was perfectly steady, yet pitched low; her eyes, like his, were full of meaning—for it was a good deal like tiptoeing through a room by the thin ray of a dark lantern toward a safe they were about to crack.

"Now, take some stock that is rather inactive at present," he went on under his breath. "Let us say, Wabash preferred. Some days there may not be a trade in it for an hour or more; other days there may be quite a little spurt of trading in it. Suppose it has sold at 18; that is the last quotation—the last price the bucketshops have. Suppose, then, it runs into one of those occasional spurts of activity. I receive from New York a quotation of 18⅛ on Wabash preferred. But, unfortunately, I'm sort of sleepy; I neglect to write it down; it doesn't go out on the ticker tape at all, so the bucketshops don't get it. They're still trading in Wabash preferred at 18. Then I get from New York sales of Wabash preferred at 18¼, 18⅜. But I'm still sleepy; I neglect to send them out. A little later I get a sale at 18½. Then I send out something like this: 'WZ s. 18 BO 62 A 27 Last E 18.' An ordinary person would take that to mean simply: 'Wabash preferred has sold at 18; Baltimore and Ohio sells at 62; Atchison sells at 27; the last quotation on Erie was 18.'

But if you were watching that tape you would see 'Wabash preferred has sold,' followed by two commonplace quotations—any two, no matter what—and then followed by 'The last quotation on Erie was' so and so. Seeing that combination on the tape you would at once guess that I had been sleepy about Wabash preferred; that, as a matter of fact, higher quotations had come in, but I had neglected to send them out. So you would presently saunter over to the counter and buy a hundred shares of Wabash preferred at 18—that is, you would bet with the bucketshop that Wabash preferred was going to sell higher than 18. And a little later I would sort of wake up and remember those other quotations on Wabash preferred and begin sending them out. Presently, therefore, the bucketshop would get a quotation of 18⅛ on Wabash preferred; then 18¼, 18⅜ and 18½. And you would have won fifty dollars, less the commission of twenty-five dollars to the bucketshop. With only three symbols, or code words, you know, a good many combinations can be made—as to buy such and such a stock, to sell such and such a stock, to close your trade."

"I can see that," she replied thoughtfully. "But"—she seemed, someway, rather disappointed—"on that Wabash preferred that you mentioned we would make only twenty-five dollars, and we'd have to wait for our opportunity—wait until the market was right—before we could make even that."

"Of course, we could take a jimmy or a sandbag and make it faster," he replied dryly; "but the risk would be much greater. If we made only a couple of hundred dollars in a week it would be a little better than telegraph salaries, wouldn't it?"

"Oh, yes, that's true," she said, brightening. "And then," she added, brightening still more, "as we got more money to operate with we could win more."

He put the envelope in his pocket. "So far as I know," he observed still more dryly, "we haven't got any money at all to operate with. Of course, we can't do anything without some money."

She dropped back in the chair, quite overcast. "I suppose we couldn't even go out and rob a bank without some money to begin on," she said. "But see here: I can dig up something. I've got a little jewelry. I can raise fifty dollars. We can begin with that."

Her determination encouraged him. "Well, I could dig up fifty," he said. "And then, probably, I could raise another hundred from a loan shark. Sharks like telegraph operators—they're such suckers."

"Sure!" she replied eagerly. "And what's the matter with my borrowing fifty from a shark? I'm an 'honest salaried people' like they advertise for. And there, do you see, we'd be a hundred and fifty ahead right away, for we'd let the sharks whistle for their money!"

He laughed. Her courage inspired him; and his nerves tingled as pleasantly as those of a prisoner who notices that the guard has left a door unlocked. To have money! It was like a caged animal looking through the bars at the great, open world.

Next day she informed the office manager that she had another job and would leave Saturday. The intervening leisure they devoted to raising the capital for their enterprise and to devising and studying a secret code made up of innocent-looking notations on the ticker tape. Saturday afternoon, in a little German garden on the North Side, they went over it again carefully.

Presently the man said gravely, even gently: "You know, there's some risk in this for you. Of course, it isn't exactly a nice thing for a man to let a woman in for a risk of that sort." That unpleasant thought had been in his mind for some time. He was going into action with a female for his companion in arms, fully sharing the danger. He felt a certain loathness and humiliation over so unchivalrous a thing.

"It's just my good luck, Johnny," she replied soberly. "If you hadn't been sort of down on your luck and underdoggy I'd never have got the chance to go in with you. You're doing me a favor that not many men would do. Most men are too conceited to give a woman a chance at the bat."

With this little intimate and comradely passage they let that side of the matter drop.

"But there's one thing to remember," he cautioned. "You will have to lose now and then—I mean, just go in and buy or sell blind, without any signal from me. If you won every time they'd grow suspicious and get on to us. To win on a signal twice and then take your chances the third time would be a good rule."

"I see," she replied. But she wasn't thinking very much about the cautionary advice. She was calculating how long it would take, if they doubled their stakes, to get ten thousand dollars apiece!

About ten o'clock Monday morning Emma was walking briskly down Jackson Boulevard. She was dressed as plainly as when she had been a mere humble employee of the telegraph company, although she was now a capitalist with three hundred dollars in her handbag. She had chosen that route in order to pass the Western Union Telegraph Company's tall, red office-building. And, passing it, she glanced up at its towering façade and exulted over it. No more thumping a ticker machine at fourteen per for her! She turned into Sherman Street and entered a certain dingy building as one who knew the way. Going up the broad stairs her heart, undoubtedly, beat faster. He had told her it was rather risky, and she would have known that without being told. But her hand was perfectly steady; there was no quailing in her mind. She had had a great plenty of being the goat.

On the second floor, at the right-hand side of the corridor, in front, there was a door with a sign on the ground-glass panel reading: "Hilpricht & Co., Stocks, Bonds, Grain." On the left-hand side of the corridor, at the rear, the panel of another door had the sign: "Women's Commission Company." Both establishments catered especially to women. She had lost money in both, but she chose Hilpricht & Co. first.

The door opened to a room about thirty feet square. Over in the corner a little private office, having the sign "Manager" above the entrance, was partitioned off with rosewood and plate glass. A rosewood counter, with a plate-glass screen above it, extended along that side of the room. The other side was partly taken up with a large blackboard. At the end of the blackboard, in the corner by one of the windows, stood a ticker. A melancholy-looking youth, in a belted blue blouse the worse for wear, tore off six or seven inches of the ticker tape, walked across in front of the blackboard and chalked up the quotations from the piece of tape; then he walked back, stuck that piece of tape on a slim steel spindle and tore off a fresh piece. The room looked clean. A large domestic rug on the floor was unsoiled. Upon the rug, between the counter and the blackboard, eighteen neat willow rocking-chairs stood in two rows. More than half of the chairs were occupied, and by women.

Three, who seemed of a party, sat over by the window in the front row. They were well dressed and had, generally, the appearance of respectable, well-to-do matrons. They kept up a steady conversation among themselves. Next them sat an elderly lady, very skinny and leathery, in a shapeless black dress. She had taken off a bedraggled hat and laid it on her bony knees. Her sparse hair was drawn straight back into a doughnut at the top of her head. She had a piece of stout string, a yard long, and as her eyes held unwaveringly to the blackboard she slowly wound this string, first on one thumb, then on the other. When a thumb was bare one could see creases in it like the threads of a screw, made by innumerable windings of the bit of string. There were two vacant chairs; then came a fat woman of fifty, sadly bleached and painted, wearing a costly lace dress, her fingers stiff with rings. She was talking volubly to a much younger and fairer companion, who seemed bored. At the end of the back row a neat, slim little woman of forty sat all alone with a light veil over her face, through which her anxious eyes shone.

To the newcomer this spectacle was sufficiently familiar. She simply took it in with a demure turn of her dark eyes, and stood examining the quotations to get the general run of the market. When she stepped in the manager had looked up from his desk in the private office. Now he came forward, smiling urbanely—a notably heavy young man, with apple-red, overhanging chops and very large pale-blue eyes. He was very fashionably dressed and wore a rosebud in his buttonhole.

"Good-morning, Mrs. Raymond," he said affably, in the husky voice of a hard drinker, extending a pudgy white hand.

She shook hands with him demurely, murmuring: "Good-morning, Mr. Dallam."

It was part of his job to remember all the customers and try to make them feel at home. "Glad to see you again," he remarked hospitably. He was, in fact, recalling just how much she lost the last time and wondering if she had as much to lose again. He talked to her about the market in a grave, yet friendly and confidential manner, calling her attention to two or three things which he thought she could make some money on. As she listened to this serious, confidential advice and modestly surveyed Mr. Dallam's expansive countenance she was thinking: "What a sucker I was before!"

When Dallam strolled away with his air of ponderous gallantry to encourage the slim, veiled little woman with a few confidential words, Mrs. Raymond looked around at the rosewood counter. She seldom smiled, but now her lips parted and her eyes sparkled. For a moment she stood silently smiling and sparkling at the counter. And on the other side of the counter a youth smiled at her. He was hardly as old as herself, slender and very blond. His smooth cheeks were pink and white, and yellow hair curled over his fair brow. She went over to the counter and put her hand through the wicket, fairly laughing. "How are you, Tommy?" she said.

On her first adventure in the bucketshop this youth had told her frankly that she was a sucker and would lose all her money. As she had been a sucker and lost all her money, she felt fond of Tommy.

"Got some more burning your pocket?" he jeered.

She opened her handbag and showed him a roll of bills, fairly laughing again. She was still smiling a little to herself over Tommy as she loitered up to the ticker and glanced over the last few pieces of the tape that the young man had stuck on the spindle. Nothing yet; but the market had been open only a little over an hour. She looked out of the window; drifted over and joshed Tommy a bit; stood examining the blackboard; received more confidential advice from the manager. But at intervals she gravitated back to the ticker. Nothing that the busy little machine printed on its endless ribbon escaped her eye.

So gravitating—it was twenty-one minutes past ten—her heart leaped. The signal was just coming out on the tape: "BRT s. 66 EZ 24¾." She watched that group of symbols slip along as the ribbon unwound, and her heart beat fast. Behind them she fairly saw the big, sprawling man in his shirt sleeves, in the hot office, steadily marking the slips of white paper. She felt a certain glow of admiration, even of a sort of affection, for her partner. "The good soldier man is right on the job!" she said to herself.

Cautious Pound had told her they shouldn't put up any money the first day or so, but merely try out their system to see that it worked perfectly.

Watching the symbols slide along her courage urged her on. What was the use of waiting? She walked over to the wicket, opened her handbag and laid four crisp fifty-dollar bills on the counter. "I'll buy a hundred Erie seconds at twenty-four and three-quarters, Tommy," she said, smiling at him.

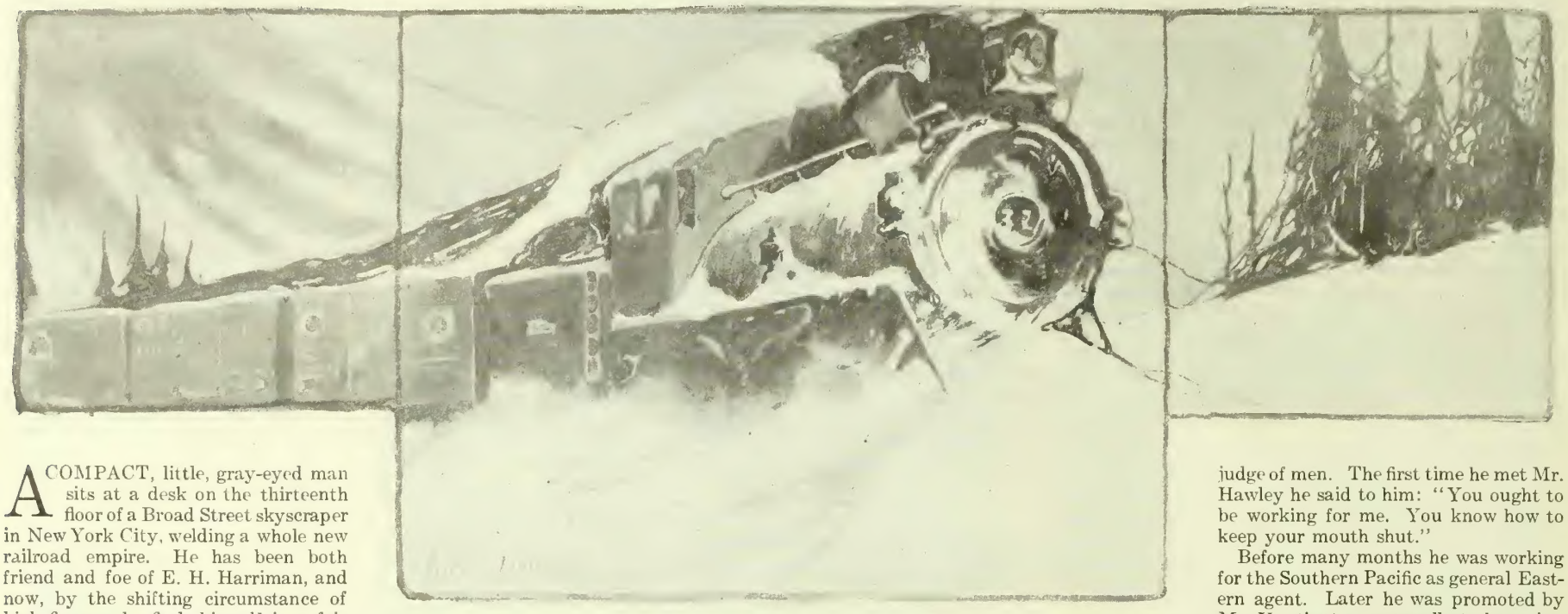
Tommy shook his blond head as though giving her up; verified the quotation and gave her a little slip certifying the purchase.

When the quotations were finished that day Pound slipped on his coat and walked rapidly—in spite of the heat—down to the little Italian place. She was sitting at a

(Continued on Page 73)

"I've Known of Twenty Thousand Dollars Being Cleaned Up on One Race"

The Coming Railroad Ruler



By ISAAC F. MARCOSSON

A COMPACT, little, gray-eyed man sits at a desk on the thirteenth floor of a Broad Street skyscraper in New York City, welding a whole new railroad empire. He has been both friend and foe of E. H. Harriman, and now, by the shifting circumstance of high finance, he finds himself in a fair way to become the greatest figure in the railroad world. This little man is Edwin Hawley, who has risen, self-made, from a messenger boy, and who is today perhaps the least known and most feared figure in the American railroad game. Master of five railroads aggregating nearly five thousand miles of track, with connections and affiliations that embrace more than twice as many more, with plans all laid for a transcontinental system all his own, and with money-laden allies in all sections, he is hailed as the coming railroad ruler. Yet less than a year ago he was regarded merely as a shrewd broker and as a successful dealer in second-hand railroads.

Who, then, is Edwin Hawley, and what kind of man is he? It has not been so very long since Wall Street was asking this same question. Now it is on many tongues. When Wall Street asked it got little satisfaction from Mr. Hawley, because he belongs to the vanishing race of silent men. His has been a golden silence. Mr. Hawley has gone his lone, cold, taciturn way quietly gathering the reins of a far-reaching power. Any railroad having a job-lot of a few hundred miles of track would always find him a willing bargainer, and often a close buyer. The interesting thing about his transactions was that the railroads he bought always fattened under his stewardship. Russell Sage thought he was unloading a streak of rust on him when he sold him the Iowa Central. If Uncle Russell were alive today and could see how Mr. Hawley has developed it, he would regret that sale.

Fattening Railroads for the Market

LAST December Mr. Hawley startled Wall Street and the rest of the country by selling the Colorado and Southern Railroad to James J. Hill. His experience with this road is typical. Less than ten years ago he picked it up for about $2,500,000. At that time many people believed that the road which sprawled over the Colorado Rockies was a sure-enough railroad lemon. Mr. Hawley improved it, the gross earnings a mile doubled, and the dividend rose. The lemon became a melon, for Mr. Hawley sold it for $17,000,000. Before the flutter that this sale aroused had subsided, Mr. Hawley bought the Chesapeake and Ohio Railroad. Heretofore all his buying had been in the West; now he turned to the East. Then Wall Street began to wake up to the possibilities of the Hawley railroad career, and it has been in a continuous state of surprise and expectancy ever since. One feature of these and other Hawley negotiations was that there was never any advance word, and no one on the outside knew of them until they were signed, sealed, delivered and beyond all market and mind changing influences. In short, he never told what he was going to do until he had done it, and he struck when nobody was expecting a blow. Here was a man who bought and sold railroads as a grocer buys and sells his wares.

Mr. Hawley has been a Wall-Street figure for years, but Wall Street usually needs a jolt, a sensation, or a big surprise of some kind to force an acknowledgment of leadership. Mr. Hawley has furnished all of these.

The truth of the matter is that he served a long apprenticeship in a real railroad school, the dean of which was the late Collis P. Huntington. A glimpse of his early life may give some hint of the character of the man and his methods.

Unlike so many of his contemporaries he was not born on a farm; and he did not work in a country grocery store, the favorite first step in a millionaire's career. Instead, he came into this world fifty-nine years ago in Chatham, a little New York town where his father was a paper manufacturer. There was nothing to distinguish his boyhood. When he was sixteen he came to New York with a carpet bag and a change of linen. He walked Broadway looking for a job. "I had no definite idea as to what I wanted to be," he said to me. "I had to go to work, so I took the first job I could get. That job happened to be as messenger boy for the Erie Railroad. I got four dollars a week, and I thought it was a lot of money. In this way I got into railroading, and I have stuck to it ever since. I don't believe in changing jobs. If my first occupation had been in a chair factory I should probably be manufacturing chairs today."

Mr. Hawley was a plugger from the start. He went from the Erie to the Ohio and Mississippi where he got nine dollars a week. Later he found an opening with the Eastern office of the Rock Island as bill-of-lading clerk at fourteen dollars a week. He was able to jump into this place without notice because he had studied the job. He had made it a point as soon as he went to work to know the duties of the place immediately ahead of him. "I have found this a good rule in all business matters," he says. "It gives a man confidence to tackle big things." During those days Mr. Hawley lived in a modest boarding-house. He kept to himself, and he studied railroading. He saw, first of all, that traffic was the life blood of a railroad. "Therefore," he said to himself, "the man to be a successful railroad man must know how to get, hold and increase traffic." He set to work to master every detail of it. Likewise he began to save. When he was making four dollars a week he saved fifty cents; when he was earning eight dollars he put aside two dollars. The time came when he found investment for his small savings, and before he was twenty-one he had laid the modest foundation of his present fortune. "I bought some railroad stocks cheap," he says; "but I bought them outright. I had only a small sum of money, and I knew that I could not afford to take any chances with it."

A Sudden Promotion

AT THAT time the Rock Island, the Northwestern and the Chicago, Burlington and Quincy roads were members of a freight combination known as the California Fast Freight Line, which controlled a large part of the Pacific Coast freight business. The association needed a man in New York as contracting agent and Mr. Hawley got the job. His work brought him into close contact with many of the officials of the Southern Pacific, chief of whom was Collis P. Huntington, then the big man in the Western railroad game. Mr. Huntington was a swift and unerring judge of men. The first time he met Mr. Hawley he said to him: "You ought to be working for me. You know how to keep your mouth shut."

Before many months he was working for the Southern Pacific as general Eastern agent. Later he was promoted by Mr. Huntington personally to be assistant traffic manager. That alliance with the Southern Pacific was fateful for Edwin Hawley. It made him the disciple of the sternest, strongest figure that has yet wielded American railroad power, and it moved him forward to the place where, for the first time, he crossed the path and the ambition of E. H. Harriman.

Clearly to understand the important events that followed in which Mr. Hawley had conspicuous part it must be borne in mind that in 1898, by a coup in which he was aided by Kuhn, Loeb & Co., Mr. Harriman had acquired the Union Pacific railroad, the very capital of his growing empire. He also wanted the Central Pacific, which ran from Ogden to San Francisco, and which had been originally laid out as a part of the Union Pacific. The Central Pacific was leased to the Southern Pacific. Mr. Huntington knew the strategic value of the road and refused to sell. Mr. Harriman determined to get it, and thus Mr. Huntington became the first of his long line of railroad adversaries. It promised to be a very interesting struggle, when suddenly all plans were upset by the death of Mr. Huntington near the close of 1900.

At Swords' Points With Harriman

OUT of the tangle following Mr. Huntington's death stepped Edwin Hawley, practically in control of the Southern Pacific situation. Up to that time he had been known as one of the brilliant aides of Huntington. But, meanwhile, he had done a very characteristic thing. He had quietly bought a lot of Southern Pacific stock, and this, together with the Huntington shares which he seemed to control, made him master of the moment. He openly espoused a sale of the Southern Pacific—which would carry with it the Central Pacific lease—to Mr. Harriman. The firm of Speyer & Co., which had been the Huntington bankers, and which controlled the Southern Pacific stock held by the Stanford and Crocker estates, opposed the sale. Mr. Hawley won, and in 1901 the control of the Southern Pacific passed over to Mr. Harriman.

It was immediately after this that Mr. Harriman made the blunder which brought upon him the enmity of Mr. Hawley. In his reorganization of the Southern Pacific he practically left Mr. Hawley out. Mr. Hawley protested and was made a member of the executive committee, but it was purely a nominal post, for he was never really admitted to the Harriman intimacies.

Mr. Hawley tried a new tack and bought a block of Chicago and Alton stock. You will recall, possibly, that one of the early feats of Harrimanizing was the celebrated reorganization of the Alton. This staid old property was given the water cure in such approved fashion as to make it the target of an Interstate Commerce investigation. Although the Harriman syndicate milked it pretty dry, the road was regarded as essential to the Harriman interests. Having gathered up the stock Mr. Hawley went to Mr. Harriman and asked to be made a member of the Alton board. Mr. Harriman let him believe that he would go on the board and so got the Hawley proxies. Instead of having Mr. Hawley elected, he put in James Stillman as director.

Now, Mr. Hawley was not the type of man to brook a throw-down like this. Forthwith Mr. Hawley resigned

from the Southern Pacific and all other Harriman connections and then set to work to even up. He bought all the Alton stock he could lay hands on, and by means of an alliance with the Rock Island crowd, who happened to be Mr. Harriman's pet enemies, secured control of the road before Mr. Harriman, who was in Europe, knew what was going on. Mr. Harriman rushed home and sought by every means, including a voting trust of the preferred stock, to undo the step. But Mr. Hawley had the control nailed down, and Mr. Harriman had the humiliation of being put out of the Harriman board and the road ceased to be part of his system. Thus the first and perhaps only railroad defeat that he had ever received came from the hands of Mr. Hawley.

Subsequently the Alton road passed to the control of the Toledo, St. Louis and Western—the Clover Leaf—which is, in turn, controlled by Mr. Hawley. There are many who believe that Mr. Harriman regretted nothing so keenly as the loss of this line.

These events bring Mr. Hawley's career almost up to 1904. Despite his encounter with Mr. Harriman he was not generally known outside the railroad world. Meanwhile he had become a stockbroker and a member of the New York Stock Exchange, and had been in some pretty big speculative deals. In this he exactly reversed the procedure of Mr. Harriman, who was a broker first and then a railroad man.

Mr. Hawley's String of Roads

AS MR. HAWLEY developed, two particular things distinguished him. One was that he went his way alone, seeking and giving no counsel and without entangling alliances with big interests; the other was that his habit of picking up detached railroads seemed to grow. He had begun by buying the Minneapolis and St. Louis. Then he took on the Iowa Central from Russell Sage. He followed it up with the purchase of the Colorado and Southern, and then added to his string the Alton and the Toledo, St. Louis and Western. He sold the Colorado and Southern, as I have already stated, and then acquired the Chesapeake and Ohio.

His actual holdings at the present time are as follows:

Road	Mileage
Minneapolis and St. Louis	1027
Iowa Central	558
Chesapeake and Ohio	1840
Chicago and Alton	994
Toledo, St. Louis and Western	451
Total	4870

Closely linked with the Hawley roads are the Hocking Valley road with 347 miles and the Toledo and Ohio Central with 441 miles; while his closest business associates control and operate the Atlantic Coast Line with 4365 miles and the Louisville and Nashville with 4348 miles.

When you stack the actual group of Hawley roads up against the four other great groups of the country they make no impressive showing on paper. The comparison would be something like the following:

Group	Mileage Controlled	Mileage Under Influence	Total
Harriman	25067	46552	71619
Gould	17357	1004	18361
Hill	23346		23346
Hawley	4870		4870
Morgan	8986	17468	26468

These five groups control more than 56 per cent of the total mileage of 227,000 of the United States. Mr. Harriman controlled about 31 per cent.

But it is not always the big mileage that counts in the railroad game. It is often the small, detached roads that afford strategic keys to rich, profit-producing territory, and these are often essential to the successful operation of much larger systems. Mr. Hawley has gathered together a bunch of such keys and they make him a very formidable factor to be reckoned with. In fact, before any of the other groups had quite realized what he was doing he had made an almost impregnable position for himself.

You realize this when you come to study the map of the Hawley roads. It is as if each one were part of a jig-saw puzzle which, when put together, forms a compact, harmonious unit. There is scarcely a duplication of track. Evidently there was method and reason in his apparently indiscriminate buying of odd lots of road. Each one—that is, each in the West—is a natural feeder to the other. The Minneapolis and St. Louis and the Iowa Central, for example, bring traffic for distribution over the Chicago and Alton to Chicago, Kansas City and St. Louis. They form a network of tracks over part of our richest agricultural and industrial area. They serve fourteen states, stretching from west of the Missouri River in South Dakota to Old Point Comfort on the eastern seaboard; from the Great Lakes to St. Louis and Kansas City. They tap the golden grain fields of the Dakotas and Minnesota; the coal fields of Indiana, Illinois, Ohio, Kentucky and West Virginia; and touch the important manufacturing centers of Chicago, St. Louis, Kansas City, Cincinnati and Louisville. Steel, iron, grain and even cotton pay them tribute.

A man of Mr. Hawley's restless spirit is not content with merely owning a group of strategically important railroads. As had Mr. Harriman, he has large vision, and his is the dream of a transcontinental empire. The evidence is not lacking to show that he has laid the plans for the consummation of this ambition.

The one missing link between his Western roads and his Eastern property—the Chesapeake and Ohio—is the gap between Chicago and Cincinnati. Although the Hawley roads have a traffic agreement with the Big Four that covers this, it is well known that Mr. Hawley wants a line of his own. To this end he and his associates have been quietly buying up the stock of the defunct Chicago, Cincinnati and Louisville road which is projected from Chicago to Cincinnati and which is completed from Cincinnati to Griffith, Indiana. This line would, of course, supply the missing link. I asked Mr. Hawley if it would become a part of his growing system and he replied laconically: "It is possible."

The Outlet to the Pacific

WITH the Chicago, Cincinnati and Louisville he would have a chain from the Eastern seaboard to Kansas City. To complete a transcontinental line there only remains the outlet to the Pacific, and this outlet has been provided for in the shape of a traffic agreement between the Chicago and Alton and the new Kansas City, Mexico and Orient road now building from Kansas City across Texas to Port Topotobampo, Mexico, a distance of 1659 miles. This agreement will extend to the other Hawley roads. It is the successor to similar agreement made with the Western Pacific. Mr. Hawley never takes chances, so in order to make things doubly sure in the matter of getting this Pacific outlet he has two close associates on the board of directors of the new road. They are George H. Ross, who is vice-president of the Chicago and Alton, and George Crocker, one of the rich California Crockers.

A word about the Kansas City, Mexico and Orient Railroad, especially in view of its importance to the Hawley lines, is, perhaps, of interest. It is promoted by Mr. Arthur Stillwell, of Kansas City, and is completely financed. Its Pacific terminus will be called Port Stillwell in honor of the builder. The Mexican Government has permitted it to raise its rates on Mexican territory from twenty to forty per cent. This concession is important, in view of the fact that about one-quarter of the traffic will be in Mexican ore.

The Hawley roads and the Orient will fit handily into each other. The Hawley roads on their side will furnish an imposing traffic in iron and steel, in packing products from Chicago and Kansas City, and agricultural commodities from the wide areas which they traverse; while the Orient will deliver to the Alton and allied roads minerals, livestock, coal, timber, wool and cotton.

There is still another very significant feature of this alliance. The Kansas City, Mexico and Orient has an agreement with the Hamburg-American line by which the latter will inaugurate a new trans-Pacific line upon the completion of the road. The projected line will be from Hongkong to Topotobampo, the Pacific terminus of the road, and it will bring the Far East one thousand miles nearer to us, for the reason that Topotobampo is one thousand miles east of San Francisco, and five hundred miles nearer Kansas City by the new line than is San Francisco by the shortest dispatch now operated. The entire combination will be able to supply the Hawaiians and the East with every import save the textiles.

The carrying out of this transcontinental scheme by Mr. Hawley will enable him to do directly what Mr. Harriman accomplished only indirectly, and will give him a line from ocean to ocean fully a thousand miles shorter than any other. To have achieved this with a few hundred miles of detached track as a starter will be a big feat.

A Man Who Can Wait

MR. HAWLEY is evidently not superstitious, for his office is on the thirteenth floor of the big Broad Exchange building that towers over the Stock Exchange and the whole financial district. It is a long, high room with red walls and very simple walnut furniture. In the center stands a table and in one corner a ticker sputters. Through one window you get a glimpse of East River with its teeming traffic, and through another sometimes comes the faint din of the curb market. The only portraits that hang there are of J. P. Morgan, Collis P. Huntington and President Taft.

At a roll-top desk that stands against the north wall sits a plump, gray-haired, well-groomed man scarcely five feet high. His eyes are keen and searching; his mouth is strong and unyielding; his smooth face is immobile and unemotional. He talks in a low, even voice and, from a long habit of taciturnity, almost in monosyllables. Where Mr. Harriman was restless and even impatient in conversation, Mr. Hawley is in complete repose.

I asked Mr. Hawley if he had followed any definite rule in the development of his railroad career.

"No," he replied, "I can't say that I have. I have played a lone hand and stuck to my job. I have simply done two things: I have worked and I have waited. Most people do not realize what a good thing it is to know how to wait. Many things come to you. It does not pay to get restless. The reason why so many people lose money, especially down here in Wall Street, is that they get restless for results.

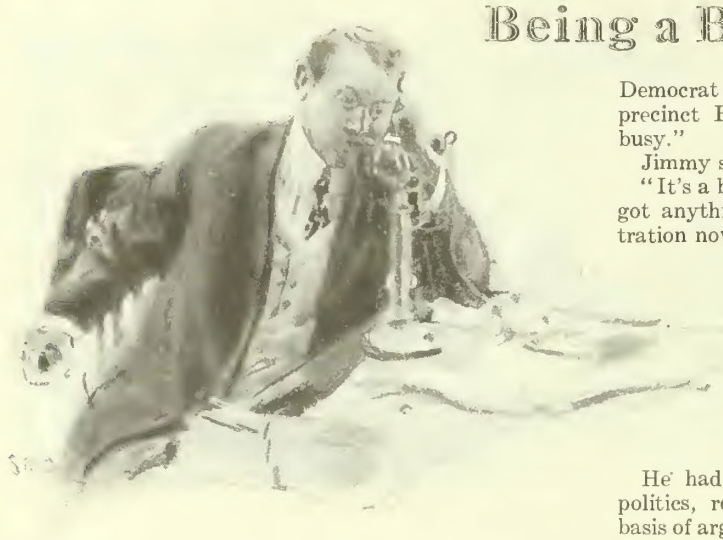
(Continued on Page 42)

Jimmy Rourke

By George Randolph Chester

ILLUSTRATED BY STANLEY M. ARTHURS

Being a Brief Chapter of Real Politics



IN FRONT of Mike Lennon's little Jimmy Rourke, not much bigger than a pint of peanuts, but accounted the best lightweight fighter in all the fourth ward, confronted six-foot Bull Welch with blazing wrath.

"And you a pal of mine!" he exclaimed; then he added with sudden explosiveness: "Gimme that lid!"

Bull Welch, big as he was, quailed ridiculously under this wrath, and was meekly unresisting when Jimmy suddenly thrust up his hand, grabbed the new derby from the head of his huge friend, threw it upon the ground and most surprisingly jumped upon it.

Mr. Welch deemed it due his pride to make at least a show of protest.

"If anybody else than my best pal was to do that I'd break him in two," he observed.

Jimmy eyed his friend contemplatively for a moment and poked a rigid forefinger into Mr. Welch's yielding anatomy just above the waist-line, where a blue hickory shirt, unadorned by collar or tie, bulged above a frilling edge of trousers held in place by a rusty leather belt, which, unsupported by belt straps, made a most slovenly line.

"You're gettin' fat, Bull, and soft," commented Jimmy critically. "I don't think you could put up anyways near the scrap you used to. You better cut out that booze thing," and he inspected with cold severity the muddiness of Mr. Welch's eyes and the redness of his puffed face.

Jimmy himself, just coming from work, was clean and lithe as a panther, with no ounce of superfluous flesh upon him. His eyes, the deepest of Irish blue, were as clear as crystal. His cheeks were a healthy pink. Though it was a crisp autumn day his shirt V'd open at the throat, revealing a neck and upper torso sheathed in muscles of steel that glided under a velvet skin.

"I win the two bones for that bonnet off'n Diggsy Harber," remarked Mr. Welch irrelevantly, gazing with much rue at the remains of the derby.

"I win this two-case note settin' wagon-spokes in ten-inch hubs from seven in the morning till five at night, and it's a better game," returned Jimmy, producing a two-dollar bill. "Now, you take these two bucks over to Schwinder's and get a new skypiece, and you tell him that Jimmy Rourke sent you around to do it. What I want to know is, why you didn't go to Schwinder's in the first place."

"I didn't know Schwinder'd been took into the precinct; an' he's a Republican, anyhow," returned Bull in half-sullen defense.

"You ought to kep' track of things when they redistricted the ward," returned Jimmy savagely. "I've sent four of the boys around to Schwinder's in the past two weeks to buy their new roofs, and tonight I'm goin' over and see if I can't nail his vote. We cert'nly need it this year."

Mr. Welch had tucked the two-dollar bill in his pocket with careless indifference, also with resignation, for he knew he could not purchase at Schwinder's anything near so stylish and startling a hat as the broken one. Nevertheless, he felt it incumbent upon him to edge gracefully away from the entire hat episode.

"They sure did hammer you on the raw when they St.-Louis'd this ward," he said with sympathy.

"Callahan's a smart man," Jimmy admitted, not without admiration; "but he's put me on the blink good and proper. Billy Brady'll put it all over me this election."

"It's tough lines," admitted Mr. Welch. "I suppose it's all off now. When this old town went Democrat it's the fourth ward put it across, an' if the fourth ward went Democrat it was precinct B that done it, an' when it was precinct B that swung it you're the kid that's been busy."

Jimmy sighed.

"It's a bum year, anyhow," he complained. "We ain't got anything to give 'em. It's a Republican administration now, and a Democrat worker couldn't get a favor for none of his friends short of usin' a blackjack."

"Well, you know me, pal," said Bull with a grin. "You show me the favor and I know where to borrow a blackjack."

"Nix," responded Jimmy. "You're too handy with it," and, having headed Mr. Welch carefully in the direction of Schwinder's, he walked on.

He had nothing to give them! This was practical politics, real politics. Party principles may form the basis of argument in the country, but not in the city where the people who are interested in principles do not vote and the actual voters expect and demand material benefits. For instance, there was Freiss. Freiss kept a family hotel in the corner of precinct B. Freiss was a good Democrat, and for a long time had wanted a mail-box in the lobby of his hotel. Jimmy had a message for Freiss. The message was from Ed McShane, the Democratic boss of the ward, and Jimmy would rather not have delivered it. He would not have done so except that he had promised to come back and tell Freiss the outcome of his latest intercession, and Jimmy, with a perspicacity which distinguishes all successful politicians, never broke a promise, though in this case he had no better word to deliver than that McShane had been unsuccessful so far, but that he would try again. Mr. Freiss fixed Jimmy with a stern eye and a forbidding countenance. He was short and stern-minded, with a stubby mustache and that indescribable, snug-fitting neatness of attire which distinguishes the prosperous elderly German.

"Maybe you'd better look behind you," he observed.

Jimmy turned in the direction of Mr. Freiss' handwave, and his startled eyes rested upon a nice, large mail-box, brave in its shining green paint.

"Good!" declared Jimmy with much outward heartiness, rising instantly to the sickening occasion. "Where'd you get it?"

"Mr. Callahan," explained Mr. Freiss a little uncomfortably. "He came in here himself day before yesterday and says he: 'Mr. Freiss, I hear you want a mail-box in your hotel.' 'Yes, sir,' says, I, 'I need it.' 'Why didn't you come to me?' Mr. Callahan asked me. 'Well, Mr. Callahan,' says I, 'I couldn't do it. I always worked against you. I never voted for you. I always asked all my friends not to vote for you. All my life I have been a Democrat, and I couldn't come to you for any favors.' Mr. Callahan just laughed. 'Oh,' he says, 'that don't make any difference. We're living in the same ward. We can be good friends even if we haven't the same politics, can't we? I'll get you your mail-box.' Well, of course, I wanted that mail-box, but I tell him: 'Look here, Mr. Callahan, that's a very gentlemanly favor you offer me, and I am very much obliged; but I have got to tell you the truth. Even if you do get me that mail-box I cannot vote for you.' 'Oh,' said he, 'that's all right. You don't have to vote for me. We need good Democrats in the ward as well as good Republicans.' So he shook hands and went away, and there's the mail-box."

"I'm a Republican, I Say," Repeated Jimmy

Jimmy sighed in relief.

"So I have got to vote for him," added Mr. Freiss with a sigh of finality, and folded his plump hands over his clean, white waistcoat.

Jimmy caught his breath over this bit of inconsistency.

"Why, you don't have to do that," he urged. "You told Callahan that you would not, even if he did give you the box. Callahan said it was all right. He got you the box, and he don't expect anything."

"Yes, I know," returned Mr. Freiss; "but I got to vote for him just the same. I can't vote against a gentleman that does me things like that."

Carefully, tactfully, not even so much as hinting anything derogatory to Mr. Callahan—who owned three saloons and ran gambling games in all of them, who had been twice indicted by the grand jury and once within the uncomfortable shadow of the very prison walls, but nevertheless was a pleasant gentleman indeed to meet and with whom to do business—Jimmy wrought with Mr. Freiss for a solid half-hour to no purpose, and then started sadly home. On the way his feet chose their own path and carried him two blocks out of his road, as they often most contrarily did, past the house of the Bradys, where Nellie Brady, with hair black as night, and eyes as blue as heaven, and lips as red as cherries, and teeth as white as snow—Jimmy remembered all that from a song—stood at the gate in all the plump freshness of her nineteen years. Her eyes widened for a moment in a flash of pleased recognition as they rested upon the compact and well-featured bundle of life and energy which comprised Jimmy Rourke, then they narrowed and she gazed indifferently on down the street past him.

"Hello, kid," said young Rourke, stopping hesitantly.

"Hello, Jimmy," said she indifferently.

There was an awkward pause, wherein the awkwardness was all on his part.

"It's been a long time since I seen you," ventured Jimmy.

"Yes?" she interrogated. "It has been a long time, hasn't it? Last spring some time, at the Joy Club's dance, wasn't it?"

"No, twice since then," Jimmy reminded her, hurt that she had been so forgetful of him. "Once at McShane's picnic, and last month at the Sons of Columbus outing."

"Oh, yes; that's so," she admitted as if it were of no consequence whatever. "Fine weather, isn't it?"

"Sure," agreed Jimmy, and shifted to the other foot. "I say, Nellie," he offered presently with much temerity, "you got a partner for the doings down at the island next week?"

"Not yet," she replied with a certain softening of the voice that he took to be relenting, as it was deliberately intended he should do.

"Neither have I," he hastily informed her. "Let's go together."

She had been eagerly waiting for that.

"Not!" she emphatically declared. "I've told you before that I'm a Brady and always will be a Brady; and I won't trail around with anybody that's always fought the Bradys."

"That's politics," protested Jimmy, going over the same old line of argument. "I don't see what a girl's got to do with politics."

"It's more than politics," she insisted. "It started with that, but it's run into a riot, so that every time a Brady meets a Rourke there's a fight, and the only way to ever stop it is for you to turn Republican."

"Lemme tell you one thing," announced Jimmy. "When I do that it will be time for my friends to call the wagon and send me out to the bughouse, because I'll be dippy."

"Here comes Billy," said the girl with sudden apprehension in her voice. "You better move on, Jimmy."

"I Got to Have Him!" He Shrieked

Jimmy's back was to the approaching Billy, but he did not turn, nor did he move.

"I don't think I'll take any girl to the island," said Jimmy calmly. "I think I'll just go down with the bunch."

"It's getting to be fierce the way the boys are all stagging it nowadays," Nellie commented upon that with equal calmness. "They're getting stingy."

Billy Brady, with a scowl of midnight blackness on his brow, walked around Jimmy Rourke to get to the gate.

"I thought I told you to be more careful who you talked to," said Billy without a glance in Jimmy's direction.

"I thought I told you I'd talk to whoever I pleased," his sister flared back. "I've got a right to make my own friends."

"And I got a right to see that they're the right kind of people," her brother retorted.

Jimmy took it upon himself to decide that it was now his turn to come into the conversation.

"If you're handin' anything my way," he observed, "you want to hand it straight to me, see? I guess I can take care of it."

For the first time the eyes of the young men met. Billy was almost half a head taller than Jimmy and broader across the shoulders, heavier-muscled in every way, and had at least fifteen pounds the advantage in weight, an advantage which Jimmy offset by superior quickness and skill. For a moment they glared at each other with a certain increasing tenseness of biceps which Nellie Brady recognized at once. She used prompt and vigorous methods of suppression. Lying at her feet was the nozzle of the hose which watered the ten-by-twenty feet of grass of their old-fashioned "flat" building. Close to her hand was the hydrant. She snatched up the hose and put her hand upon the turncock.

"You're going to cut this out," she advised them. "I won't have any scraps about me, nor in front of our place, and the first pass either one of you makes I'm going to drown you both. Billy, there's two letters in the house for you. One of them's from Callahan."

Billy stepped inside the gate.

"I'll pass it up this time," he threateningly stated, "but if it happens any more I won't."

He trudged on into the house, and Jimmy smiled.

"You're all to the good, Nellie," said he. "I didn't think you'd stick by me so strong after what you just said about the Bradys and the Rourkes."

"It wasn't for you at all," she disdainfully informed him. "It was the principle of the thing." And then she calmly bade him good-by and followed her brother inside.

Jimmy, highly dissatisfied, started home. On his way a thin, untidy and careworn-looking woman stepped out of her door and called him.

"I been waiting for you, Mr. Rourke," she said, holding her left hand tightly in her right and turning it backward and forward in sheer nervousness. "My man's broke over again. He was out last night and he ain't come home yet. They tell me he's layin' around over at Mike Lennon's, gamblin' an' drinkin'. He won't come home nor go to work till every cent's out of the savings-bank unless you can do something with him."

"I'll send him right home, Mrs. Miller," said Jimmy briefly, and with a sigh he retraced his steps, followed by the voluble thanks of Mrs. Miller.

This again was practical politics and part of his duty as precinct leader, but this evening his heart was not in his work. Something in the scheme of things, whatever it was that kept him from Nellie Brady, was wrong. In the course of seeing that Mr. Miller relinquished his fleshpots and returned to his family he was compelled to administer a thrashing to that gentleman, but it was only perfunctorily done.

II

JIMMY approached the fall elections with grave anxiety. The newly-districted ward presented a much more difficult problem than the old one. The astute Republican gentlemen who were now at the head of things had been bothered by this district long enough. The fourth ward had always been debatable ground. On each side of it were solid Republican wards. By the simple little expedient of moving the ward lines three blocks to the west on each side, a part of the fourth was thrown into the third, where there was sufficient Republican majority amply to take care of it, and a part of the fifth was thrown into the fourth, introducing a Republican majority from that side; this pleasant and effective method of procedure being known as "the St. Louis plan." The precinct embracing those opposing ardent workers, Jimmy Rourke and Billy Brady, was right at the edge of the new line and was in part affected by it.

Election day came in the midst of a particularly troublesome time this year for Jimmy. For one thing, Bull Welch "got" himself in bad with the police," and Jimmy was more or less father and mother to Welch, having the trouhles that all parents know, particularly those with wayward sons. Nellie Brady had taken to cutting Jimmy dead on the street. Almost certain defeat stared the fourth ward Democracy in the face, and even precinct B was worse than doubtful.

It was with much misgiving, therefore, that he reported himself at the precinct polling place on the night before election. By law there were two Republican and two Democratic judges of election in each precinct. For several years Jimmy Rourke and Billy Brady had been judges on opposing sides, and usually one of them had been the presiding judge. The law placed a premium upon conflict by demanding that this official should be chosen from among these four by their own ballots, an obviously impossible situation and one that would have resulted in perpetual deadlocks except for another provision that, after ten minutes of balloting, if a deadlock resulted the choice should be determined by lot, which meant, in brief, the flipping of a coin. Jimmy Rourke was the last man of the four to arrive at Rittman's barber shop upon this particular night, and he immediately produced a quarter from his pocket.

"Well," he observed, "I suppose we might as well get busy. Heads or tails, Billy? Three out of five."

"Heads!" said Billy promptly, and held himself poised.

Jimmy tossed the coin in the air. They were both upon it in an instant, their keen eyes seeking advantage. Billy

Such Tactics Could Lead but to One Result

Brady was first upon the floor and grabbed the coin, this being real politics of the most practical sort.

"Heads!" he cried triumphantly.

"I didn't see it!" objected Jimmy.

"It was heads all right, though," declared Brady, lying with much indignation.

"If it had been heads you'd 'a' let it lay there," protested Rourke. "I know your game."

"I copped it to keep you from doin' a snatch an' claimin' it tails," Billy explained with much show of reason.

"Well, it was tails!" asserted Jimmy confidently.

"It was heads!"

"It was tails!"

"How do you know? You say you didn't see it? If you ain't satisfied we'll have to shake it over, that's all."

"All right, we'll do that," assented Jimmy, rather to the surprise of his opponent.

Brady threw the coin. This time it was Jimmy who grahbed it from the floor, declaring it to be tails, though having plainly seen it to be heads. Such tactics could lead but to one result. They fought all over the place, and their firm adherents took part in the battle. Eventually, Mr. Rittman sent for police enough to quell the riot. It took an exact half dozen of the hluecoats to do it. Of course there were no arrests, hut one of the policemen insisted on holding straws for the contestants to draw. Jimmy Rourke drew the shortest one and lost, and immediately consequent upon that decision there followed another fight, which, however, owing to the presence of the officers, was a brief one. So far as ultimate peace was concerned, the officers did a mistaken thing. They had hetter have left Jimmy Rourke and Billy Brady fight out their differences once for all and decide who was the better man. As it was, bound over by the duties of election, they could only sit and glower at each other, and in this temporary truce they separated, still without having come to conclusions.

The next day Billy Brady, who was a hlacksmith, was kicked by a horse and was put out of fighting commission for a few days, during which time Bull Welch was "put away" on the mere suspicion of having "blackjacked" a stranger and taken his money from him. That was the last drop in Jimmy Rourke's cup, already full to overflowing, for the Republican victory had been overwhelming.

The "sending out" of Mr. Welch was a calamity to Jimmy in more senses than one. In the first place, there was the obligation of friendship; in the second place, the matter of influence was at stake. The leader in a precinct must protect his own. Bull Welch was known to be Jimmy's pal and political follower. If that person were allowed to remain at the workhouse, "making little ones out of big ones," where was Jimmy's prestige? What was the use of following such a leader? In this case, and filled with much perturbation, Jimmy hunted up Ed McShane, a raw-boned, lanky man with an amazing shock of red hair and countless violent freckles.

"They've sent Bull Welch out, Ed," stated Jimmy with calm confidence that the matter was now well on its way to be righted.

"They was bound to get him," observed McShane. "Bull's a tough guy, and it's a wonder to me they didn't nail him long ago."

"He's my friend," returned Jimmy as an ample and sufficient defense.

"He's more trouble to you than he's worth, Jimmy," advised McShane kindly. "I told you long ago you'd better shake him. We don't want him. He's no good to the party nor to you."

"I told you he was my friend!" repeated Jimmy. "That's enough, ain't it? Say, do you know what he done? We've been pals all our lives. When we was just kids Bull Welch saved me from drowning, and he pretty near went under himself. That time when I got in trouble over beatin' up a cop Bull hid me away for two weeks. There never was a time he didn't go to the front for me, and I'm right here to stick the same way. He's got to get out, that's all."

McShane sighed.

"I suppose I got to be on the level with you, Jimmy. I can't do it. Since the election I lost every last bit of pull I had. I'm in bad up at the works and down at the city building and all around. I can't do nothin'." All this was untrue. McShane still was able, through Purcell, the Democratic leader of the city, to obtain such concessions as this; but he must ask them sparingly, and he preferred to save his pull for some one more worth while than Welch. "For all of me Bull'll have to stick," he concluded with an uninterested finality not at all to young Rourke's liking.

"Why didn't you say so in the first place?" demanded Jimmy. "In place of tellin' me that you're a dead one you stand here knockin' my friend. You make me sick I'm goin' to see the big boss."

"Naw, don't you do it," protested McShane hastily. "Purcell don't want to be bothered with you precinct pikers. He's got troubles of his own, anyhow. I tell you, you leave it to me, and I'll see what I can do."

"I'll leave it to you, nit!" announced Jimmy. "You made me sore anyhow, crabbin' my friend. I'm goin' to see Purcell and that settles it."

It was against all ethics of municipal politics for a mere precinct worker to bother "the big boss." What ever business the precinct "husky" had with the head office was supposed to come through his ward captain; yet Jimmy, secure in the value of his own services and earnest in the cause, now deliberately violated the rule. He went directly to see Purcell, who was ostensibly a lawyer but lived largely on the campaign fund and other such pickings.

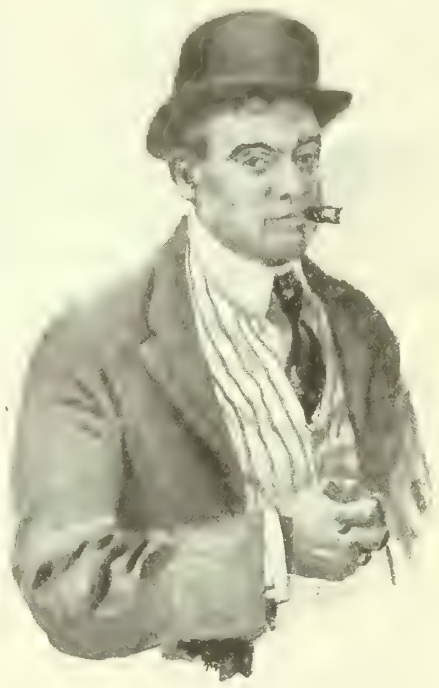
As Jimmy walked into the office he heard Purcell say at the telephone:

"All right, Ed; I'll pass it right back to you."

"That's McShane talkin' to you, ain't it?" demanded Jimmy as Purcell hung up the receiver.

"What's it to you?" demanded Purcell in return.

He was a big man who wore his elongated derby on the back of his head indoors and out, a man who had cultivated a pleasing smile until his eyes and his nose and the corners of his mouth bore the wrinkles of smiling habit; but those cold eyes belied all that smiling and told the truth about him.



Callahan Looked Fat, but Was as Hard as Nails

"It's just this to me," announced Jimmy, in no measure awed by Purcell's evident displeasure. "I got a friend out on the rock pile and he can't stay there, see? I told McShane about it, and he said he couldn't do anything. I told him I was comin' to see you. Now he's called you up on the 'phone to beat me to it and knock my game."

"Didn't McShane tell you, the last thing, to leave it to him, and he'd see what he could do?" demanded Purcell.

"Yes, but that was after he'd knocked my friend and told me he couldn't do nothin'; so I put McShane on the Sweeney list, and I come here."

"You come to the wrong place," Purcell informed him. "You report back to McShane for what you want, and don't come botherin' around me. I'm busy. I ain't got time to see all you precinct hustlers."

Jimmy swallowed hard. It was backing down more than a Rourke liked to do, but still it was in the cause of friendship, and Jimmy laid self aside.

"If I go back to McShane and he puts it up to you, will you get Bull Welch out?" he wanted to know.

"I'm not makin' any promises. Go back and put it through in the regular way."

"That's the last word, is it?" demanded Jimmy, conquering a certain fierceness that he felt welling up in him.

"That's the last word," repeated Purcell curtly, and Jimmy went back to McShane, whom he found at Mike Lennon's saloon.

"Well, Ed," he confessed humbly enough, "I put myself in Dutch by trying to go over your head. Purcell sends me back here. Will you get my friend out?"

"I don't know whether I will or not," declared McShane, vindictive in his triumph. "I think I'll just hand it to you, to teach you to stay in your place. You're mighty fresh with your demands, anyhow. You didn't deliver your precinct this fall. Seems to me we need a new leader in precinct B."

"Look here, McShane," said Jimmy sternly. "You know why I didn't deliver the goods. They redistricted it for me and threw twenty-seven straight Republicans into my precinct. Counting them off I got more votes from the old crowd than we ever had, and I got two of the new Republicans. I've worked hard and faithful for the party all my life, and I done good work, and you know it. Now, I don't ask you much, but to go to the front for Bull Welch—my friend, understand, my friend—and there's nothing to it but that he's got to get out. I got to have him."

"Well," decided McShane, lighting a cigar with great nonchalance, "I'll see what I can do."

His tone was so unencouraging, so contemptuous, that Jimmy's long-suppressed rage flared up; his fists clenched, his face turned red.

"I got to have him!" said he. "Today's Thursday. If he ain't out on Saturday I'm goin' to start somethin'!" Suddenly his voice trembled and broke. "I got to have him!" he shrieked.

"You got to have a wallop on the koko if you come four-flushing around here like that. What do you mean? Are you trying to bluff me? I'll hand you a push in just two more minutes."

"You try it!" shouted Jimmy. "I've put more than one big slob like you to sleep and I can do it again. Come on! Start something!"

Only prompt action, accompanied by the sharp clatter on the floor of three additional pairs of feet, like fire horses bursting from their stalls, separated the two men harmless from their sudden clinch; but as Jimmy Rourke went out of the door, induced to leave by the bartender and their mutual friends, McShane called after him:

"Bull Welch can stay in the workhouse till he rots, for all o' me!"

Jimmy turned sick at heart. That was the final verdict. Beyond McShane he could not go. Unless Purcell took the thing up and used his influence with his political opponents, in a trade of courtesies always permissible in matters of this sort, Bull Welch must serve out his time—sixty days! Another would have conveyed the hopeless tidings to Welch with such humiliation as lay in them, but for an hour Jimmy Rourke pondered, and not one minute of that hour was wasted in regret or even in anger. It was entirely spent on the problem of how to rescue his friend from the uncomfortable and disgraceful occupation of making little rocks out of big ones. At the end of the hour he did a desperate thing that, previous to this emergency, he would not have thought possible.

III

CALLAHAN, the Republican boss of the fourth ward, was short and heavy-set and looked fat, but was as hard as nails. He had a round face and thick lips and an absolutely seraphic expression—an overgrown cherub in whom there could be no possible guile; and yet Callahan was reputed to be one of the shrewdest of political manipulators, and one of the most cold-blooded. He received Jimmy Rourke with great affability.

"You're lookin' fine, Jimmy. What's doin'?"

"Callahan, I been fightin' against you for more years than I got fingers on my punch hand," began Jimmy. "I guess you know me."

"I certainly do, Jimmy," agreed Callahan heartily. "You've done some fine and handy two-fisted work. You're in the wrong cause, but I honor you for your work, Jimmy. Some day we'll have you on the right side."

Jimmy shook his head.

"The Rourkes is all Democrats," he announced. "As I say, Callahan, I been fighting you tooth and toenail ever since I growed up, as you well know. I want a favor."

Callahan closed his eyes and laughed softly.

"It's a fine recommendation you're giving yourself for it," said he. "Well, spill it, Jimmy."

"They sent my friend Bull Welch over, and I want him out."

Callahan pursed up his lips.

"Suppose we get him out, what then?"

Jimmy swallowed hard.

"Be a good fellow, Callahan," he begged, "and don't make me promise nothin'."

Callahan considered that proposal in silence for a while. Also, he considered Jimmy. "Well, it's this way," said Callahan. "You're from precinct B."

"Yes."

"Well, I can't do anything unless it comes up to me from the precinct leader. I can't take any power away from my good workers down there."

Jimmy stopped aghast.

"You mean Billy Brady?" he exclaimed.

"Sure I mean Billy Brady."

"But, Callahan, I can't go to Brady!" protested Jimmy in a panic. "Brady and me's been sworn enemies. He's laid up with a bum leg now, but as soon as he gets out him and me's goin' to have the fight of our lives. You know what he told a friend of mine?—that as soon as he got on the street he was goin' to feed me to his dog. Well, now, you know that no guy's goin' to do somethin' like that to me and me holdin' still. I got a little old smoke-wagon that I ain't had in my hip kick since I was a kid, but the first day I hear Billy Brady's out I'll hunt up this pill-box and give Billy his medicine on sight. I've sent 'im word to keep away, or else trade his cleaver for a cannon."

Once more Callahan closed his eyes in apparent dreaming.

"You talk like a kid," said he. "Both you young guys ought to be spanked. You're good boys, the two of you, and you'd ought to be friends even though you're fine political enemies. Now, here's the way the matter stands. As I tell you, it's against discipline for me to do anything over Brady's head. You go see Brady and tell him what you want, and if Brady puts it up to me I'll have Bull Welch out in an hour. What did he do?"

"He didn't do nothin'," asserted Jimmy in surprise at the question.

Callahan nodded in both comprehension and apology.

"Of course, I didn't mean that," said he; "but what do they say he did?"

"Oh, some stranger mixed up a souse and a diamond headlight and too much money around dark corners, and some of the bunch was afraid he'd spend his wad, so they took it away from him to—to keep where it would be safe. He wasn't willing, so they had to soak him, and they say Bull done it."

"It's a damn shame to swear anything like that on Bull," commented Callahan with a grin. "Well, as I tell you, you go see Brady, and if Brady says the word Bull can eat his supper at home tonight."

Jimmy was pale.

"I can't do it; not even for my friend," he protested in despair. "Can't you waive the rule just this once, Callahan, and do it yourself?"

Callahan shook his head.

"Why don't you go to McShane?" He had tactfully held back that natural question until now.

Not at all to his surprise, Jimmy ripped out a ferocious oath, and consigned McShane and also Purcell to several assorted perditions, whereat Callahan, once more comprehending, was still further fixed in his resolution.

"It's a bad throw-down they gave you, after all the good work you've done in precinct B," he commiserated. "If you was with us you'd never have a complaint like that. McShane could have done it in a minute for you, through Purcell. Purcell would have telephoned me and I could have fixed it. You go see Brady. You don't need to promise me anything. I won't see a good worker like you turned down even if he is on the other side. We're all in the same game. It's all in the family. Go see Brady."

"I can't," Jimmy almost whispered, more to himself than to Callahan, and pressed his nails into his palms.

"Well, if you can't go that far to save your friend I'm sure I can't do anything," returned Callahan coldly. "Understand, Jimmy, I'm a friend of yours and willing to do anything on earth for you, but if I was McShane and would go over your head like that in your own precinct you'd never forgive me." This, too, was real, down-to-the-soil politics. We elect councilmen, and mayors, and governors, and congressmen, and even presidents after this method. "Suppose McShane was to do Billy Brady a favor over your head, how long would you stick?"

"That's so," admitted Jimmy, who hadn't thought of it in that light before. "Well, good-day, Callahan."

"Go see Brady," was Callahan's parting word.

Instead, Jimmy went home, and he found there an appealing note from Bull Welch. They had it in for him at the workhouse. They were handing him the worst of it. The grub was awful. The place was making him sick. Why didn't Jimmy hurry up and do something? He would surely die out there.

"Every Time a Brady Meets a Rourke There's a Fight"

Also there was a gentle reminder that in every crisis Bull had stuck to his friend and had never "seen him get the hook."

Men have gone through throes of mortal anguish in the solving of some great soul problem, but none ever struggled more than did Jimmy Rourke over his dilemma. There was but one way in all the world to get Bull Welch out of the workhouse, and that way was through Billy Brady!

(Continued on Page 61)

THE TRIALS OF TONY

He Falls on His Feet—By Storer Clouston

ILLUSTRATED BY GUSTAVUS C. WIDNEY

"The Next Blow Has Fallen"

THE morning was remarkably fine and Lord Raymes in a mellow humor. Seated on the terrace in a basket-chair he complacently surveyed his famous Italian garden and the deer park undulating beyond.

"You look happy, Raymes," remarked Lady Custerd.

"I am a philosopher," he replied.

She seemed skeptical.

"Does that really help one to feel happy?" she inquired.

"You have just quoted an instance."

Her eyes made a circuit of the park and garden and then turned on him reprovingly.

"But you have no excuse for being discontented."

He waved his hand to indicate the scene.

"If I were not prohibited by the injunctions of my grudging forefathers from cutting down my timber, if the market price of venison made those brutes worth the expense of keeping 'em, and if I had the moral courage to convert these flower-beds into a vegetable garden I should be a well-to-do man. It is philosophy alone that enables me to make these reflections as seldom as possible."

"Oh, but Raymes, you would never dream of doing anything of the kind!"

"I have dreamt, but always awakened to bleak reality."

He looked at her steadily and added: "And then there is Tony."

Lady Custerd turned upon him with a touch of indignation.

"Tony hasn't done anything he shouldn't for a long time now!"

"For quite six months," he agreed.

"Well, what do you think of that?"

"Very ominous."

"Raymes!" she exclaimed. "What on earth do you mean?"

"Do you remember our once contemplating with a shiver those foolhardy peasants cultivating the slopes of Vesuvius?"

"Perfectly. But what——"

"An eruption must be almost due."

Lady Custerd deemed this scarcely fair. Her nephew had passed through the perils of a three years' residence at Oxford with several intervals of irreproachable conduct. All things considered, that might be called a creditable record; and as soon as Commem week was over the dear boy was returning at last to the seat of his ancestors. The occasion was surely one for joy, rather than criticism. "Of course it is a pity he hasn't taken a degree," she admitted.

His father smiled.

"He was sent to Oxford to avoid the risk."

Lady Custerd looked startled.

"But, surely, it could have done him no harm!"

"Think what it might have done the degree. There are critics abroad already, I believe."

She regarded him austerely.

"I do not pretend to understand you when you talk in this strain. But, surely, you will be glad to see your boy again?"

"Yes," he said, "he is all right to look at—the back view especially."

"Is that all you have to say!"

"No," he admitted, "I must confess frankly that I am both relieved and surprised to find Tony escaping from Oxford with only one entanglement and a paltry five hundred pounds' worth of bills. I hope, Gwendolen, you do not think me superstitious, but I assure you that ever since that poor boy exchanged his first pocket-knife for a brown-paper parcel with nothing inside, I have had a premonition that he would never be Lord Chancellor of England."

"But there are plenty of other good positions," Lady Custerd began, when she was interrupted by the appearance of a footman with a telegram.

"No answer," said Lord Raymes. He dismissed the footman and gazed thoughtfully into space.

"The next blow has fallen," he observed in a few minutes.

"What blow? On whom?" she exclaimed.

"Tony; on me," he replied.

"Is that from him?"

He read the wire aloud:

> Come Oxford immediately. Good news. TONY.

"But he says good news!" she cried.

"He thought there was something in the brown-paper parcel," he answered.

As he spoke he rose and turned toward the house.

"But, of course, you'll go?" she asked.

"I cannot escape my fate by merely staying at home," he answered. "I must now go and pack."

"Then you are going to spend the night?"

"No."

"What are you taking with you then?"

"My check-book."

Half an hour later his lordship drove to the station, and in the early afternoon arrived at the ancient city of Oxford. As he passed through a quadrangle of his son's college he observed in a group of sunshades evidences of Commem.

"Oh, Ah, I See—Right O!"

"Ah, woman, woman!" he murmured.

Tony's door was opened by the devoted Algernon.

"Tony in?" his parent inquired.

"Not at this moment, but er I've been waiting for you all day."

"Ever since breakfast?"

"Practically."

"That was Tony's idea, I presume?"

"Yes."

"I know his handiwork," said Lord Raymes amiably. "He sent off his wire at ten-fifteen, and I suppose told you to expect me any time after nine-forty-five."

"Oh," said Algie, a trifle disconcerted, "that—er—I suppose that was rather absent-minded. But I assure you, sir, it wasn't his fault."

"I am aware of his misfortune," sighed Lord Raymes.

Algie stared.

"This one?"

"No; I don't even know her name. Who is she?"

Algernon collected himself. "I didn't really mean, sir, that it was his misfortune. In fact, it's quite the other way on."

"Her misfortune?"

"No, no, you quite misunderstand me! 'Pon my word, really you do. Tony has landed on his feet this time, and no mistake!"

"Poor devil! You don't say so?"

"Yes, rather! Such a nice little woman, and any amount of money."

"Have you seen it?"

"Oh, but she has told him. Her late husband ——"

Lord Raymes was startled at last.

"A widow!" he cried.

"A ripping little widow, sir, I assure you."

"They all are," sighed his lordship.

"Hardly a trace of American accent ——"

"American! I know, I know, my boy. Twenty-nine last birthday, I presume?"

"By Jove, you're exactly right, sir!"

"Comes of an ancient English family?"

"Er—yes."

"Moves in the best American and foreign society?"

"O' course, or Tony wouldn't have taken to her."

"That is a guarantee. How long has he been acquainted with this paragon?"

"Only three days. Quick work, wasn't it?"

"If I were an American, or any other sort of widow, I'd back myself to catch poor Tony in three hours."

Lord Raymes gazed thoughtfully, but apparently not unhopefully, at the ceiling. Then he lowered his eyes suddenly and inquired:

"Does she know he is a younger son?"

Algie hesitated.

"Well—er—the fact is, Lord Raymes, that's the thing dear Tony wants you to break to her. He hasn't had the er ——"

"Heart?"

"That's it; he hasn't had the heart to tell her she won't actually be a peeress."

Lord Raymes smiled again.

"But do you mean to say she hasn't looked him up in a peerage or almanac or something?"

"Well, you see, the fact is she doesn't know our English ways very well."

"And yet she moves in the best society? Well, Algie, it only shows what verdant oases there are in that desert."

Algernon looked sympathetic. Tony had often told him his father was no longer the man he had been.

"Where is she staying?" inquired Lord Raymes.

"Well, in a - er I rather fancy it's a kind of boarding-house. But, of course, that's only because ——"

"With her maid?"

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SELLING WITHOUT SAMPLES

The Real-Estate Man—By James H. Collins

ILLUSTRATED BY EMLEN McCONNELL

"Son, I Wouldn't Bury Me Dawg in That"

IT MAY be objected that the real-estate man does sell by sample, or at least by showing the actual property, which is much the same thing. But perhaps three-fourths of the real-estate sales made in and about a city like New York are effected in such ways that actual sight of the property is but a small detail in the deal. Thousands upon thousands of acres of outlying property about New York are owned, for instance, by people in other cities who have never laid eyes on their lots or acreage. This property has been bought for speculation or investment, and the realty man has effected the sale. Millions of dollars' worth of central business property changes hands yearly in our cities through his activity, and the sales are made upon arguments that render inspection a minor matter. Even in selling suburban property, where people go to select a place to live, there are so many considerations to be taken into account before the actual inspection that, when a customer finally sees it, the sale is probably as good as made.

So the real-estate man carries no samples.

Real-estate operations are endlessly diversified, and the business divided into numerous specialties and branches. One operator will deal in million units, handling nothing but high-class business property. Other operators sell improved suburban property or raw land. Some lay out residential developments on lines that involve years of selling, while others call in the aid of the brass band and the parachute artist, and unload a whole subdivision in an afternoon. At one end is the spectacular operator who swings a deal around a central city block, and at the other are dozens of men, and women, too, embarking on the real-estate business with no capital. But the whole question divides roughly into business property in our cities and home property in residence districts and suburbs, and with these two great divisions we will deal in our examination of selling methods.

Marketing Beautiful Peacevale

OUT on the route of a new trolley project a large realty company has bought two old farms and platted a residence subdivision, Beautiful Peacevale, which will quickly be built up when the road is finished. Clean white posts mark the plots, and white lines on the green grass indicate boundaries and streets. The whole property is graphically shown on the countryside in its true proportions, and is beautiful to look at. Thousands of dollars have been spent in advertising, and the company's salesmen have been working for weeks to send as large a crowd as possible the day this district is sold off by auction. The auctioneer is a master at his business. It is mid-June. Trees and flowers have burst into joyous life, and birds sing, and skies will be blue—if it doesn't rain that day. All Nature is in tune and inspires in man that deep love of home which is his anchorage—and also vitally necessary to the real-estate business.

But alas! on the day of the sale it rains. Before dawn the heavens begin to weep. Hundreds of persons who might have come in fine weather stay at home. There is a fair-sized crowd; but after plodding through the wet grass to reach the auctioneer's big circus tent their thoughts are far from kindly. Nobody wants to buy. The beauty of the property has been washed away, and people do not even look at it.

When the auctioneer mounts his platform the crowd jeers him—so this is Beautiful Peacevale, hey! But he comes back directly, assures them they are sensible people to hunt a home when no possible glamour can deceive them. They are serious men and women. Butterflies and grasshoppers stay away a day like this. The people before him are fathers and citizens, wives and mothers, the backbone of the community, and he is going to be entirely frank with them.

After this preliminary talk has been made the crowd has come together, forgot its discomfort and is interested. Then the auctioneer picks out one of the finest corner plots, describes it warmly, gives some facts as to its probable growth in value in five years, and asks for a bid. He gets one or two lazy offers, and in a few minutes the plot is sold at not half its real present value. This brings the people a bit closer. Another choice plot is put up and sold at less than its value, and another, until, presently, interest is aroused in these bargains and bidding becomes easier, and then eager, and then excited. By noon the tent is full of people who cheer as plot after plot is sold. By night the sales have outrun expectations both in number and prices secured. Yet none of the purchasers has set foot on the plots that have been bought. They have been taken on sheer faith.

"I Forgot to Tell You That if You Sold One of Those Houses I'd Give You a Commission"

Did the auctioneer work this change through some subtle selling art? Yes and no. Not all the salesmanship in the world would have planted in this damp crowd that desire for a home upon which he built his selling structure. It has been developed by each person individually, helped, perhaps, by salesmen who have kept in touch with him. When the auctioneer finally got them together under his tent they were there for him to play upon, and his art was directed chiefly to putting them in good humor and rousing their enthusiasm.

Men who sell home property of every sort find it practicable to divide humanity into two great groups.

First in point of value come the buyers. These are solid people who have saved some money toward a home and clearly settled in their minds just what they want. Several years of frugality may pass before they set out to find the actual property. Yet when they do they have no false ideals and are reasonable in their demands.

The other group outnumbers the first ten to one and is made up of the lookers, who are dreamers. Sitting in a stuffy flat some Sunday, the looker and his wife begin reading real-estate advertisements. Next Saturday the rent is due. Across the hall a parrot and a dog are making unceasing racket. It is dull today, and tomorrow is blue Monday. Real-estate advertising is pretty positive stuff. By and by the lookers begin to plan a suburban home. They mentally build the house, decorate it, lay out the lawn and garden, arrange the trees and find a place for the dog. During the week they idealize this place in all its details, and contrast it with their flat. The following Sunday is chosen as the time to go out and inspect the property, and they make the trip as guests of some real-estate concern. But lo! once on the ground the real thing doesn't at all come up to their expectations. The house faces in the wrong direction. The decorations are green instead of red. The lawn doesn't harmonize with the trees, and there isn't any doghouse. In the end the lookers go back to their flat, and may not think of a suburban home for another year. A very large part of salesmanship with this class of properties is to distinguish between the lookers and the buyers.

The Buyers and the Lookers

ONE sunny morning the salesmen of a company dealing in Long Island suburban homes met the train from the city and found that only two parties of prospective customers had come out that day. The first was made up of a prosperous-looking fat man, his handsomely-dressed wife and daughter, and a big lunch-basket. Ten salesmen made a beeline for him the moment he stepped down, and the man who got there first and carried him off was envied.

The other party consisted of two roughly-dressed men. Neither wore a collar. At first sight nobody singled them out as prospective customers, and then only one salesman cared to be courteous to them. They asked to look at building lots, naming certain values. As this salesman walked up the road with them he began to have misgivings. Lots within the price they named lay off upon a lonely road. When the station had been left out of sight he began to reflect that it would only be the work of a moment for these two rough customers to knock him on the head and make away with his watch and money.

However, when they finally got over to the property the two doubtful customers became interested in the most practical way. They were brothers-in-law, and earned six dollars a day as ironworkers. A plot was found within an hour, and when the salesman came back through the woods with them he had seven new fifty-dollar bills in his pocket, paid in advance on this lot. These men were buyers.

As for the prosperous fat man, he and his family went along until a pleasant spot was found under the trees. Then they all squatted on the grass, opened their lunch-basket and had a picnic. The salesman accepted an invitation to lunch, but could not persuade this family to think of property at all. They were lookers.

Another suburban salesman made a specialty of poorly-dressed prospects because, somehow, he seemed to be more successful with the shy, quiet, unpromising people who came out to the subdivision. He had the knack of drawing them out and winning their confidence.

One winter day the only person sent out from the city offices was a rugged old Irishman who had come to buy an acre of land. This salesman greeted him warmly, bought him a hot drink and a good cigar, tucked him into a sleigh and drove him off to see the property, which was at some distance. By the time they got there the salesman had got way into the customer's sympathies, drawing him out about Ireland. There was two feet of snow on the land they had come to see. Handing over the reins the salesman jumped out and ran around a piece containing fully two acres, his steps marking it out in the unsullied snow.

"Well, there's your acre," he said. "What do you think of it?"

The customer glanced at it with lusterless eye.

"Son, I wouldn't bury me dawg in that," he declared. "Drive back to the station." And that ended the deal.

Some men, in selling home property, work through acquaintance, finding the typical buyers while they are saving money for a home, helping them with advice in some cases, and finally bringing them out to view properties.

One of the New York realty companies has a young Irish salesman who is well known for his quickness of retort. This salesman worked several months to interest an elderly Irishman in buying a lot for his daughter. When the psychological moment came they went out to see it. The day was magnificent, and on the way out the salesman had got his prospect pretty thoroughly warmed up with the idea of making his daughter comfortable. But the Irishman had hardly set foot on the land before he kicked into an ants' nest.

"Oh, my!" exclaimed he, stopping short, "there's red ants on it."

And for the life of him, this salesman says, he could not think of a quip that would turn this objection into a joke. He and the boss talked this over subsequently.

"Couldn't you promise to have 'em painted green?" suggested the boss.

"I couldn't think of a wur-rd," said the salesman dejectedly, and so the sale was lost—because the property had red ants on it.

Other sellers seem to succeed best with absolute strangers, each working in his own way. One type of salesman sells by the brilliance of his argument, but his shortcoming is that the property sold with a rush today may not stay sold. Another will follow a policy of waiting for the deal to close itself, and this is a method grounded on much sounder observation and tactics.

The Quiet Buyer

ONE of the best sellers of suburban property in New York City says that he has never directly asked anybody to buy, yet very often a customer with whom he has spent the day in inspection has turned, after bidding him good-night, and said of his own volition: "I'll take that lot."

This man had a party of three people over on Long Island one day, viewing houses and lots. Two of the party were immensely interested, but these he gauged as lookers, and he was right. The third person was a silent, conservative man, asking no questions and making no comment. This was the buyer of the trio, and the salesman said nothing to him, directing all his explanations to the others.

Coming home on the train in the evening he sat down alongside the silent man, and for several miles not a word passed. Then the latter asked the price of a certain house they had seen. "Eight thousand dollars," said the salesman. They rode several miles more in silence. The conservative man asked the lowest cash price. "I might get the owner down to seventy-five hundred," said the salesman. Five miles more in silence. The quiet man offered seven thousand. The salesman said that he would see the owner and let the customer know over the telephone at ten next morning.

When he got back to the company's office that same evening he told the manager that this house had been sold.

"Did you get an advance payment?"

"No, but the cash will be here at eleven tomorrow."

Next morning the conservative customer called the salesman, and after the latter had talked for several moments about the fresh air they had got yesterday, the customer's health and other topics, letting the latter be first to broach the subject of the property, the deal was clinched. In an hour the money was handed over.

This particular salesman finds it excellent policy to let customers sleep a night on any proposition. In another deal he took an elderly woman and her son to see two houses in a suburb. One belonged to his own company; a handsome new home. The other was an old house, listed with several different agents on a brokerage basis. It was the new house, of course, that he wanted to sell. On the train going out he gauged mother and son as being of that canny type which is suspicious of a seller. So the new house was shown in a hurried manner to give the impression that he was not anxious to sell it. He fairly ran them through its rooms so that they might come down street a block and see another house which he was certain would exactly suit them. Then at the old house he wearied them with pointing out imaginary beauties in its situation, decoration, conveniences and view. They were made to look out each window and listen to a little talk in each room. On the way back mother and son conferred in a whisper and made an acceptable offer for the new house. The salesman still talked old house, however, and would not accept that night because with this type of customer acceptance brings doubt. On talking the deal over when they got home, if accepted, they would surely have decided that they might have got it for fifty dollars less had they held out. So, to remove all doubt he let them sleep on it a night, promised to see what his company could do in the matter, and early next morning sold the house he had originally set out to sell, and to customers who were perfectly satisfied that they had accomplished a shrewd piece of purchasing.

Selling arguments at the disposal of the salesman handling home property are as wide as humanity and as strong as fate. Love of home is part of sweethearts' dreams and enters into the plans of husband and wife. They who have children give hostages not only to fortune but also to the real-estate man, while for lean, slippered dotage home is everything. Yet the overwhelming human appeal and logic of real estate seem to be useless without selling knack, and unless men have the latter they commonly lose money in realty transactions.

The Salesman Accepted an Invitation to Lunch, But Could Not Persuade Them to Think of Property at All

An Englishman entirely devoid of this selling ability bought an old farmhouse on Long Island for forty-five hundred dollars, buying it of a real-estate salesman. After living in it two years and spending several thousand dollars in improvements he tried to sell it, and failed. Finally, he traded it for some property in rural New York, and the man who got it came to the salesman who had originally sold it to the Englishman and offered it for thirty-five hundred dollars. Thereupon the salesman tore out most of the improvements, which were chiefly garish ornaments, restored the house so that it was about as it had been three years before, and sold it again for seventy-five hundred dollars. In other words, by selling ability he made four thousand dollars selling the identical house, helped only by the rise in surrounding values.

Into this branch of the realty business hundreds of men and women with a little selling ability find entrance every year all over the country, and many become highly-prosperous operators. Real estate is a business requiring almost no capital. A man with ability and a personal following of customers finds his stock right at hand everywhere. Others carry it for him and take all the risks. This odd point about realty is shown in the fact that almost every piece of land in Manhattan Island is said to be under mortgage.

Less than five years ago a man who had but a few dollars came to New York and went into the real-estate business. Today he is worth several hundred thousand dollars, all of which has been earned on selling ability, without risk or capital.

The Gingerbread Selling Plan

HOW women rise is shown in the case of a woman who sold a retail business in Philadelphia and moved to Brooklyn, buying a house in what was then a thinly-settled neighborhood. In that same block stood three other houses for sale. The agent who sold her a home left the keys of these houses with her, asking that she show them to such people as he might send out to inspect them. For two months she received these visitors, and then, tiring of the responsibility, took the keys down to the agent's office.

"I forgot to tell you that if you sold one of those houses I'd give you a commission," he said. This was the first time she had heard that word.

"How much is it?"

"One hundred dollars."

"Just let me have those keys again."

Within three months she had sold the houses. Then she sold the house she lived in and bought another and sold that. In two years she was living in a twenty-five-thousand-dollar home and had a double row of houses in the same street which she was handling on commission. These had been taken over by a firm of stone merchants as the assets of a bankrupt building firm, and she got the selling rights because she had developed a new way of disposing of such property. In those days houses were sold with bare walls, the purchaser decorating them to suit himself. She saw the selling value of decorations—"Gingerbread sells houses," as she puts it and in a short time built up a fine business without capital, office, books or even a business card. Since then she has sold nearly a whole ward in Brooklyn.

Much of the vast real-estate activity in outlying New York has been due to selling effort in other cities. An expert salesman enters some prosperous factory town in the Middle West and works up interest in New York suburban property as an investment. The growth of New York is rapid, and values increase as nowhere else in this country. There is also the charm of investment at a distance. Perhaps the local banker will be sent to select property for many persons who have been interested by salesmen. Today outlying New York is laid out in lots for miles beyond its present borders, and this property is in the hands of investors all over the nation. It is sold on thrift arguments as property that the buyer may hold for a term of years until the extension of the metropolis makes it valuable. Meantime, his savings cannot be squandered. The sale of central business property in our large cities is handled in a different manner. There is no home appeal here, of course, so the selling is done on a strict investment basis.

Here is No. 935 South Main Street, for example a four-story brick building thirty feet wide, one hundred and forty-four feet deep, almost new and in good repair. On the ground floor there is a shoeshop. Upper floors are occupied by light manufacturing tenants.

Something about 935 South Main Street leads a broker in central business property to investigate it, and he learns these facts:

It is assessed at forty-five thousand dollars, and the owner would sell for sixty thousand dollars. There are two mortgages on the property aggregating fifty thousand dollars, the interest on which amounts to two thousand three hundred and fifty dollars a year. Thus a man with ten thousand dollars could assume the mortgages and own the building. Rents bring in more than four thousand dollars a year, and interest, taxes, insurance and [illegible] come to above three thousand dollars, so that there is

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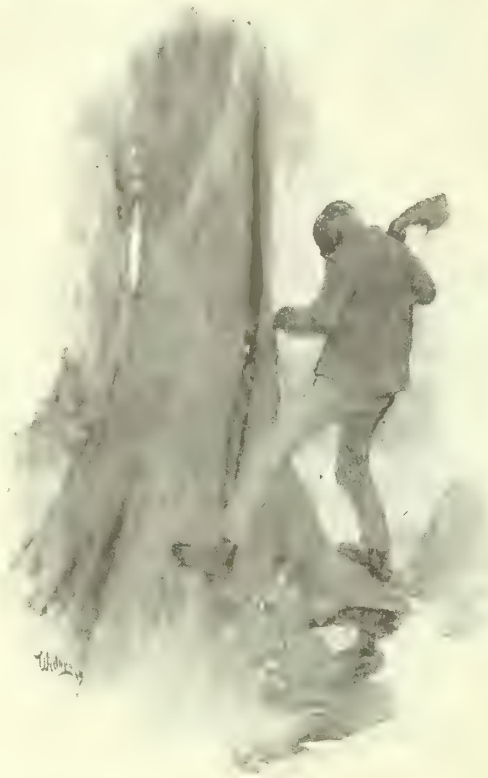
OLE SQUINT-EYE

By HARRIS DICKSON

ILLUSTRATED BY GUSTAVUS C. WIDNEY

THE cabin door opened cautiously from within, ever so little at a time. Uncle Ransom's face was of a color with the darkness and could not be seen, but his eyes glittered like those of a coon in a hollow. He peered out through the fog of early dawn. Nothing stirred; even the chickens had not left their roosts. A spectral mule loomed up hugely beside the stable. No sound came from the quarters. No smoke curled up from kitchen, cabin or big-house chimney. Reveille Plantation slept.



"Dar, Now, I Done Plugged Yo' Speerit in de Lightnin' Tree, an' You Can't Walk de Earth"

Ransom shut the cabin door behind him and climbed the pasture fence. He moved in a straight line directly across the pasture and disappeared in a skirt of woods beyond. Thence he crept along stealthily until he came opposite the front of the big house. Before him lay the lawn, very wide and very open; he paused again to reconnoiter. "Ef dese Reveille niggers wuz ter see me dey'd go right straight an' tell." The world was vacant and the world was his, but he turned back as if he meant to abandon his purpose. Then he stopped uncertainly and mumbled to himself: "Ole Squint-Eye is at de bottom o' dis devilment."

That decided him. He slunk across the lawn swiftly as a suck-egg hound, sprang up the wide steps and, without pause or hesitation, opened the front door. He knew this door would not be locked; the key had been permanently mislaid more than forty years ago.

Once inside, the negro passed down the long hall as a shadow passes, through the dining-room, the little office, and halted at the door to Robert Murdock's bedroom. The old man looked very dignified as he bent his tall body and listened through the keyhole. He straightened up and smiled: "Mister Robert sleeps sound, jes' like he pa; but de ole Major could outsnore 'im."

Without a fear of rousing the young man whom he had served from babyhood Ransom opened the door and entered. It was a very large room, else it would not have held the four-poster. The canopy, lost in gloomy heights far above the floor, was supported by octagonal pillars of polished mahogany.

Ransom fixed his eyes upon the sleeper's sunburnt face. The black man stood looking down upon the white.

"I ain't gwine to do it," he said, and made a backward movement, but checked himself. "'Tain't no sense in bein' skeered," and he began to look for Murdock's clothes. "Wonder what dat boy would do ef he had to git up an' dress in a hurry. Dar's his shirt wid de diamunt, dar's de coat; but whar's his breeches wid de money in 'em?" The sleeper moved, and Ransom kept very still until the regular breathing recommenced. He emptied Murdock's pockets and laid the contents in a neat little pile on a table near the door, beside the heavy pistol. That much done without making a noise he unscrewed the diamond stud, removed the gold buttons and placed them, with Murdock's watch, beside his other valuables.

"He ain't gwine to wake up for quite a while," Ransom decided, then stooped in a shadowy corner and began tugging at a drawer. It creaked. Ransom waited a moment, then opened the drawer and took out a shirt. Into this he put the boss' buttons and spread his shirt on a chair. Then he brought an armful of wood from the back gallery. Nobody can make a fire quite so quickly as a negro. With a splinter of kindling and a scrap of paper it seemed scarcely a minute before that quarter-cord of wood was in full blaze. He got a pair of trousers out of the wardrobe and replaced each article in its proper pocket. From a side room he fetched a wooden tub, placed it before the fire and poured two buckets of water into it. When he had put the last twist on the stud, the last polish on the shoes, laid out the leggings, buttoned on the suspenders, fixed and refixed the fire, Ransom stopped and coughed. He jostled a chair, dropped a shovel on the hearth, slammed the wardrobe door. Murdock slept on serenely until Ransom touched his arm. "Mister Robert." The young man sat up, thoroughly roused.

"What's the matter, Ransom?"

"You said wake you up at half-past fo'."

"*Tomorrow* morning, I said."

"Fo' Gawd, Mister Robert, I thought 'twuz *dis* mornin'."

Ransom knew that "the boss," like a healthy baby, would be in a good humor when he waked. Murdock saw the preparations for his comfort, and smiled.

"Ransom."

"Yas, suh."

"What are you up to this morning? What is it you are going to tell me, and don't want the other negroes to know?"

Ransom hung his head. "Lordy, Mister Robert, can't I come in heah an' he'p you dress 'thout havin' you talk dataway?"

"Out with it, Ransom; you are just like that pane of glass to me."

"Yas, suh; I drapped in to 'spress myself about Mandy. She done run off again wid dat fisherman nigger."

"Who? That old, bent-legged Peter?"

"Yas, suh, dat's de very one."

"Look here, Ransom, how many times are you going to let that nigger run off with your wife?"

"Dunno, suh; dis makes five times, hand runnin'. Dat's pretty rapid an' reg'lar, ain't it?"

"Where did they go?"

"Peter say deys gwine to Loozianny."

Murdock bent down and began snapping on his leggings. "I'm not going to let him run away with my tenants. Saddle Big Dick and get a mule for yourself. Hurry."

Ransom dodged around the corner of the house, but did not go near the stable. Presently he came back and thrust his head in at the door: "Mister Robert, what you aim to do wid Big Dick?"

"Catch 'em before they cross the river."

"Fo' Gawd, Mr. Robert, don't do dat. Peter's got a hoodoo; Mandy is jes' bound to foller 'im."

The respectful awe in Ransom's voice kept Murdock from laughing; he met the negro's eyes and asked seriously: "What makes you think he's got Mandy hoodooed?"

"Hit's de way Peter ack. He didn't come sparkin' roun' lak dese young preachers or town niggers; 'sides dat, Mandy she's a ole 'ooman."

"Do you believe he can hoodoo a woman?"

"Fack, Mister Robert; dey's de easiest what is. Dat Samson-root fixes 'em so dey *can't* git away. Dat's de king bee root o' de earth. Hit sho' do conju a 'ooman. Samson was de mighty man what conquered de Flisteens wid a jawbone. Jesso, Samson-root conquers a 'ooman."

Angry as Murdock was, he wanted to laugh; yet he knew when a white man smiles at a negro there is the end of confidence.

"Saddle Big Dick and get your mule."

"Whar you gwine?" Ransom demanded almost as peremptorily as if he spoke to the little boy of many years ago.

"I'll send the constable after them."

The old man beamed. "Dat's it, Mister Robert; let de constable and dat hoodoo nigger settle dis 'spute 'mongst deyselves. You an' me ain't got no bizness mixin' up in it."

Ransom and Murdock waited on the gallery of the store where Squire Burke held his court when the constable arrived with both the prisoners. Peter stalked along with his head in the air, barefooted, one breeches-leg rolled up, the other torn and flapping. The black mud of Panther Lake covered his legs, for the constable had arrested him at his seining. Mandy followed sullenly, wearing the blue checked dress, brown apron and sunbonnet in which she always went to the fields. At the constable's order they took seats dejectedly on the bench.

"Good-mornin', Mandy," said the injured husband.

"Mornin', Ransom."

Peter maintained a stolid silence and began scraping the mud from his legs.

Squire Burke called Murdock to one side. "Now, Bob, we've got your Romeo and Juliet; what are we going to do with 'em?"

"Do something and do it quick. The minute my negroes hear of this lawsuit they'll come running out of the field like a flock of sheep."

"What charge shall we put against him?"

"Enticing labor."

The Squire shook his head. "That won't do; he never took the woman off your place."

"Ransom says he's got that woman hoodooed." Murdock threw this out as a vague suggestion.

"Good!" remarked the Squire. "If it's nothing but a plain hoodoo, without complications, I can cure it. Come along, Bob, and look solemn; that's your job. Mr. Constable, lead forth the prisoners."

Squire Burke led his procession through the store to a dingy room in the rear, and ascended his tribunal of justice. The constable opened court with oppressive formalities. Ordinarily—especially if it were summertime—the Squire would sit in his shirt sleeves and dangle his legs over the edge of the gallery while listening to the evidence. Between whiles he cracked jokes with the *hoi polloi*. But on this state occasion he spoke to no one, nodded to no one, and his rigorous decorum made the High Court of Parliament seem like an extemporaneous mob.

"Mr. Constable, arraign the prisoners. Peter, stand up. Now, listen to me. The lords spiritual and temporal, high and mighty peers of the realm duly impaneled, sworn and charged, upon their oaths present that you, Peter, of your malice aforethought contriving and intending, did feloniously entice this woman, Amanda, ne exeat regno ad quod damnum. How plead you—guilty or not guilty?"

"I dunno, suh," stammered Peter.

"Nolo contendere. Sit down."

"Yas, suh." Peter backed away and collapsed.

"Amanda, stand up. Whereas, heretofore, to wit, you are accused before this honorable court parlata un Italiano——"

"Ef You Ever Lets Dis Pass Yo' Lips I'll Begin to Hant You de Minit' I Dies"

"Fo' Gawd, Jedge, dat nigger had me hoodooed, an' I couldn't he'p myse'f. He sprinkled dis here peedee-root an' love-powders in my face. Dat's what fust injuced me to commit love. Den at de festival he gimme whisky mixed wid snake-root. He Kep' a-travelin' back an' fo'th twixt my house an' Ole Squint-Eye's cabin. When he conju'ed me wid dem Samson-powders I couldn't hold out no longer. Dat conquers a 'ooman an' 'tain't no use fightin' agin it. Hope I may die, Jedge, ef he didn't tie dat leather string aroun' his wrist an' speak dese very words: 'Now, Mandy, you'se bound to me fer thirty years, thirty days an' thirty seconds.' What could I do, Jedge?"

The Squire turned: "Roll up your sleeves."

Around Peter's muscular wrist was a thong of leather.

"Come here," ordered the Squire. The Squire turned to a soap-box nailed against the wall, which served him as a cabinet. From its collected miscellany he produced a phial marked "poison." Murdock saw that it was sulphuric acid. He glanced curiously at Squire Burke, then moved closer to see what use he would make of sulphuric acid in a negro hoodoo case.

The Squire held Peter's wrist and severed the leather cord with judicial precision. Peter stared as he watched his charm being cut into tiny bits and dropped into a goblet. Then the Squire rose solemnly and lifted his hand. "In nomine Lucifer et hellibus, Ah-men." Right before their popping eyes he poured that clear water upon Peter's bracelet. "Smell the brimstone?" he said in a sepulchral tone. Peter gasped, Mandy stumbled backward from the strangling fumes. Ransom pushed forward to see Peter's hoodoo melting away.

"Now, Amanda," the Squire pronounced, "you are free. The devil's work is eaten up by the devil's water. You can go home."

"Thank Gawd! Thank Gawd!" the woman shouted. "I don't nebber want to see dat nigger no mo' de longest day I lives." Ransom took her by the hand and led her home, while Peter gazed stupidly after them.

"Peter, you can go." The negro moved like an automaton, a thing without life or hope, out into the sunlight, and wandered aimlessly down the road.

"Now, Bob," laughed the Squire, "ain't that the best way to settle a hoodoo case? I had that acid left over from the time I was doctoring my hogs for the cholera. Came in handy, didn't it?"

. . . . . .

For the rest of that day Ransom avoided the boss. White folks were so incredulous. "Dat Squire sho' had a pow'ful hoodoo," he congratulated himself. Mandy, docile as a lamb, sang at her washing and hummed as she hung out the clothes.

About dusk Murdock caught Ransom feeding the horses, and cornered him in a stall. "Look here, Ransom, tell me the truth; do you believe in that conju business? You were raised in the house with my father and me—you ought to have more sense."

Ransom threw back his head and laughed. "Naw, suh, Mister Robert, I'se a member of de church, an' don't pay it no mind; sometimes it takes a whole passel o' foolishness to pacify a 'ooman." Murdock asked the customary silly questions. Ransom maintained his disbelief. Then Murdock went away.

Ransom was not satisfied. White folks' conjurin' was so different from a nigger's that he couldn't understand it; the transaction pestered him in his mind. No sooner had "the boss" turned his back than Ransom sneaked around a corner of the stable and set out for Ole Squint-Eye's cabin.

In a split-bottomed chair beside his open door Ole Squint-Eye sat smoking. With his leathery face, and his distorted legs doubled beneath him, he looked like one of those lava-embalmed creatures dug from the ruins of Pompeii. One skinny hand reached upward, clutching a staff after the fashion of La Tosca. His ratty, bright eyes were hardly human, but indisputably alive. For years Squint-Eye had lived by his wits and let his field grow up in sassafras. Ransom surveyed the little clearing before he stepped out of the woods. Discretion is the better part of senior deaconship, and Ransom, who passed the plate on Sundays, could not let his light shine before men as a dabbler in devil's charms.

"Brudder Harper," he said, "I wants to git er little edvice. I'm tangled up in a 'spute wid a nigger, an' 'twould be a heap better ef he was to move away. I don' mean fer 'im to move over to Ellerslie Plantation or to Lake One, but plumb clean away, like to Vicksburg, or Chinese, or some place."

Ole Squint-Eye sucked in his toothless mouth until his face caved in toward the middle. Then he let out a queer sort of chuckle. "He! he! You wants a nigger to go 'way. What nigger?" He spat out the "What nigger?" with such a startling directness that Ransom answered promptly: "You wouldn't hardly call 'im a nigger, he's so triflin'. Hit's dat fisherman, Peter."

Squint-Eye sucked in his lips and let them out again.

"Gimme de dollar. Charms won't work on credick."

Ransom began to explain why he had no dollar, but he saw a derby hat bobbing above the sassafras bushes; so he immediately disappeared into the cabin. The new-comer had no reputation to lose; he strode on boldly, whistling and twirling a cane. Seven-Up Sam shoved out three dollars. "I wants a gamblin' han'. Kin I git it by Saddy night?"

Squint-Eye raked in the cash. "Son," he said, "you kin git it right now. When the moon changed I sot here an' seed you comin' down dat path, same as I sees you dis minit. And I knowed persactly what you want. So I fixed dis up fer you. Keep dis bag in yo' lef-han' pocket, an' dis bottle in yo' right-han' pocket. Jes' befo' you gambles pour some oil out of de bottle an' rub yo' hands wid it. Den nobody can't beat you."

"Yas, yas," assented the young negro; "I knows how to do it."

"Wait a minit, son," suggested Squint-Eye. "Lemme sho' you sumpin what ain't got its match in Hebben, nor yit in hell." Ransom stretched his neck at the window to see what it was that Squint-Eye produced from his pouch of marvels. It resembled a muleshoe, only narrower, bright at the ends and red around the middle.

"What's it good fer?" asked Seven-Up Sam.

"Good fer? What ain't it good fer? Dat's what I'd like to know. Hit draws money, hit makes you strong, an' draws de strengt' out of yo' enemies."

"Smell the Brimstone?"

Sam cocked up his ears like a terrier. "How do it work?"

"Gimme yo' gamblin' han'" said Ole Squint-Eye.

Sam turned over to Squint-Eye the conju bag he had just bought. Squint-Eye opened it with care and spread the contents in his palm. "Now, dar you is—black pepper, rooster claws, baby toenails and needle p'ints. What makes you so sharp when you got dis han'? It's dem needle p'ints, an' 'tain't nuthin' else. Now, watch dis till yo' eyes stick out lak crawfish eyes. You couldn't nebber pick out dem needle p'ints. Dat's easy fer Ole Five-Jack."

Squint-Eye held the magnet above his palm; every bit of steel sprang to it instantly. "See dar!" he exclaimed triumphantly. "Ole Five-Jack is got dem needles. Yo' gamblin' han' is ruinated. You ain't no more'n a rotten stick, 'cause yo' works is gone. Nobody can't prevail aginst Ole Five-Jack." Squint-Eye slipped the magnet into his pouch, then remade Sam's conju bag and gave it back to him. Sam fingered it doubtfully and inquired, "Is it sp'iled?"

"No, son; it's done et de fruit o' knowledge an' got skeered of Ole Five-Jack. Whenever you feels kinder creepy 'bout playin' wid a nigger, jes' let him alone, 'cause he's got Ole Five-Jack."

"What'll you take fer your'n?" Sam was nothing if not practical. Squint-Eye withered him. "*Sell* Ole Five-Jack? *Sell* Ole Five-Jack? Not fer all de money in de world. What's money to Ole Five-Jack when he's de head boss of all de money?"

Sam held out as long as any human being could.

"Ain't dere no way I kin git hold o' dat? I needs it in my biziness."

"'Co'se I can't *sell* him, but I kin hire 'im out fer sebben years."

"How much?"

"Five dollars fer Five-Jack five fer five; not one cent mo' nor one cent less."

Sam was no haggler. From the very bottom of his pocket he dug up a crumpled bill and departed with Squint-Eye's most potent hoodoo.

Ransom came out of the cabin and gazed with reverential awe upon the conju man. His humble admiration and those eight good dollars in the pouch mellowed Squint-Eye's mood until he longed to serve his fellowman for the unselfish love of service.

"Ransom, you an' me is been knowin' each other fer a heap o' years. Peter ain't no 'count, an' I'm gwine ter send 'im travelin'."

Ransom leaned forward and drank the milk of human kindness that had begun to flow.

"Peter is got er conju han' Samson-root an' needle p'ints an' parched coffee. Dat's fer wimmen. All you gotter do is jes' to throw dat in runnin' water an' den he'll ramble off a-follerin' o' dat water dat gives 'im de wanderin' foot."

Ransom scratched his head doubtfully. "How'm I gwine to git dat bag?"

"Peter gwine to *give* it to you; dat's what's gwine ter be funny nuff ter make er mule laugh."

Squint-Eye drew closer and spoke in a tone of confidential certainty. "Peter sets hisse'f up fer a hoodoo, an' I wants ter show 'im dat he don't know nuthin'. He'll be down to my house 'long about midnight. Now, listen to me real good an' don't fergit nothin'. Tomorrow evenin' jes' as de sun is adzactly half-and-half in de trees you meet Peter on de bridge 'cross Panther Bayou. He'll have er bundle under his arm. He'll say hit's some ropes to make er seine, an' he puts it in yo' han', jes' so, whilst he cuts a chaw o' tobaccer. When you gits yo' hooks on dat bag don't you nebber let go, 'cause dat's *his conju*. Den Peter is gwine ter turn round three times, make a cross-mark in de dust an' spit on it. Dat's yo' time to lope out wid dat bundle. Don't you nebber rest till you thro' dat bundle jes' far as you kin into de Missippi Ribber. When Peter lose dat charm he'll be mo' tamer dan a rattlesnake what's lost his fangs. Den he'll foller de runnin' water an' won't nebber come back, 'cause water don't run up de hill."

Ransom nodded and nodded; he could understand all of it except one thing. "How do I know Peter will be at de bridge?" he asked. "What's gwine ter make him do sech foolishness?"

Squint-Eye chuckled. "He think I charmed you to meet him on dat bridge, an' if he do lak I tell him it'll hoodoo you to let 'im an' Mandy alone."

"Huh!" Ransom saw a great light and clapped his hands in the amen corner.

But there was a caution. Ole Squint-Eye half raised himself on his staff and shook his knotty finger in the other negro's face. "Ransom Murdock, ef you ever lets dis pass yo' lips I'll begin to hant you de minit I dies."

This put a fly in Ransom's ointment. Even the remote contingency was a thing to shudder at. He walked off thoughtfully. "Huh! I'll be mighty sho' not to speak o' dat. I wouldn't hab Ole Squint-Eye's hant peeping over my shoulder no, suh not fer dis plantation." Ransom's tongue itched to tell Mandy that Peter would get the wandering foot at sundown; but he guarded his lips and held his breath.

Next day's sun loafed across the heavens, and all of Ransom's impatience could not hurry it. An hour before the appointed time he set out toward the meeting-place. As he turned a bend in the road he saw Peter far ahead, trudging along with a bundle under his arm. "Dat's de conju, dat's hit."

Ransom's heart went beating very fast. He dodged into the woods and watched to see what Peter did.

Every few steps Peter stopped and looked behind him at the vacant road, shook his head and shuffled on. Ransom kept within the shelter of the trees, moving when Peter moved, and stopped when Peter stopped. Peter reached the bridge and sat down to wait for the appointed hour. That placed him between Ransom and the river. Ransom stopped and stroked his chin. "Huh! I'd have ter plum ober dat nigger ter git ter de water."

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The Confessions of a Reformed Street-Railway President

DECORATED BY MAYO BUNKER

FOR a number of years I have been at the head of electric street railways. These enterprises, like a bed of mushrooms after a shower, have within a few years sprung up from small beginnings to full maturity in response to the inviting rains of demand for cheap and convenient public transportation. Only a few years ago the total investments in street railways in the United States were reckoned by the thousands. Today they are above the billion-dollar mark, and electric railways represent more money than there is in the United States Steel Corporation or the Standard Oil Company.

The financial giants who exercise their powers in the Olympian fields where railroad and industrial securities are the instruments of attack and defense, have begun to take notice of the new mushroom, and some have gingerly sampled a few. They have not always succeeded in picking the edible varieties and there have been instances when giants have rolled over and over in colicky pain as the result of inexperience in telling the edible from the poisonous kinds. Some have even died a financial death as the result of the experiment. As with mushrooms, it takes an expert to differentiate between the good and the bad in street railways, and quite naturally the general public has picked a few bad ones, with the result that violent prejudices against the species are on a firm footing. I hope to show that the prejudices are mostly justified, but not always directed where they really belong.

I was not always at the head of electric railways. Indeed, for more years I was at the foot, but through it all I have learned much of the ins and outs of the business, its pleasures and griefs, its bright side and all the ramifications of its dark side. It is the dark side which makes me shudder when certain recollections become too vivid, and it is the seamy side of the business, the side of which the public imagines it knows something, but does not, which has caused me to change my occupation.

Why I Took to Farming

THE immediate, underlying cause of my change of heart was that I did not want my sons to grow up in a business so full of iniquity and injustice. Up to the time when the future of my boys began to occupy my mind I had done many of the things which are inseparable from the conduct of the street-railway business without a thought of immorality or its effect on myself and my offspring. The adolescence of my boys brought with it grave responsibilities. Quite naturally they showed an inclination to follow my example, and it was then that the conscience was awakened, and after many earnest conferences with their mother it was decided that the sons should get a start in life in a business which should offer the maximum of opportunity for the development of manhood and character with a minimum of temptation to wrongdoing. So we selected farming as their work for life, and neither they nor I have ever regretted the selection. Indeed, I am becoming a more enthusiastic farmer every year.

I have learned that agriculture is truly a gentleman's occupation, that it offers a virgin field for the exercise of executive ability, organizing genius and salesmanship; that it is a science and one which has been sadly neglected or left to the misguided and maudlin efforts of brawn instead of brains. It is a unique science; in fact, it is the only one in which the Government, national and state, does the scientific experimenting and allows you to take the profits. Sooner or later the time must come when America will cease to be a forcing-house for industrial freebooters who make its laws and govern its society. No country ruled by commercial interests can long endure, and already there are numerous signs that America is waking up to the fact that the ownership and cultivation of land is the only occupation which fits men to govern themselves and others and entitles them to political and social leadership. In this respect agriculture is today where the street-railway business was twenty years ago.

In the seventies and eighties no street railways were in the hands of corporations; there was little stock jobbing, and it was distinctly and specifically considered a rather inferior sort of business, given over to a type of man who was looked at askance by legitimate business interests. In the larger cities it was the political boss, allied with the more or less respectful professional promoter who dabbled in horse cars. In the small cities it was most often the livery-stable keeper and the undertaker, joined by the shoemaker and the clothing dealer, who managed to scrape enough money together to buy some decrepit horses and cars, a few scrap rails and a franchise. Quite often the president of the company drove the car and the vice-president-treasurer collected the fares. There was room in the old car for as many as eight or ten people to sit at one time without crowding, and standing room was not very often required.

Even in those days street railways had their problems, and the owners were wont to gather annually to discuss their troubles in a meeting they called their annual convention. It was a rough lot of men who attended those conventions in the old days; a few of them would pay respectful attention to the speaker, expatiating on the ratio of oats to hay and the relative merits of calks in horseshoes. Quite often the convention was adjourned, and the attending members repaired to the presence of a shirt-sleeved gentleman in a white apron, to whom they occasionally remarked that it was a "horse on them."

To be in the street-railway business in those days was considered as genteel an occupation as some people today would consider the gentlemanly art of growing cabbages and onions. Then no gentleman of ample corporeal and financial proportions, accustomed to deal in large figures, would deign to notice a business which was so plebeian as to depend upon horses for its operating medium and upon the despised nickel for its revenue. And so today there are some silk-hatted and kid-gloved gentlemen who would not deign to notice the unromantic and plebeian occupation of extracting fifty-cent pieces from the soil by a process of planting stable refuse followed by seeds and cultivation. Indeed, no respectable gentleman with Wall Street affiliations would consider the growing of life's necessities worthy of his attention; it might do as a recreation or a hobby, but as a livelihood —shocking!

A franchise in the old days was a matter of accommodation of one neighbor to another. Bill Jones ran a livery stable and had a few extra pair of horses that he had no particular use for. Occasionally he would run an omnibus of the old Concord type with the body hung on leather straps, and it occurred to him that he might as well hitch the horses to one of these horse cars that had iron wheels and ran on a strap of blacksmith iron bolted on top of a wooden stringer and laid in the street. So he asked his neighbors Smith and Brown, who happened to be in politics at the time, to please give him a franchise. Smith and Brown were good fellows and were glad to accommodate Jones by giving him the right to the streets of the town for a hundred years or so without compensation. And Jones never realized what he was getting. His idea was that if he could lay down a track he could haul a good many more people with one pair of horses than he could in the ordinary omnibus, and inasmuch as the omnibus would run over the streets anyhow, it did not particularly discommode the citizens or the administration if it ran on a decent roadbed, so long as Jones was willing to provide it.

The Evolution of the Trolley-Car

AFTER all, the entire street-railway business is the direct outgrowth of the old "bus," and its earmarks are still sticking out all over the modern electric car. What else is responsible for the fancifully curved sides and dash of the cars running on Broadway, New York? Like the buttons on the back of our frock coats, they are relics of the customs of generations long passed and forgotten.

There was a time in the early eighties when it was the general opinion that the horse-car business had passed the zenith of its existence and that further improvements were no longer possible, unless some one invented a new kind of horse that could pull seventy people at the speed of ten miles an hour. And some one did invent it—in fact, several breeds of this new type of horse came out about the same time. Mr. Yerkes, with his moving shoestring under the city streets, was one of the early wizards of the business. It was marvelous, and I well remember how I stared in open-mouthed astonishment and pondered and wondered for days how a piece of wire under the surface of a street could possibly move a long string of cars jammed with people, and I very nearly was run over several times while lying face down on the pavement trying to see "what made the car go."

The street-railway annual convention still met every year and discussed oats, hay and horseshoeing. And along about this time an occasional daring speaker made reference to the new-fangled method of propelling cars by

means of a string under the street, but it was generally agreed that although this might be a very good thing for some cities with steep hills like Providence, Kansas City and San Francisco, yet in a city where the streets were fairly level it was the unanimous opinion of the convention that horses were better.

Hardly had a few of the cable roads been installed when a still more daring set of men came to the front with the then utterly absurd proposition of moving cars by means of electricity. The street-car men again met in annual convention, discussing oats, hay and horses, and then they had a horse-laugh over those crazy fellows who wanted to put electricity over the street, a broomstick on top of the old cars, and make them go without "pushee or pullee." But one after another horse-car lines were electrified, and reluctantly the old war-horses of the street-car business were obliged to sit up and take notice. The gait was too swift for many of them and they dropped out of the game. Gone were the horses and drivers; the odor of the stable was overpowered by the smell of hot grease from the new motors; the blacksmith's forge was stilled, or worse, was hammering out foolish pieces which to the blacksmith looked utterly useless.

The horse doctor loafed around the barns and wept with the stable boss, and the manager looked sad and weary, for where was his authority now? If he ordered his favorite car out as a "tripper," a dapper youth in overalls, with a dudish-looking face, wearing glasses and a dinky little blue cap, was sure to step up and explain that it could not be done because she had her "brushholders shorted," whatever that was. And if the cars were late there were excuses which could not be denied: the reverse had bucked, the resistance would not work in parallel, the field was scorched, the commutator flashed, and so on. Oh, it was utterly useless, and sooner or later the young man with glasses and blue cap took charge, and the manager joined the stable boss and the horse doctor.

The Days of the Revolution

THE days of changes in the operating department were to many the saddest days of the electrification of the old horse-car lines. But a change also occurred higher up among the men with important-sounding names and titles. The new cars propelled by electricity had shown an ability to multiply the gathering of nickels, and receipts made up of that lowly coin were aggregating a sum which called for respectful attention from men not theretofore interested in small change. The street-car business was lifted to a higher social and financial plane. The holders of horse-car stock either sold out or, if they retained their holdings, the actual management of affairs was allowed to go into the hands of new persons who invariably were well experienced in the adroit and subtle manipulations of mankind and securities. Franchises suddenly assumed strange values; those that were granted on favorable terms and for a long time had a ready market value at fabulous figures. It was found that electric cars could be made profitable on many streets that had theretofore not accommodated horse cars, and it became necessary to get more franchises.

In the meantime, however, there was another set of men who had discovered that there was money in the electric-railway business, and they were a set of men fully as shrewd and sharp as the financiers. They were the political leaders and bosses behind the throne who select and make mayors and aldermen, but who never appear on the ticket, although they run things with an iron hand. These men well knew the power that they held in the hollow of their hands, and as they needed the money, not only for themselves and their personal needs, but also for the purpose of maintaining a stranglehold on the local political situation, they were not slow to grasp their opportunity.

The result was inevitable. Given a set of financiers whose one and only object is the perfectly legitimate one of making a profit on their investment, and a set of men who need money and have the power with which to provide the profits the first party wants, what can be expected? Did these two parties get together like two sets of business men and one say to the other: "You have something which we want. Let us get together and see if we can make a contract to our mutual satisfaction?" Never in the history of the street-railway business has a city administration and a public-utility corporation got together in that way. Bargains have invariably been made by a long series of skirmishes and by tunneling and mining operations in each other's camp. In the end the street-railway company usually got about what it was after and the political sharks usually got approximately the sum which they needed.

I do not purpose to generalize, but shall confine myself to actual experiences that have happened to me or have come within my observation, and I shall relate them as they occurred without attempting to ornament them with literary flourishes.

My connection with the street-railway business began about the time of the electrification of the old horse-car lines. I was one of the hundreds of youths with overalls and blue caps who were sent throughout the country to install electric motors in cars and sometimes to bully horse-car officials. I had gone into the electrical business because of an early conviction that electricity was some day going to be a big business and that I had better get in on the ground floor. At that time there were no such things as colleges of electrical engineering, and even if there had been my means would not have been sufficient to give me such a training; so I did the next best thing and got into the factory of one of the companies which at that time was building and installing electric-railway equipments. With other young men I was put through a course of sprouts covering about a year, preparatory to going into the field to erect apparatus and install motors.

The Young Men to the Front

MOST of the young men were clean-cut, bright and energetic young fellows from good families, with fairly good educations. I do not know of a single dishonest act which any of these boys was guilty of during the early years of my connection with the business. I think that all of the young men started out at that time with a clean heart and a healthy mind. The work of going from one place to another was just the sort of excitement which a young man needs and craves. One might be sent to Maine and from there to Texas or California at a moment's notice. It was a splendid opportunity to see the country and come in contact with all kinds of men. As electricians in those days were few, we were treated with a great deal more respect than our age and experience entitled us to. As a result, a number of us became imbued with the magnitude of our own importance. We were so cocksure of our own superiority that we did not hesitate to give advice to old street-railway men on how to arrange their schedules, put cars back on the track, handle their men, and other things which did not directly appertain to the business we were sent out to do. Some, of course, would get into trouble, but as a rule the rest of us managed to jog along, and in the course of a few years the conceit was worn fairly smooth, and we took our place in the procession.

The sudden electrification of so many railways brought with it a demand for trained men, and it was only natural that these places should be filled from the ranks of young men who had been installing apparatus and were, therefore, more or less familiar with the business. In this way many a young fellow got a good position with an important-sounding title which absolutely belied his years and experience. It was not at all difficult to get a position as electrical engineer, superintendent or manager in the early days. Of course, the amount of authority which was allowed us was more or less curtailed by local circumstances, but generally we felt rather good about our fine positions and salaries. I must confess to a number of indiscretions about this time, all of them induced by too much and too sudden promotion. Like a good many others, I had no difficulty in getting a good position on account of my knowledge of electrical matters, but I was sometimes fired for assuming to know more than I was supposed to know. On the whole, however, it proved a very satisfactory sort of experience. It prevented mental stagnation, and the hunting for a job and the keeping of it after it was gotten was a nice piece of mental discipline. At that time the street-railway business was in my eyes the acme of perfection and purity; all there was to it was to know electricity, know all the different parts, buy the parts which we had to use from the manufacturing company which gave us our training, and look important and dignified. Simple enough.

My first introduction to the sordidness of the business occurred in an Eastern city. An interurban road had been built, one of the first in the country. A young man under thirty, hailing from a splendid old New England family, was appointed as general manager. He was one of the few who had a technical training in the early days, and as I had some acquaintance with him, and as he needed some one to assist him, he appointed me as assistant manager and chief engineer. The interurban railway connected two cities a number of miles apart, and it was decided that I should live in one city and he in the other. Inasmuch as the company owned the local street-railway lines and lighting plants in both terminal cities, I was to look after the business in one city and he would take care of the other. The arrangement worked very nicely, and we were gradually convinced that we were young captains of industry. Of course, we had the usual lot of troubles, and that being our first independent command we were for the first time in direct contact with the public and had to listen with such patience as we could to the endless and foolish complaints, suggestions, advice and demands for contributions in one form or another, which is the lot of every manager of a public-service corporation. I managed to get through with this with fairly good grace, although somewhat given to a fiery temper and unbridled tongue.

The Crooked Work Begins

THE thing that really preyed on my mind came when the street-lighting contract in the city where I resided expired and the company needed a new one. We needed it because we were far from showing a profit and the city was surely getting good service at low rates. In the smaller cities the street-lighting revenue is apt to be a matter of life and death to a struggling company, and to us the loss of the lighting contract would be a very serious blow. The New York owners of the company sent instructions to my superior, the general manager, to get the street-lighting contract renewed at any cost. Of course, an experienced manager would have known just what to do; but, both of us being young and foolish, we did not read between the lines. The New York people evidently had no doubts as to the methods that were to be adopted for getting a renewal of this contract, and they reasoned that we were on the ground and were there for the purpose of getting that contract. The loss of this contract not only would be a blow to the company, but would be a serious reflection on the ability of my superior, as well as myself, and it was essential to our standing and reputation in the business that this contract should not be lost. So with youthful enthusiasm we arranged for a meeting with the council committee on public lighting, and both of us appeared in person before this committee. We advanced moral, financial and physical reasons why we should have this street-lighting contract again. The attorney whom we engaged, and who was supposed to have some influence with the city administration, followed us and talked to the committee members in his suavest manner, but we got a cold shoulder and delay. At every hearing we armed ourselves with potent arguments, our best manners and a box of the best twenty-five-cent cigars, with all of which the aldermen were liberally supplied. We asked for a hearing before the city council, sitting as a committee of the whole. We got it and they got our cigars which they put in their pockets, some of them taking four and five cigars at a time. After paying careful attention to our arguments, the council adjourned, not without having managed, however, to slip in a resolution authorizing the construction of a municipal lighting plant for the purpose of illuminating the city streets and "for other purposes."

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Who Should Go on the Stage and Who Should Not—By Franklin H. Sargent

ALMOST every normal person has felt a longing to go upon the stage. The inclination stageward usually exhibits itself by the age of fifteen. If the man or woman in the twenties says: "I have only thought of the stage for a few months or for the last year or two," such a one should hesitate; should take expert advice.

The normal mind views the stage as a very condensation of life itself, as a great field of endeavor and influence. The irrational or hysterical, blinded by stage fever, look upon the theater as an Arabian Nights entertainment in which they may have a chance to show off.

The most tragic victim to the malady of stage fever is the middle-aged woman who has always wanted to go on the stage—always dreamed of it—but has never had the chance, or has been prevented by circumstances. She is married; perhaps has a large family. But she is willing to leave husband, children, home, all, on small encouragement. This is a form of insanity that should be dealt with brutally, if necessary.

Very often a stage-struck woman will use every device to persuade you, against your own reason, that she is qualified. She will even offer to bribe you to agree with her, to help her along in her self-deception. Failing in this, she will go to any one of the many sharks who are watching for such prey and give up her last dollar on the promise of an engagement. Her only ambition is to show off. The upbuilding of her profession, of her art, of her business, or even of the trade of the stage is no part of her motive. So feverish is her desire that she will sacrifice self-respect, all for the opportunity to exploit her vanity.

Some Test Questions

WHEN examined judicially this woman will give any answers that she feels may be persuasive proofs of dramatic ability. Ask such a one: "Have you acted as an amateur or appeared before an audience in any way? Were you nervous under those circumstances?" And you may be absolutely certain that the insanely stage-struck girl will say: "Oh, no, never; not the least nervous. I am always perfectly sure of myself."

That is not encouraging, because a keen sensitiveness, responsiveness to your situation, both real and theatric, is a prime qualification of the actor.

Edwin Booth once told me that he never went on the stage that he was not nervous; and that according to the degree of this condition was the quality of his impersonation—that he was doing his poorest work when he had the most confidence.

Or ask the young aspirant: "When you go to the theater, what are your symptoms?"

"I know I could play any part as well as the actors in the cast. I lose myself entirely; I forget everything but the play."

"Do tears come?"

"They pour down my face."

"Do you laugh easily?"

"I completely give way to my emotions."

These answers may be merely exhibitions of youthful weakness or folly. But to the mature man or woman who should make them I might say: "You are just the right kind of person we want to pay two dollars a seat and stay in front. You do not belong behind the scenes where a great requisite is self-control."

The actor must regulate and handle his emotions at will. Moreover, the age of hysterical acting is past. Even large temperamental power without control is not so valuable as small temperamental power used to good advantage.

The very usual young girl who says the very usual thing, "I feel it in me!"—with the very usual gesture—makes the common error of mistaking ordinary appreciation and enjoyment for the extraordinary gift of dramatic expression. The smallest talents are often the most ambitious. Small abilities are useful only in small character parts where externals demand most consideration.

What the young actor or beginner wishes to play may be exactly the opposite of what he can best play. Deep, serious impressibility in real life may be the characteristic of the low comedian, and vice versa. We like to represent something different from ourselves. As an illustration of all of this, I remember a rough soubrette, exceedingly good in the comic, who attended a dress rehearsal of a certain play in which she was not cast. At the end of the third act we carried her out of the theater in a fainting, hysterical state. She was overcome by the emotions she herself could not act, which had been represented by the leading lady; while the latter had been guying between her lines and in the stage waits.

Who, then, should go upon the stage? And what special and natural abilities are requisite?

Ask the aspirant how he has exercised the ability which he believes he possesses. Has he found himself reciting, rehearsing, reproducing what he has seen at the theater? Has he gone into his room, locked the door, and, metaphorically, smashed the furniture? Has the impulse in him been so strong that it has manifested itself in vocalizing, acting, making up imaginary scenes? If not, then the motive power of his ability may not be strong enough to warrant picking him out from among many thousands to become an actor.

This test is not infallible, mind you. Exceptional talent will find its way independent of all the usual signs, the usual rules. There may come along a very little, very young, very unsophisticated girl or boy, unprepossessing, affected in manner and speech. Yet the girl who has never told of any irresistible impulse, never exhibited abilities to any one, may stand before you and recite something that grips you and compels you instinctively to admit her dramatic power or possibilities. Or the young man may appear transformed as he delivers some wornout, foolish elocutionary platitude and makes it throb with a new meaning, with an actuality that causes you, hardened by habit as you are, to forget yourself in the undreamed-of situation that he spreads before your imagination.

It is hard to define this quality. Garrick, Rachel, every great actor had it. In that boy or girl it may be very limited in scope; but within that limitation both can be actors in the true sense—in instinct, imagination and spirit.

A famous French critic says that there are three sexes: men, women and play-actors. The play-actor is neither extremely masculine nor extremely feminine, but, whether man or woman, partakes of the physical strength, presence, authority and mental force of the man; and of the emotional appreciation, flexibility and *esprit de corps* of the woman.

The special gift of the actor may be described in one word—adaptability. The great actor submerges, as it were, or even loses his individuality when melting into the mould of the character he plays.

When I first saw Sarah Bernhardt, the greatest technical artist of the stage, it was in Adrienne Lecouvreur. I did not know the play; I did not know when Bernhardt was to come on. The stage was full of people talking and moving about. Presently, I don't know why, my attention was riveted upon a woman walking across the stage behind all these persons, reading a book. I saw no one else. I stopped breathing as I looked at her. It was Bernhardt—Adrienne in her first appearance. Now, what was it? It was what the little girl had, what the young man had, in a different degree.

Adaptability, in my opinion, arises from a harmonious development of the nature and faculties of the actor. He stands behind the character, as it were, and touches each faculty at will, as he would the keys of a great organ.

Delsarte's Definition of an Actor

BUT the strange fact is, that the person who has this absolute qualification is not necessarily remarkable in any other particular. He may have neither exceptional emotional or physical power nor exceptional intellect, but he has a good balance of all.

Talk with a good actor and mark the completeness with which he enters into the points of view of the different persons he is talking about, and how small, perhaps, his own personal convictions may be. Incidentally, I believe, it is this fact, and the lack of such daily mental exercise as business men have, that make actors the roving, unstable, unorganized people they are—unable to protect themselves as members of other professions and occupations do. The actor is practically the slave of his employer.

The actor's function is to do at a moment's notice whatever is laid before him. François Delsarte characterizes him as "One who is all that is at will"; which is also the definition of the best-developed human being, independent of the art of acting.

And here we come to the parting of the ways. One leads to the perfection of all the faculties, their skillful expression, and the elevation of ideals, striving toward them at all times—aiming, in short, to be an artist. The other leads through the tricks of the trade in search of laughter and applause, the production of effects purely as effects; to be an actor in the sense of personating externally, without reaching into the motives of the soul. The actor-artist is born, born a student; the actor-mechanic must be made. With the latter, our stage is filled. His only hope lies in being constantly overhauled, reconstructed, put in shape by his schoolmaster the director of the stage. The field is large, and the fences are down for young men and women of this type. But the outlook is not happy.

Even with the born actor a certain amount of formulating is constantly necessary. The instant one of this type,

no matter how great a genius, attempts to get along without guidance, criticism or help his downfall is at hand. He will say with Mascarille in Les Précieuses Ridicules: "I never study; everything comes natural to me!"

Why then does his stage manager stop him, suggest and correct? Why does the author advise with him as to the interpretation of lines? Why does he read criticisms in the papers and confer with his friends? All this is schooling, disguised, but useful schooling nevertheless.

The actor-artist class may be divided, broadly speaking, into two lines of business. The first is almost paradoxical. It is that of the actor who plays straight parts, who plays himself. The other is the impersonator of extreme types, perhaps the abnormal, the eccentric. The former fits the particular part he's assigned to in appearance, nature, walk, speech, manner, even to the characteristics of his voice. He portrays himself, but he must have a very interesting personality since he plays the most engaging part in the play.

Extremes That Meet in Good Actors

THE actor of extreme types gets behind the character - hides himself. So indeed should the actor of straight parts, subtly differentiating the various men or women he or she plays—a much finer and more difficult task than eccentric characterization. Yet the actor of a showy character bit, usually very easy to impersonate with aid of make-up, costuming and striking situations, obtains undue credit. Then there are the rarest of artists who can play all lines of parts well, and the "responsible" actors who play all kinds of parts in equally mediocre fashion.

A man came to me who had played low comedy with Eddie Foy and also heavy Shaksperean parts, and had made success in both. He said: "I don't know why, but I cannot play straight parts."

I said: "I know why. You, like many actors, represent extremes." This is a reactionary power, like a pendulum. The one who can play extreme comedy can, if he only knows it, do well in the other extreme, in serious work. The best villain is a light comedian. Edwin Booth demonstrated this in The Fool's Revenge and in the character of Petruchio. Irving played Matthias and Malvolio.

In writing on the subject, "Who should go on the stage and who should not," one must remember that there is one condition that transcends all rules—genius. The safest conclusion for the neophyte is to admit that he is not of that guild.

One absolute essential for a stage career is health. I once asked Frank Mayo: "What is magnetism in an actor?"

"Simply physical enthusiasm," he replied.

Let us add to this spiritual enthusiasm. But Mr. Mayo was right. The physical power of the actor is the basic consideration. Acting requires poise, above all things; and the very basis of poise is health. Moreover, the man or woman of abundant vitality gratifies the senses which must be satisfied before thought or feeling can be reached. The spectators see and hear before they feel and know.

Good physique is a prime essential. An important feature of this is height. The little man or woman may be limited to little parts. Without remarkable talent, such a one cannot play the heroic. While at the beginning there are more opportunities for small parts, and the demand for the services of the little person is greater, he or she rarely rises to leading rôles.

The large woman must wait, but when her time comes the opportunity for advancement will be much greater. The tall man can hope to rise on the regular rounds of the ladder walking, juvenile, heavy, light comedy, lead and star. But the short person is restricted, if a girl, to the ingénue, soubrette, or little girl parts; or if a man, to young, juvenile, boy, and small character parts.

With height go the proportions a very important matter. The thick-set person is a very different proposition from the well-built. He is limited to a small range. But if he be of a pronounced appearance, suitable to a certain part, his very lack of proportion may be his best asset. The well-built man, slender, athletic, is not limited in range. We forgive the manager for casting him in a dominant rôle, because he is pleasing to look at. Some producers will not engage a man, no matter how able, unless he be of good stature.

Most stage aspirants are troubled about things of no consequence. The man may complain that his face is not handsome. But he might be a character man requiring eccentric make-up to which his strong features lend themselves, making him peculiarly available. Stage beauty is very delusive and must not be judged from the point of view of persons sitting near together. The profile that lends itself to effect at a distance may be handsome, yet at close range positively ugly. On the contrary, the woman who is not considered striking on the stage is, because of her small features, very beautiful at close range.

The eyeball as an agent of subtle expression is of small consequence in the theater, except in direction of attention, since the spectator is too far away to appreciate the delicate changes of this organ.

When a beginner writes me as to qualifications for the stage my first question is: "Have you any physical defects such as stammering, bad hearing, bad sight, lameness, or the like?" Any one of these should debar an applicant from a stage career.

Yet a defect of appearance may be counterbalanced by some marked ability that will make us forget. I say ability rather than power, for who can tell whether power exists, since it is something that develops in time through industry and practice, and even where inherited may lie dormant and not show itself at all in the early years of an actor's career.

The matter of physique involves the vocal instruments. A good voice is indispensable, except where some peculiarity exists, like that of Stuart Robson, and makes the actor particularly available as the impersonator of a specialized character. This is very often true in the case of the eccentric comedian.

Twenty-Seven the Beginner's Limit

BEYOND body and voice is that indefinable, telepathic apprehension of the audience through what we call the personality of the actor.

Intimately allied with physique is the matter of age. After thirty years the mental habits are established. At this age a person begins to have confirmed physical and mental habits and to show a lack of those prime qualifications, elasticity and flexibility. The mind does not adapt itself to the kind of thought that belongs to this character and that character, as with a younger person. The only excuse that any one over thirty has for going on the stage is that such a one has retained his or her youthfulness in a remarkable degree. Persons over thirty have too much to learn and too much to unlearn. So, I say, the most available age will be between seventeen and twenty-seven.

Under rare conditions, however, age may be an advantage. An elderly person may come to a manager and ask to be allowed to play old characters—aged persons, eccentric types, and the like claiming that his experience in life qualifies him. But here again such persons are apt to find old actors and actresses in competition who have not only the qualification of age but training and experience to give them right of way.

Below the age of seventeen the girl or boy is too ignorant of the world, too undeveloped to play other than child parts. The stage manager will find it difficult to make a girl of fourteen or fifteen understand the maturer emotions that come in most plays.

As a rule, yet with pronounced exceptions, phenomenal stage infants rarely attain high rank later in life. They are often spoiled by the false atmosphere of the theater. They absorb the fictitious element—the artificial appeals to their undiscriminating minds. Natural hero-worshipers, the most picturesque person in the theater usually the worst actor—wins their admiration. They imitate him or her and get a mental bent that is apt to impair their whole career. Up to fifteen the mind of the child is formative and should be busied with home and education. There is no fact I more keenly resent than that of the mother who would put her children on the stage just to show off and to earn money. My invariable advice for such children is: take care of their general education; don't permit them to recite to anybody, and don't allow them to attempt the professional stage until sixteen.

To the normal person who would be an actor five qualities are most essential. The first of these is good physique including good voice. Technical skill, essential as it is, has nothing to do with dramatic ability. It can be mastered by any one with proper guidance. The low-class actor of small ability must have more of this skill than the great actor with which to supplement or make more effective the exercise of his powers.

The nervous, emotional temperament the responsive nature is necessary. For the average players, acting does not partake of the mental so much as of the emotional. However, the higher one mounts the ladder the more intellectual the work becomes.

The actor must have active imagination.

An Instance of Theatrical Instinct

THEN there is the theatrical instinct. This is a mysterious quality. One might call it appreciation of minute realism. But it must reveal much in nature that is not merely photographic. It is the instinct in a young person that prompts him to play so that his audience can see and hear to best advantage, to supply interesting detail, to appreciate the condition of mind of the people in front in order to play to it. For instance, he is lighting the gas. To do this he must find a match. If he have this instinct he will either search for it or do something else that will make the handling of the detail interesting. We rarely find a match without difficulty. It seldom lights the first time it is scratched. The gas turns up too much or too little. There is always some difficulty experienced that a person having this quality avails himself of. The person not having theatrical instinct will go to the match as directly as if it were a powerful magnet, will light it at the first stroke, and will not take the trouble to see whether the gas is too high or too low. In other words, theatrical instinct is a realization of just what is actual in life, and what is effective to the front of the house in short, the ability to interest by being interested.

The fifth great essential is dramatic intelligence, which differs from mere instinct in that it is the power to reason out the constructive meaning of a situation, characteristic causes and effects, and their evolution.

Of course there are subordinate qualities; for instance, ability to imitate. But mimicry is no evidence of ability to act. It is a very valuable asset, but in itself belongs to a very elementary stage of the art of acting. Low-class actors of character bits have recourse to imitation of marked physical appearances and peculiarities. But the high-class character actor does not depend upon the reproducing, either in makeup or in manner of speech, of peculiar physical defects. He studies the human nature, the innermost meaning of the motives of the character, the psychology of it. This demands something far beyond the mere trick of mimicry. The actor may be better off for being a mimic, but he can get along without being one. It would be easy to find two equally successful actors, the one a mimic, the other no mimic at all.

An elusive quality of rare value is that which is constantly referred to in essays on acting as distinction. Personal charm is important, as with Mary Anderson and with Maude Adams. Actor and auditor are placed in a one-room space and share each other's emotions, attracting and repelling as persons as well as actor and bystander.

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THE NTH POWER

By Arthur Train

ILLUSTRATED BY ALONZO KIMBALL

A Little Dinner With Doctor Migraine

NONE of the firm—least of all the junior partner, myself—knew just how Doctor Migraine had become one of our customers. He came to us just as thousands of other stock-brokers' clients come to them: passed along by some chance word or owing to some trifling dissatisfaction with some one else; just as, in fact, most of his own patients—if he had any—probably came to him. He was a large, full-chested, deep-voiced, black-bearded man, such as usually takes the part of the Russian Grand Duke in the melodramas, yet he lacked markedly any of the assertiveness of a Romanoff, and indeed, at times, was almost provokingly retiring and unassuming. For he was a fine figure of a man, and his mere presence in our customers' room, on those rare occasions when he visited our offices, was enough to send rumors flying of a possible advance in Russian 6s or a probable slump in Japanese 4s.

But he was only an occasional customer. Often his massive, carefully-tailored form would not darken our door for months. Then, usually when the market was as dull as a millpond and nothing was doing—except traders playing for "eighths," like minnows skipping in the shallows—he would enter unannounced and pass silently into the senior partner's private office. There he would give his orders, always in some single stock and always for thousand and five thousand share lots, and invariably the market would advance or react to suit his purposes. Then he would sell or cover, as the case might be, and take his profits away with him in the shape of a certified check, which inevitably came back with the indorsement of a world-powerful banking house upon its reverse. He always stayed and saw the deal through, and, as I distinctly recall, always sat in the same posture upon the same corner of the sofa until it was all over—chin in hand.

And he always guessed right. Charlie Buck used to say he must be either Harriman's chef or J. P. Morgan's valet in disguise. Everything he touched moved one way or the other. He was like a sudden squall striking down from off the mountains upon a summer sea. The market might have shown every sign of stagnation; but, once let the good Migraine superimpose himself upon Buck's sofa and order a few thousand Reading or Colorado Fuel, and it would begin positively to boil with activity. I have seen Migraine come into our office when the ticker had been still for minutes—you know what that means—just rapping out a hundred shares or so of Union every little while, simply from a sense of decency, as it were, and in less than no time the whole market would be jumping. It was curious—if the word is sufficiently expressive; Buck called it "uncanny." For a short haul the doctor seemed infallible. He never left an open order on our books—the deal had to be finished and the money in his pocket before he left the office. That was another thing that struck us as singular. Almost anybody will get a copper-fastened tip once in a while that will absolutely compel him, if he has any sort of a soul, to buy or sell the market as a matter of conscience with the certainty of a big profit some time in the course of a week, two weeks or a month. Migraine never did that sort of thing. He never carried a stock over night, but, whatever he went into, he guessed right the very first time. And the money I have seen him pocket without a quiver! Singularly emotionless he was and still is as if money were nothing to him; and I verily believe it is not, save as a means to a certain end. Buck and I could not imagine where he got his information, but in the end we decided that he was a sort of agent for some one of the big fellows, and simply thanked our good luck for getting the commissions and at first let it go at that. But in the end we followed Migraine every time until—but that can wait. Yet, in point of fact, there was nothing uncanny about the doctor himself, even if he did appear to have supernatural powers of divination.

Almost Instantly Saki Entered

He was an immaculate, seemingly matter-of-fact sort of person, blue-eyed, white-toothed and scented with heliotrope. The Russian Grand Duke business was instinctive with him, and the sight of his huge, whiskered frame wrapped in a black frock coat and surmounted by a gleaming silk hat was enough to make an office boy draw his heels together with a click and give a royal salute. That was another thing we never could understand—why he should come at all. Our biggest customers stay uptown and use the telephone. But he never telephoned.

Time and again we tried to find out something about him, but without result. The city directory gave only his name and house address, the telephone book contained nothing, and the Social Register simply the ambiguous information that he belonged to various learned and professional organizations. Who's Who did a little better, for it stated that he had taken degrees at Bonn, Vienna and St. Petersburg, had "written extensively upon psychiatry and psychology," and devoted himself to research. Altogether a queer bird to be dabbling in stocks. A queer bird, perhaps, altogether; and yet he was the most valuable customer on our books.

When at length, after some five years, the good doctor at the end of a frantic day upon the market—during which he had sat imperturbably in the inner office and kept me hustling to execute his orders—invited me to dine with him upon the following evening, neither inclination nor good business dictated a refusal.

We had been making money ourselves for the last three or four years by trailing after Migraine in his operations, but when you are making hay you can never tell how long the sun is going to shine, or how soon the goose will die who happens to be laying the golden egg. We had Migraine now, to be sure, but we might lose him at any time. We prayed for his health and prosperity as a Chinaman prays for the salubrity of his grandparents. We became depressed in his absence, and fell on his neck when he rediscovered himself. And an invitation to dinner! Why, it might mean anything from a job to corner Union to the disclosure of an infallible system for beating the market! I did not hesitate; I went, and stood not upon the order of my going.

I found that Dr. Migraine lived in a small house upon one of the streets in the upper eighties, running off from Central Park West, and I had no sooner been relieved of my hat and coat by the Japanese servant than our worthy customer himself appeared at the head of the stairs and, grasping my hand warmly, welcomed me to his abode. I remember thinking at the time that it was a shabby sort of a place for a big trader to live in. There was no sign of wealth or even of luxury. The house was narrow—not over seventeen feet, I should say—and finished in some cheap sort of imitation hard wood. A good deal of dust came off the railing of the banisters, and even the Jap looked dusty. I confess to being disappointed, and this feeling increased when the doctor led me into his library, or rather study, and I found that his principal room—for there was no parlor or drawing-room—was furnished only with a worn and very cheap rug, a horrible onyx clock, a few very comfortable but exceedingly seedy armchairs. It was lined to the ceiling with rows of tipsy, shoddy-looking books. I tell you, I began to wonder if I hadn't made a mistake. Imagine! Here was our best customer, a man who had cleaned up to my certain knowledge some two hundred thousand during the past year, living like a second-class dentist! If it had not been for his immaculate appearance and the faint scent of heliotrope that always hung around him I should have doubted his identity.

"Sit down, sit down," said Doctor Migraine, waving me into a low chair as he poked up the dying embers in the grate. "Saki will have the cocktails here in a moment. What I lack in elegance I must try to make up in hospitality."

"You have a very—er—cozy little place here, I'm sure," I returned, trying to put some enthusiasm into my tone.

"Rather shabby, I'm afraid," remarked Migraine. "Have a cigarette?"

He took a box from behind the clock and held them out to me.

"You were thinking," he continued with a quizzical smile, "that it was strange that so successful a customer of yours was content to live in such a dingy hole. Don't deny it. I saw you thinking it. I don't blame you. But, you see, I don't care for the things most people are engrossed in striving for. The purely creature comforts count for little, so far as I am concerned. We live in different worlds—if you will pardon my saying so—you and I." He paused and lit his cigarette with a newspaper spill which he thrust between the bars of the grate.

"I'm not up on science," I answered, feeling rather ill at ease. "But I dare say it is very interesting. Now, if I had a million or so I'd get a yacht and travel—see the world—that's what I'd like to do."

"Ah," he shot back, blowing out a volume of tiny rings. "See the world! How long would it take you—what there is of it? My dear fellow, I had seen the world—at the trifling expense of a million or so—myself, at the age of nineteen—that is, the world of ocean, cities and sky. It's the other world ——"

At this moment the Jap entered, bearing the cocktails. In the hall the light had been too dim for me to catch more than a glimpse of him, but now I saw that he was a man of advanced years, with a weazened countenance and patchy gray hair. In places there were spots of black showing through this, which gave him a queer, motheaten appearance. Migraine addressed him in what I took for Japanese, and Saki placed the tray upon a tabouret and shuffled away.

"Well, here's to your seeing the world!" said Migraine grimly.

I made some commonplace return compliment and we drained our glasses. I have never tasted such a drink before or since, so sweetly sour, so aromatically flavored, as if there had been distilled into it all the spices of the East.

Dinner was announced soon after that, and we crossed the hall into a plainly-furnished dining-room in the rear, the only original feature of which consisted in its being illuminated by a huge crystal ball hanging above the table, which diffused a soft yet powerful light throughout the room. My host indicated a chair opposite him, and we were soon giving our best attention to a dinner served by Saki with incredible dexterity, and equal in quality to that of the best Parisian restaurants. I began to feel an increased respect for the doctor. While he might throw his money away upon scientific dawdlings, he at least appreciated the value of a good cook. As Saki filled my glass with rare and costly vintages my awkwardness vanished, and in its place came a gratified sense of my own importance and of extreme good nature toward the worthy doctor who was taking so much trouble upon my account.

Here, in the rear room, beneath the subdued radiance of the crystal ball, one could hear no sound from the outside world. It was as if we were immured in some palace dungeon far below the surface of the earth. I remember that at the time I dimly recalled some story I had read, The Legend of the Arabian Astrologer, about a fellow who dwelt in the interior of a pyramid—it was like that. You could not hear even the distant roar of an elevated train—or a cat in the back yards.

At length we lighted our cigars—wonderful weeds bearing some strange, cabalistic symbol upon their bands—such as I had never smoked—and Saki placed the liqueurs upon the table and withdrew.

Migraine was eying me in a friendly manner over his cigar. Good nature radiated from him. His Grand Dukedness, so to speak, had dropped off, and he seemed simply a jolly sort of a chap with a distinct taste for wines and cigars. I made up my mind that this was my chance to find out how he managed to pull off his tricks upon the stock market, when suddenly he interrupted my unasked question by saying quite naturally:

"I'll tell you."

"Eh?" I exclaimed.

"I will tell you with pleasure!" he continued, smiling through the gray smoke. For the moment I was not sure whether I had asked him anything or not.

"It is simply by applying to the world of sight and sense some of the laws of the other world that most people are unacquainted with."

"Eh?' I stammered. "Clairvoyance—or something like that?" You see, I thought he was joking with me; but the seriousness of his expression when next he spoke convinced me that I was in error.

"Yes," he said simply. "Something like that—if you choose."

"'There are things in heaven and earth undreamt of in your philosophy, Horatio,'" I quoted somewhat inaccurately, trying to be jocose, although I felt distinctly nonplused. But the doctor evidently did not understand my allusion; in fact, he seemed singularly unread in general literature.

"Not exactly," he answered, taking me literally. "Dreamed of—yes; more than that, dimly felt and understood."

"Like wireless telegraphy," said I with a flash of comprehension.

"Yes—and like life and death. We do not know what they are, but we know that they are. There is no reason for death of which we know, no explanation of the transition from inanimation to life."

He took a puff at his cigar.

"But that does not mean that we shall not know all about them—soon. I have taken an old dog and planted in its neck a thyroid gland taken from a puppy, reversed the order of circulation, and that dog is *getting young* again. The old hair is falling out and new hair is coming in. He used to be almost blind. Now he can see quite well. And you should see him try to chase cats!"

"Come!" I exclaimed. "That won't go!" And then suddenly I recalled the patchy headpiece of the ancient Saki, and a queer sort of feeling came over me.

"Well," he replied, smiling, "don't let's argue about it. Just between you and me, I'm in a devil of a mess to know how to stop that dog getting too young. You see, I don't know exactly what is going to happen ——"

I burst out laughing. The idea of an old dog gradually turning into a toothless puppy seemed ludicrous.

"After all," said Migraine, reading my thoughts, "as you say, age and youth have surprisingly similar symptoms."

"Ah!" I exclaimed, now fully alive to the situation, "but I didn't say it!"

He nodded.

"The same thing—you thought it."

"By George!" I gasped, the full force of the thing coming over me. "You don't mean to tell me that there is really anything in—in—what do you call it?"

"Telepathy? Do you doubt that one's mind can read the thoughts of another?"

"Why," I stammered, "I always thought that was all buncombe."

"Buncombe!" Migraine threw back his head and laughed. "Do you believe in the telephone?"

"Of course!" I stammered.

"And the telegraph?"

"Sure!" I said.

"Then, if you can communicate with one of your friends a thousand miles away by means of an electrical current, why doubt the possibility of doing so by means of some other current—passing from mind to mind?"

I was stumped for a moment; you see, I had never looked into such things they had all seemed like balderdash. Then I had a flash of inspiration.

"Ah!" I cried. "But there is the wire!"

Migraine grunted scornfully.

"Is there any wire in wireless telegraphy?"

"By George!" I cried. "You're right. 'C. Q. D.'!"

"You are like so many others!" sighed Migraine. "Don't you see it is all a question of the receiving apparatus? So long as you have a receiving station tuned to receive the necessary waves that is all you want. Now, the retina of the eye with its optic nerve running to the brain is like the old form of telegraphy; the message runs along the wire to the receiver. That particular sort of current needs a wire. But the electric waves used in wireless telegraphy need no wire at all; they go direct to the station. In the same way, perhaps, can be explained the so-called telepathic powers of those gifted beings who can see what is happening in other places perhaps on the other side of the world clairvoyants, or what you will. Their brains are tuned to receive sight waves that need no optic nerves waves that make no primary impression upon the retina of the eye at all, but are received direct by the brain itself. Do you understand?"

"I think so," I answered doubtfully. "You mean, if I see something in a dream, maybe it is my mind really seeing something that is actually going on somewhere else."

"Exactly—why not?"

I scratched my head in perplexity. You see, it sounded like tommyrot, and yet I had to admit the possibility of the thing.

"The explanation of all these things is, of course, that it isn't the eye that sees, but the brain. The eye merely receives the light in sight waves which are thrown off by all physical objects within the range of its vision, and transmits them to the brain. Light waves are motion waves, heat and light being merely forms of motion, as, of course, you know. The retina is so constructed that it can absorb these light waves and communicate the vibrations thus received to the brain. The brain does the seeing. Now, imagine a different sort of light wave, and there is no reason for supposing that the brain could not absorb it directly without the assistance of the retina."

"But you were talking about mental telepathy," I said. "This does not explain how you can read another's thoughts, even if it shows the theoretical possibility of seeing things with your eyes shut."

"For mind to communicate with mind, all you have to presuppose are mind waves," answered Migraine. "But the thing is perfectly well understood in science. It is a recognized fact. Do you want another cigar? Very good wait."

Almost instantly the door opened and Saki entered bearing a tray of large, evenly-rolled Havanas, which he smilingly tendered to me. I must have made a botch of picking them off the tray, for Migraine began to laugh heartily, and I found myself holding half a dozen cigars in my fist and staring fixedly at Saki's scalp as he moved noiselessly away. The fellow did have patches of nice, black, shining hair mingled with the gray!

"Tell the gentleman your age, Saki!" directed Migraine. The Jap turned on his heel.

"One hunder an' ten," he said simply.

"Jumping Jehoshaphat!" I exclaimed to Migraine. "Do you expect me to believe him?"

The doctor shrugged his shoulders.

"It's nothing to me whether you believe him or not," he replied.

But I was gripped that a sensible, hard-headed man

"Now You Cannot Move!"

of business like myself could not put the kibosh on all this nonsense more readily. Down at the office they always come to me when they want some one to spot the fallacy in any new theory of how to corner Union Pacific. So I thought hard for a moment. Then it came to me.

"Very well," I replied confidently. "If it's not the eye, but the brain, that sees, it must be the brain, and not the tongue, that tastes; not the fingers, but the brain, that feels; not the nose——"

"Precisely," said Migraine.

"Eh?" I shouted. "Then I suppose you will be telling me next that there is nothing to prevent my smelling an Indian bazar over in Calcutta somewhere, or feeling some fellow chopping wood over in Central Park, or——"

"You've got it!" he replied. "You've caught the idea!"

"Rats!" I remarked rather impolitely.

"Speaking of rats," he retorted, "have you never known a woman who could feel a cat in some other part of the house?"

I stared at him helplessly.

I dropped my head upon my shirt bosom. Why, of course I had!

"All that is pretty well understood—the 'projection of sensation.' The French -they have done a lot of it—call it the 'Exteriorization of Sensation.' We don't know much about it or what causes it, but we know that it is a scientific fact. I am going to take it up myself when I get the time. It's entirely different, of course, from telepathy, properly speaking, where one mind acts directly upon another."

I had been drinking a good deal, or I should have dropped to the doctor's little Wall Street game long before this; but now I saw it all in a flash. Telepathy! Of course. The good doctor merely waited until some financier was about to make a coup, and then, entirely unknown to the other, entered into the game as a silent partner with him. I cursed myself for never having thought of the thing before and learning to do it myself.

"So, ho," I cried, winking at him. "That's how you do the trick, is it?"

"That's how I do the trick," he repeated without a smile.

"And it always works?"

"Always when it works with the other fellow. You see, if some other chap, whose mind I am not in contact with, comes along and puts a new element into the situation, why, I may get left along with the others. But I play a safe game. I know one or two men with sympathetic minds"—he mentioned a couple of market leaders—"and when I see that one or the other of them is about to create a movement in a stock, and there seems likely to be no outside interference, I follow along."

I looked at him in amazement; he said it so simply. I was aghast at the possibilities of the thing.

"I don't see what is to prevent your getting hold of all the money in the world!" I exclaimed.

Migraine looked at me queerly, with an odd look in his blue eyes.

"What good would it do me? Would it teach me the mysteries of life and death? Would it help me to conquer age and disease? These things are not so much a question of money as of mind. We must have, to be sure, institutions like the Rockefeller Institute devoted to scientific research! And that requires money. But more than that we need Newtons, Darwins, Galileos! What avails a man if he gain the whole world and then miserably die? What pleasure does one have who knows that joy is inevitably followed by pain? I am constantly astounded at the stupidity of mankind. They strain and struggle and suffer to get a few more ounces of gold out of an exhausted mine—to make an overburdened soil continue to yield a livelihood. They distract their minds with business problems to earn a few more dollars. And all the while they scoff at science as pedantry!"

Somehow, he impressed me immensely, and I began to feel that I had made a mistake in spending all the best years of my life in buying and selling stocks for other people, when I might have been controlling human destiny and finding the hidden wealth of Monte Cristo by means of my own private mental divining rod. This mind-reading trick seemed easy enough. I wondered if Migraine would put me on to it. If he only would! My mind gloated over the thoughts of the untold riches which lay so easily within my grasp if I could only learn Migraine's secret.

"For example," and the doctor's voice interrupted my vision of gold, "think of the enormous attention devoted by mankind to inventing machinery, making telescopes, breeding race-horses, and that sort of thing, when an equal amount of effort might have made engines and telescopes and horses entirely useless. I mean exactly what I say. Look at the pains men have been to to breed fox terriers and bulldogs and bloodhounds. Have they ever once tried to breed a man? With all their optical science have they ever tried to develop the powers of the human eye? We have had Wagner, Mozart, Beethoven, and all the rest; but while composers have tortured themselves and the public by trying to invent some new combination of sound, has any one ever tried to increase the range of human hearing? Why, man, how much do you really see and hear and taste and feel? Only so much as our eyes, ears, tongue and fingers can perceive? And how much do they perceive? Only what is in their limited range of vision. One might as well say that, because you cannot perceive by the sense the electric wave that summons the trans-Atlantic liner to its sinking sister ship, it does not exist. There are sounds too fine for the ear to hear—the chirp of the minute insect—too low, like the throb of the organ. The ear is not tuned to receive the rapid vibrations of the insect voice or the slow vibrations of the organ's lowest notes. Sound is motion and comes to us in waves, like light and heat. The capacity of the eye and ear to respond to the vibrations of these waves determines our capacity to see and hear. A violinist can break a gas globe with a certain note, because the glass responds to the vibrations of the note, which it cannot do to a lower tone. So with color. The retinas of our eyes can absorb the visible colors of the spectrum—violet, blue, green, orange, yellow, red—but there are shades on either end of the color scale that our eyes cannot see, but could be made to see—yes, easily! The new man will hear sweeter notes than mortal ear has ever heard before, see fairer visions than have been vouchsafed to poets and dreamers, experience sensations beyond the imagination of Mohammed's paradise!"

Thrilled in spite of myself by his enthusiasm I leaned forward and broke in upon him.

"How will you do this?" I cried. "How will you break into this new world of sight and sense? How do you know that such things are?"

"How!" he echoed rhapsodically. "Science has already demonstrated them. The X ray, the radium ray—these are accomplished facts of science. All we need is the eye to which they are visible. Increase in some way the power, the intensity, the range, capacity—what you will—of the senses, and a new world surrounds us. Intensify the power of the eye to receive and respond to increased vibrations of light, and man will see a myriad new forms and colors—I've given you quite a scientific lecture," he concluded in a relaxed tone. "Shall we go back to the study?"

I began to fear that in his enthusiasm he had wandered so far from the subject which I had most at heart that he would not return to it.

"What interests me," I remarked as we rose from the table, "is this telepathy business. Can anybody read another's thoughts, or is it a peculiar gift?"

"Generally speaking, it is something which is given to only a few," he replied. Then, noticing the disappointed expression on my face, he added with a laugh: "But if you intensified all a man's perceptive faculties no doubt you would, at the same time, give him a telepathic capacity of some sort—perhaps to an extraordinary degree. Patients in a hypnotic state readily see the infra-red and the ultra-violet——"

"Eh?" said I. "What is that? Infra-red——"

"Yes," he answered as we threw ourselves into the stuffed easy chairs by the fire in his library. "The infra-red is the red just outside the visible red of the spectrum. It is the red given off by rays whose vibrations are not taken in by the retina, just as at the other or upper end of the spectrum there is the ultra-violet, a violet imperceptible to the ordinary eye. Some few people can see it. But no one in the normal state can see the infra-red."

"Well," I remarked with an excited laugh, "the first fellow who gets keyed up to that sort of thing will have a rum time of it."

"He will be as a god," answered Migraine, "knowing not only good and evil, but all the secrets of a now invisible world." He looked at me steadfastly.

My heart took to beating in a queer, jumping way, and just at that moment a dog howled, a strange, unearthly howl, in the room just above my head. There was something so absolutely unearthly in it that I paled and the perspiration broke out upon my forehead.

"That infernal beast!" growled Migraine. "I have to lock him up indoors because the neighbors make such a fuss if he barks in the night."

It occurred to me that I was a fool to have a thing like that throw me into a blue funk, and I took a fresh cigar and began to wonder how I could induce Migraine to give me a few points on mind-reading. I resolved to lead the conversation gently back to our original topic, the one which so vitally interested me as a matter of business. If only I could know just what Harriman was going to——

"Look here," said I, "if you can tell just what these big fellows in Wall street are going to do, why do you ever come downtown at all? Why not sit here comfortably and do the whole trick on the telephone?"

"The reason is simple enough," replied Migraine. "You see, the range—or trajectory, so to speak—of my telepathic power is limited. Your office happens to be situated very near to those of the two men whom I have mentioned. At any greater distance my mental sight might be so dim as to be ineffective. That is why I selected your own admirable banking-house instead of that of some other- if you will pardon me--equally distinguished firm."

Instantly it came over me what a ripping thing it would be—so convenient, as it were—just to sit on that same lounge in Buck's office and play the market just as the doctor did, for a dead-sure thing. Why, it was exasperating that a fellow who knew nothing about the values of stock or the various influences that affect the market should be able to wander in there and do as he chose. It maddened me to be put at such a disadvantage by this medicine man, particularly as he was one who didn't really care beans about making money at all.

"Look here," I exclaimed, sitting bolt upright, "why don't you try this intensifying business on me?"

"How do you mean?" he asked.

"Why, tune up my eyes and ears and all that—make me see things—infra-red and what not?"

"Oh, nonsense!" he retorted.

"Seriously," I protested.

"Do you mean that you are willing to offer yourself as a subject for scientific experiment?" he inquired with a superior air.

"Why not?" I replied, but my breath came a little fast. I remember the onyx clock began striking ten just at that moment.

Doctor Migraine did not instantly reply, but puffed his cigar with exasperating deliberation for a moment.

"The consequences—might be disagreeable," he said slowly.

"I'll chance that," I urged him confidently. "How would you do it?"

"Hypnotism, partly."

"I'll bet you couldn't hypnotize me!" I taunted him in my eagerness to have the thing tried. "I don't believe you could hypnotize a stockbroker."

Migraine laughed.

"I've seen such things done," he muttered. "Now, see here, Bilson," he added, changing his tone, "if you are willing to absolve me from any responsibility in the matter and give me your signature to that effect I'm willing to try. But, mind you, it's entirely against my advice! Such things are infernally dangerous and, at best, are apt to be deucedly unpleasant."

"That's all right, old man," I replied, seeing visions of myself cornering the market in United States Steel Common. "Don't you worry. Your Uncle Silas is quite able to take care of himself."

Doctor Migraine went over to a little desk and scribbled something on a sheet of notepaper.

"Sign this first," said he, handing it to me.

This is to certify that the treatment received by me at the hands of Doctor Adrian Migraine is entirely at my urgent request and against his express advice. I regard the same as necessary for my health and entirely absolve him of any responsibility in the premises, legal or moral.

"Certainly I'll sign this," said I, and shakily affixed my John Hancock to the bottom of the paper.

Migraine folded it carefully and put it in his pocket. Then he took a bit of candle-end which was sticking in a brass holder on the mantel, placed it on the table between us and lit it.

"Are you all ready?" he inquired sympathetically.

"Yes," I whispered.

"Relax," said he gently. "Let go the arms of your chair. Uncross your legs. Look at the candle!"

He raised it in his left hand and moved it forward and back in front of my forehead. Then he thrust the first and second fingers of his right hand toward my face, gradually drawing them together.

"Let your eyes follow my fingers," he directed.

I did so, and he gently brought the focus of my eyes to a narrow point near the top of my nose and held it there.

"Now you cannot move!" he abruptly cried in a bullying tone. "You are as helpless as if you were bound in iron!"

Something in his voice filled me with deadly fear—a sneering note that had not been there before—a mocking derision as if he had been fooling me all along. Suddenly it came to me that I had been duped, tricked to putting myself into his power for some unholy purpose. I thought of the old-young dog with the thyroid gland, of the patchy-haired Jap. Why did he, with all his money, all his power, want to invite me to dinner? The horrible conviction that I was at his mercy stole over me; I struggled to free myself from my imaginary gyves. I shouted in my terror, but uttered no sound. I writhed and twisted, as it seemed to me, but could not move. The sweat burst from my temples. I was firmly and relentlessly held by invisible shackles that rendered me powerless.

Migraine threw himself back in his chair and watched me for a moment. Then he tossed a box of safety matches in my lap.

"Light my cigar!" he commanded.

Utterly against my will I obeyed.

"Now, Mr. Stockbroker," he remarked with a chuckle that chilled me to the marrow, "since you desire it I will try to make a man of you."

At that moment the silence of the night was rent by the doleful howl of the dog in the room above.

"Yes," repeated Doctor Migraine, peering down into my motionless face with a leer, "at your earnest request."

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THE DANGER MARK

By Robert W. Chambers

AUTHOR OF THE FIGHTING CHANCE AND THE FIRING LINE

ILLUSTRATED BY A. B. WENZELL

XXI

AS HIS train slowed down through the darkness and stopped at the snow-choked station, Duane, carrying suitcase, satchel and fur coat, swung himself off the icy steps of the smoker and stood for a moment on the platform, in the yellow glare of the railway lanterns, looking about him.

Sleighbells sounded nearer, nearer, chiming through the still, cold air; he caught sight of two shadowy, restive horses, a gayly-plumed sleigh, and at the same moment the driver leaned sideways from her buffalo-swathed seat, calling out to him by name.

"Why, Kathleen!" he exclaimed, hastening forward. "Did you really drive down here all alone to meet me?"

She bent over and saluted him, demure, amused, bewitchingly pretty in her Isabella bear furs.

"I really did, Duane, without even a groom, so we could talk about everything and anything all the way home. Give your checks to the station agent—there he is!—Oh, Mr. Whitley, would you mind sending up Mr. Mallett's trunks tonight? Thank you *so* much. Now, Duane, dear."

He tossed suitcase and satchel into the sleigh, put on his fur coat and, climbing up beside Kathleen, burrowed into the robes.

"Duane!" she said, pulling the young horses down into a swift, swinging trot, "*what* do you think! Geraldine doesn't know you're coming!"

"Why not?" he asked. "I wired her."

"Yes, but she's been on the mountain with old Miller for three days. Three of your letters are waiting for her; and then came your telegram, and, of course, Scott and I thought we ought to open it."

"Of course. But what on earth sent Geraldine up the Golden Dome in the dead of winter?"

Kathleen shook her pretty head.

"She's turned into the most uncontrollable sporting proposition you ever heard of! She's up there at Lynx Peak camp, with her rifle and old Miller. They're after that big boar—the biggest, horridest thing in the whole forest. I saw him once. He's disgusting. Scott objected, and so did I; but, somehow, I'm becoming reconciled to these breakneck enterprises she goes in for so hard—so terribly hard, Duane!—and all I do is fuss a little and make a few tearful objections, and she laughs and does what she pleases."

He said: "It is better, is it not, to let her?"

"Yes," returned Kathleen quietly, "it is better. That is why I say very little."

There was a moment's silence, but the constraint did not last.

"It's twenty below zero, my poor friend," observed Kathleen. "Luckily, there is no wind tonight; but, all the same, you ought to keep in touch with your nose and ears."

Duane investigated cautiously.

"My features are still sticking to my face," he announced. "Is it really twenty below? It doesn't seem so."

"It is. Yesterday the thermometers registered thirty below, but nobody here minds it when the wind doesn't blow; and Geraldine has acquired the most exquisite color!—and she's *so* maddeningly pretty, Duane, and actually plump in that long, slim way of hers. . . . And there's another thing: she is *happier* than she has been for a long, long while."

"Has that fact any particular significance to you?" he asked slowly.

"Vital! . . . Do you understand me, Duane, dear?"

"Yes."

A moment later she called in her clear voice: "Gate, please!" A lantern flashed; a door opened in the lodge; there came a crunch of snow, a creak, and the gates of Roya-Neh swung wide in the starlight.

"I suppose you want to hear all the news, all the gossip from three snowbound rustics, don't you?" she asked. "Well, then, let me immediately report a most overwhelming tragedy. Scott has just discovered that several inconsiderate entomologists, who died before he was born, all wrote elaborate life histories of the rose-beetle. Isn't it pathetic? And he's worked *so* hard, and he's been like a father to the horrid young grubs, feeding them nice, juicy roots, taking their weights and measures, photographing them, counting their degraded internal organs—oh, it is too vexing! Because, if you should ask me, I may say that I've been a mother to them, too, and it enrages me to find out that all those wretched, squirming, thankless creatures have been petted and studied and have had their legs counted and their Bertillon measurements taken years before either Scott or I came into this old fraud of a scientific world!"

Duane's unrestrained laughter excited her merriment; the starlit woodlands rang with it and the treble chiming of the sleighbells.

"What on earth will he find to do now?" asked Duane.

"He's going to see it through, he says. Isn't it fine of him? There is just a bare chance that he may discover something that those prying entomological people overlooked. Anyway, we are going to devote next summer to studying the parasites of the rose-beetle and try to find out what sort of creatures prey upon them. And I want to tell you something exciting, Duane. Promise you won't breathe one word!"

"Not a word!"

"Well, then—Scott was going to tell you, anyway!—we *think*—but, of course, we are not sure by any means!—but we venture to think that we have discovered a disease which kills rose-beetles. We don't know exactly what it is yet or how they get it, but we are practically convinced that it is a sort of fungus."

"How is old Scott, anyway?"

"Perfectly well," she said demurely. "He informs us daily that he weighs one hundred and ninety pounds and stands six feet two in his snowshoes. He always mentions it when he tells us that he is going to scrub your face in a snowdrift, and Geraldine invariably insists that he isn't man enough. You know, as a matter of fact, we're all behaving like very silly children up here. Goodness knows what the servants think." Her smiling face became graver. "I am so glad that matters are settled and that there's enough of your estate left to keep your mother and Naida in comfort."

He nodded. "How is Scott coming out?"

"Why—he'll tell you. I don't believe he has very much left. Geraldine's part is sufficient to run Roya-Neh and the house in town, if she and Scott conclude to keep it. Old Mr. Tappan has been quite wonderful. Why, Duane, he's a perfect old dear; and we all are so terribly contrite and so anxious to make amends for our horrid attitude toward him when he ruled us with an iron rod."

"He's a funny old duck," mused Duane. "That son of his, Peter, has had the 'indiwidool cultiwated' clean out of him. He's only a type, like Gibson's drawings of Tag's son. Old Tappan may be as honest as a block of granite, but it's an awful thing that he should ever have presided over the destinies of children."

Kathleen sighed. "According to his light he was faithful. I know that his system was almost impossible. I had to live and see my children driven into themselves until they were becoming too self-centered to care for anything else—to realize that there was anything else or anybody else except their wishes and themselves to consider. . . . But, Duane, you see, the right quality was latent in them. They are coming out—they have emerged splendidly. It has altered their lives fundamentally, of course; but sometimes I wonder whether, in their particular cases, it was not better to cripple the easy, irresponsible and delightfully-casual social instincts of the house of Seagrave. Educated according to my own ideas, they must inevitably have become, in a measure, types of the set they are identified with. And the only serious flaw in the Seagraves was—weakness."

Duane nodded, staring ahead into the star-illumined night.

"I don't know. Tappan's poison may have been the tonic for them in this case. . . . Tell me, Kathleen, has Geraldine—suffered?"

"Yes."

"Very much?"

"Very much, Duane. Has she said nothing about it to you in her letters?"

"Nothing since she went to town that time. Every letter flies the red cross. . . . Does she still—suffer?"

"I don't think so. She seems so wonderfully happy—so vigorous, in such superb physical condition. For a month I have not seen that pitiful, haunted expression come into her eyes. And it is not mere restlessness that drives her into perpetual motion now; it's a new delight in driving hard and with all her might every moment of the day! . . . She overdoes it; you will turn her energy into other channels, too. She's ready for you, I think."

They drove on in silence for a few minutes, swung into a broader avenue of pines. Straight ahead glimmered the lights of Roya-Neh.

Duane said naïvely: "I don't suppose I could get up to Lynx Peak camp tonight, could I?"

Kathleen threw back her head, making no effort to control her laughter.

"It isn't necessary," she managed to explain. "I sent a messenger up the mountain with a note to her, saying that matters of importance required her immediate return. She'll come down tonight by sleigh from the Green Pass and Westgate Center."

"Won't she be furious?" he inquired, with a hypocritical side glance at Kathleen, who laughed derisively and drew in the horses under the porte-cochère. A groom took their heads; Duane swung Kathleen clear to the steps just as Scott Seagrave, hearing sleighbells, came out bareheaded, his dinner-jacket wide open, as though he luxuriated in the bitter air.

"Good work!" he said. "How are you, Duane? Geraldine arrived from the Green Pass about five minutes ago. She thinks you're sleighing, Kathleen, and she's tremendously curious to know why you want her."

"She probably suspects," said Kathleen, disappointed.

"No, she doesn't. I began to talk business immediately, and I know she thinks that some of Mr. Tappan's lawyers are coming. So they are next month," he added with a grin, and, turning on Duane:

"I think I'll begin festivities by washing your face in the snow."

"You're not man enough," remarked the other; and the next moment they had clinched and were swaying and struggling all over the terrace to the scandal of the servants peering from the door.

"He's tired and half frozen!" exclaimed Kathleen. "What a brute you are to bully him, Scott!"

"I'll include you in a moment," he panted, loosing Duane and snatching a handful of snow. Whereupon she caught up sufficient snow to fill the hollow of her driving glove, powdered his face thoroughly with the feathery flakes, picked up her skirts and ran for it, knowing full well she could expect no mercy.

Duane watched their reckless flight through the hall and upstairs, then walked in, dropped his coat and advanced across the heavy rugs toward the fireplace.

On the landing above he heard Geraldine's laughter, then silence, then her clear, careless singing of an old chansonnette as she descended the stairs.

At the doorway she halted, seeing a man's figure silhouetted against the firelight. Then she moved forward inquiringly, the ruddy glow full in her brown eyes; and a little shock passed straight through her.

"Duane!" she whispered.

He caught her in his arms, kissed her, locked her closer; then with a nervous movement she twisted clear of him.

"Dear, you must not take me—yet. I am not ready, Duane. You must give me time!"

"Time! Is anything—has anything gone wrong?"

"No—oh, no, no, no! Don't you understand, I must take my own time? I've won the right to it; I'm winning out, Duane—winning back myself. I must have my little year of self-respect. Oh, *can't* you understand that you mustn't sweep me off my feet this way?—that I'm too proud to go to you—have you take me while there remains the faintest shadow of risk?"

"But I don't care!" he cried.

She caught his hands in hers and, close to him, looked into his eyes smilingly, tearfully and a little proudly. The sensitive under lip quivered, but she held her head high.

"Don't ask me to give you what is less perfect than I can make it. Don't let me remember my gift and be ashamed, dear. There must be no memory of your mistaken generosity to trouble me in the years to come—the long, splendid years with you. Let me always remember that I gave you myself as I really can be; let me always know that neither your love nor compassion was needed to overlook any flaw in what I give."

She lifted her lips to his, offering them; he kissed her; then, with a little laugh, she abandoned his hands and stepped back, mocking, tormenting, enjoying his discomfiture.

"It's cruel, isn't it, you poor lamb! But do you know the year is already flying very, very fast? Do you think I'm not counting the days?"—and suddenly yielding—"if you wish—if you truly do wish it, dear, I will marry you on the very day that the year—my year—ends. Come over here"—she seated herself and made a place for him—"you may sit here—a little nearer if you think it wise—and I'm ready to listen to your views concerning anything on earth, Duane, even including love and wedlock."

"I suppose it's all right," he said with a sigh, but utterly unconvinced. "You always were fair about things, and if it's your idea of justice to me and to yourself, that settles it."

"Those people are deliberately leaving us here to spoon," she declared indignantly. "I know perfectly well that dinner was announced ages ago!" And, raising her voice: "Scott, you silly ninny! Where in the world are you?"

Scott appeared with alacrity from the library, evidently detained there in hunger and impatience by Kathleen, who came in a moment later, pretty eyes innocently perplexed.

"I declare," she said, "it is nine o'clock, and dinner is supposed to be served at eight!" And she seemed more surprised than ever when old Howker, who evidently had been listening off stage, entered with reproachful dignity and announced that ceremony.

And it was the gayest kind of a ceremony, for they ate and chattered and laughed there together as inconsequentially as four children, and when Howker, with pomp and circumstance, brought in a roast boar's head garnished with hollylike crimson alder, they all stood up and cheered as though they really liked the idea of eating it. However, there was, from the same animal, a saddle to follow the jowl, which everybody tasted and only Scott really liked.

"That isn't a very big wild boar," observed Scott, critically eying the saddle.

"It's a two-year-old," admitted Geraldine. "I only shot him because Lacy said we were out of meat."

"*You* killed him!" exclaimed Duane.

She gave him a condescending glance, and Scott laughed.

"She and Miller save this establishment from daily famine," he said. "You have no idea how many deer and boar it takes to keep the game within limits and ourselves and domestics decently fed. Just look at the heads up there on the walls." He waved his arm around the oak wainscoting, where at intervals the great, furry heads of wild boar loomed in the candlelight, ears and mane on end, eyes and white, saberlike tusks gleaming. "Those are Geraldine's," he said with brotherly pride.

"I want to shoot one, too!" said Duane firmly. "Do you think I'm going to let my affianced put it all over me like that?"

"*Isn't* it like a man?" said Geraldine, appealing to Kathleen. "They simply can't endure it if a girl ventures competition——"

"You talk like a suffragette," observed her brother. "Duane doesn't care how many piglings you shoot; he wants to go out alone and get that old grandfather of all boars that kept you on the mountain for the last three days——"

"*My* boar!" she cried indignantly. "I won't have it! I won't let him. Oh, Duane, *am* I a pig to want to manage this affair when I've been after him all winter?—and he's the biggest, grayest, wiliest thing you ever saw—a perfectly enormous silvery fellow with two pairs of Japanese saber-sheaths for tusks and a mane like a lion, and a double bend in his nose, and——"

Shouts of laughter checked her flushed animation.

"Of course I'm not going to sneak out all alone and pot your old pig," said Duane. "I'll find one for myself on some other mountain——"

"But I want you to shoot with me!" she exclaimed in dismay. "I wanted you to see me stalk this boar and get him marked, and have you kill him. Oh, Duane, that was the fun. I've been saving him, I really have. Miller knows that I had a shot yesterday—a pretty good one—and wouldn't take it. I killed a four-year near Hurryon instead, just to save that one——"

"You're the finest little sport in the land!" said Duane, "and we are just tormenting you. Of course I'll go with you, but I'm blessed if I pull trigger on that gentleman pig——"

"You *must!* I've saved him. Scott, make him say he will! Kathleen, this is really too annoying! A girl plans and plans and pictures to herself the happiness and surprise she's going to give a man, and he's too stupid to comprehend——"

"Meaning me!" observed Duane. "But I leave it to you, Scott; a man can't do such a thing decently——"

"Oh, you silly people," laughed Kathleen; "you may never again see that boar. Denman, keeper at Northgate when Mr. Atwood owned the estate, told me that everybody had been after that boar and nobody ever got a glimpse of him. Which," she added, "does not surprise me, as there are some hundred square miles of mountain and forest on this estate, and Duane is lazy and aging very fast."

XXII

THE weather was unsuitable for hunting. It snowed for a week, thawed over night, then froze, then snowed again; but the moon that night promised a perfect day.

Young Mallett supposed that he was afoot and afield before anybody else in the house could be stirring; but, as he pitched his sketching easel on the edge of the frozen pasture brook and opened his field-box a far hail from the white hilltop arrested him.

High poised on the snowy crest above him, clothed in white wool from collar to kneekilts, and her thick, clustering hair flying, she came flashing down the hill on her skis, soared high into the sunlight, landed and shot downward, pole balanced.

Like a silvery meteor she came flashing toward him, then her hair-raising speed slackened and, swinging in a widely-gracious curve, she came gliding across the glittering field of snow and quietly stopped in front of him.

"Since when, angel, have you acquired this miraculous accomplishment?" he demanded.

"Do I do it well, Duane?"

"A swallow from Paradise isn't in your class, dear," he admitted, fascinated. "Is it easy—this new stunt of yours?"

"Try it," she said so sweetly that he missed the wickedness in her smile.

So, balancing one hand on his shoulder, she disengaged her moccasins from the toe-clips, and he shoved his felt hunter jackboots into the leather loops and, leaning on the pointed pole which she handed him, gazed with sudden misgiving down the gentle declivity below. She encouraged him; he listened, nodding his comprehension of her instructions, but still gazing down the hill, a trifle ill at ease.

However, as skates and snowshoes were no mystery to him, he glanced at the long, narrow runners curved upward at the extremities with more assurance, and his masculine confidence in all things masculine returned. Then he started, waved his hand, smiling his condescension; then he realized that he was going faster than he desired to; then his legs began to do disrespectful things to him. The treachery of his own private legs was most disheartening, for they wavered and wobbled deplorably, now threatening to cross each other, now veering alarmingly wide of his body. He made a feebly-desperate attempt to use his trail-pole, and the next second all that Geraldine could see of the episode was mercifully enveloped in a spouting pinwheel of snow.

Like all masculine neophytes, he picked himself up and came back, savagely confident in his humiliation. She tried to guide his first toddling ski-steps, but he was mad all through and would have his own way. With a set and mirthless smile, again and again he gave himself to the slope and to the mercy of his insurgent legs, and at length, bearing heavily on his trail-pole, managed to reach the level below without capsizing.

She praised him warmly, rescued his wool gloves and cap from snowy furrows into which their owner had angrily but helplessly dived; and then she stepped into her skis and ascended the hill beside him with that long-limbed, graceful, swinging stride which he had ventured to believe might become him also.

He said hopelessly: "If you expect me to hunt wild boar with you on skis there'll be some wild and widely-distributed shooting in this county. How can I hit a boar while describing helpless ellipses in midair, or how can I run away while I'm sticking nose down in a snowdrift?"

. . . . . .

From the distant hilltop a voice bellowed at them through a megaphone; and, looking aloft, they beheld Scott gesticulating.

"If you two mental irresponsibles want any breakfast," he shouted, "you'd better hustle! Miller telephones that the big boar fed below Cloudy Mountain at sunrise!"

After breakfast Kathleen handed Geraldine a brief letter from Rosalie Dysart. It read:

Do you think Geraldine would ask me up for a few days? I'm horribly lonesome and unhappy, and I'd rather be with you wholesome people than with anybody I know, if you don't mind my making a refuge of your generosity. But if you'd rather not have me, I won't be offended; and, anyway, you are dear and decent people and I love you.

ROSALIE DENE.

"How funny," mused Geraldine. "She's dropped Jack Dysart's name already in private correspondence. . . . Poor child!" Looking up at Kathleen: "We must ask her, mustn't we, dear?"

There was more of virginal severity in Kathleen. She did not see why Rosalie, under the circumstances, should make a convenience of Geraldine, but she did not say so; and, perhaps, glancing at the wistful young girl before her, she understood this new toleration for those in dubious circumstances—comprehended the unusual gentleness of judgment which often softens the verdict of those who themselves have drifted too near the danger mark ever to forget it or to condemn those still adrift.

"Yes," she said, "ask her."

Duane looked up from the perusal of his own letter as Kathleen and Scott strolled off toward the greenhouses, where the latter's daily entomological researches continued under glass and the stimulus of artificial heat and Kathleen Severn.

"Geraldine," he said, "here's a letter from Bunny Gray. He and Sylvia Quest were married yesterday very quietly and they sailed for Cape Town this morning!"

"What!"

"That's what he writes. Did you ever hear of anything quicker?"

"How funny," she said. "Bunny and Sylvia? I knew he was attentive to her, but——"

"You mean Dysart?" he said carelessly. "Oh, he's only a confirmed débutante chaser; a sort of social measles. They all recover rapidly."

"I had the—social measles," said Geraldine, smiling.

Duane repressed a shiver. "It's inevitable," he said gaily. "Dear?"

"What, dear?"

"Do something for me."

"I promise."

"Then ask De Lancy up here to shoot. Do you mind?"

"I'd love to. Can he come?"

"I think so."

"I'll write now. Won't it be jolly," she said innocently, "to have him and Rosalie here together——"

The blank change on his face checked her. "Isn't it all right?" she asked, astonished.

He'd made his blunder. There was only one thing for him to say and he said it cordially, mentally damning himself for forgetting that Rosalie was to be invited.

"I'll write to them both this morning," concluded Geraldine. "Of course, poor Jack Dysart is out of the question."

"A little," he said mildly. And, furious with himself, he rose as she stood up and followed her into the armory, her cool little hand trailing and just touching his.

For half an hour they prowled about, examining the guns; every make and pattern of rifle and fowling-piece was represented in Scott's collection.

It was great fun for Geraldine to lay out their equipment in two neat piles: a rifle apiece, with cases and bandoliers; cartridges; two hunting-knives with leather sheaths; shooting hoods and coats; and timber-jack's boots for her lover; moccasins for her; a pair of heavy sweaters for each; and woolen mitts, fashioned to leave the trigger-finger free.

Beside these she laid two fur-lined overcoats and backed away in naïve admiration at her industry.

"Wonderful, wonderful!" he said. "We'll only require saucepans and boiler-lids to look exactly like Tweedledum and Tweedledee arrayed for battle."

XXIII

FIVE days running, Geraldine, Duane and old Miller watched for the big gray boar among the rocky, oak ridges under Cloudy Mountain; and, though once they saw his huge tracks, they did not see him.

Every night, on their return, Scott jeered them and taunted them until a personal encounter with Duane was

absolutely necessary, and they always adjourned to the snowy field of honor to wipe off the score and each other's faces with the unblemished snow.

Rosalie and a Chow dog arrived by the middle of the week; De Lancy toward the end of it, unencumbered. Duane made a mental note of his own asininity, and let it go at that. He was as glad to see Rosalie as anybody, and just as glad to see De Lancy, but he'd have preferred to enjoy the pleasures separately, though it really didn't matter, after all.

"Sooner or later," he admitted to himself, "that De Lancy man is going to marry her; and it seems to me she's entitled to another chance in the world. Even our earthly courts are lenient toward first offenders. As for the ethics—puzzle it out, you!" He made a gesture including the world in general, lighted a cigarette, and went out to the gunroom to join Geraldine.

"Rosalie and De Lancy want to go shooting with us," he explained with a shrug.

"Oh, Duane!—and our solitary and very heavenly trips alone together!"

"I know it. I have just telephoned Miller to get Kemp from Westgate for them. Is that all right?"

"Yes"—she hesitated—"I think so."

"Let Kemp guide them," he insisted. "They'll never hold out as far as Cloudy Mountain. All they want is to shoot a boar, no matter how big it is. Miller says the boar are feeding again near the Green Pass. It's easy enough to send them there."

And so it came about that, after an early luncheon, a big double sleigh jingled up, received its jolly cargo, and sped away again into the white woodlands, Kathleen waving adieu and Scott deriding them with scoffing and snowballs.

The drive was very beautiful, particularly through the pine and hemlock belt where the great trees, clothed heavily with snow, bent branch and crest under the pale winter sunshine. Tall fir-balsams pricked the sky, perfect cones of white; spruces were snowy mounds; far into the forest twilight glimmered the unsullied snow.

They left the sleigh in an open wood of second-growth birch, beech and maple; sunlight lay in white splashes here and there; nothing except these blinding pools of light and the soft impression of a fallen twig varied the immaculate surface as far as the eye could see.

"Forward and silence!" called out Geraldine; the mellow swish of snowshoes answered her, and she glided forward on her skis, instructing De Lancy under her breath.

"The wind is right," she said. "They can't scent us here, though deeper in the mountains the wind cuts up and you never can be sure what it may do. . . . There's just a chance of jumping a pig here, but there's a better chance when we strike the alder country. Try not to shoot a sow."

"How am I to tell?"

"Sows have no tusks that show. Be careful not to mistake the white patches of snow on a sow's jowl for tusks. They get them by rooting, and it's not always easy to tell."

De Lancy said very honestly: "You'll have to control me; I'm likely to let drive at anything."

"You're more likely to forget to shoot until the pig is out of sight," she whispered, laughing. "Look! Three trails! They were made last night."

"Boar?"

"Yes," she nodded, glancing at the deep, cloven imprints. She leaned forward and glanced across the line at Miller, who caught her eye and signaled significantly with one hand.

"Be ready, De Lancy," she whispered. "There's a boar somewhere ahead."

"How can you tell?"

"I can scent him. It's strong enough in the wind," she added, wrinkling her delicate nose with a smile.

Grandcourt sniffed and sniffed, and finally detected a slight acrid odor in the light, clear breeze. He looked wisely around him; Geraldine was skirting a fallen tree on her skis; he started on and was just rounding a clump of brush when there came a light, crashing noise directly ahead of him; a big, dark, shaggy creature went bounding and bucking across his line of vision—a most extraordinary and remarkable animal, all head and shoulders and big, furry ears.

The snapping crack of a rifle echoed by the sharp racket of another shot aroused him to action too late, for Miller, knife drawn, was hastening across the snow to a distant, dark, motionless heap; and Geraldine stood jerking back the ejector of her weapon and throwing a fresh cartridge into the breech.

"My goodness!" he faltered. "Somebody got him! Who fired, Geraldine?"

She said: "I waited as long as I dared, De Lancy. They go like lightning, you know. I'm terribly sorry you didn't fire."

"Good girl!" said Duane in a low voice as she sped by him on her skis, rifle ready for emergencies, as old Miller cautiously approached the shaggy brown heap, knife glittering.

But there was no emergency. Geraldine uncocked her rifle and bent curiously over the dead boar.

"Nice tusks, Miss Seagrave," commented the old man "He's fat as butter, too. I cal'late he'll tip the beam at a hundred and forty paound!"

The hunters clustered around with exclamations of admiration; Rosalie, distractingly pretty in her white wool kilts and cap, knelt down and touched the fierce long-nosed head and stroked the furry jowl.

"Oh, De Lancy!" she wailed, "why *didn't* you plug him as you promised? *I* simply *couldn't* shoot; Duane tried to make me, but I was so excited and so surprised to see the creature run so fast that all my ideas went out of my head and I never thought of pulling that wretched trigger!"

"That," said De Lancy, very red, "is precisely what happened to me." And, turning to Geraldine, who looked dreadfully repentant: "I heard you tell me to shoot and I merely gawked at the beast like a rubbering jay at a ten-cent show."

"Everybody does that at first," said Duane cheerfully. "I'll bet anything that you and Rosalie empty your magazines at the next one."

"We really must, De Lancy," insisted Rosalie as she and Geraldine turned away.

Half a mile farther on De Lancy, laboring along on his snowshoes, suddenly halted, detaining Geraldine with a quick touch on the shoulder.

"There's something in that clearing," he whispered.

Miller had seen it, too. Duane motioned Rosalie forward to join De Lancy, and side by side they crept ahead, keeping a clump of scrub hemlock between them and the edge of the clearing. It was the Green Pass foreground, a rocky strip of pasture

"She's Up There at Lynx Peak Camp, With Her Rifle and Old Miller"

climbing upward toward Lynx Peak; and there, clean cut against the snowy background, three dark objects were moving, trotting nervously here and there, nosing, muzzling, tunneling the snow with long, sharp muzzles.

Duane and Geraldine silently unslung their field-glasses.

"They're boar," he said.

"Two-year-olds," she nodded. "I do hope they will get one each. Duane, ought I to have shot that other one?"

"Of course, you generous child! Otherwise he'd have gone clear away. That was a cracking shot, too—clean through the backbone at the base of the skull. . . . Look at Rosalie! She's unstrapped her snowshoes and she and De Lancy are crawling!"

Kemp had now joined the stalkers; he was a wise old hunter, and Duane and Geraldine, keeping very still, watched the operations.

For half an hour Rosalie lay motionless in the snow on the forest's edge, and Geraldine was beginning to fret at the prospect of her being too benumbed by the cold to use her rifle when the moment came, when Duane touched her on the arm and drew her attention to a fourth boar.

The animal came on from behind Rosalie and to De Lancy's right—a good-sized fellow, evidently suspicious, yet tempted to reconnoiter the feeding-ground.

"Oh, dear, oh, dear!" she whispered; "what a shot De Lancy has! Why *doesn't* he see him! What on earth is Kemp about? Why, the boar is within ten feet of De Lancy's legs and doesn't see or wind him!"

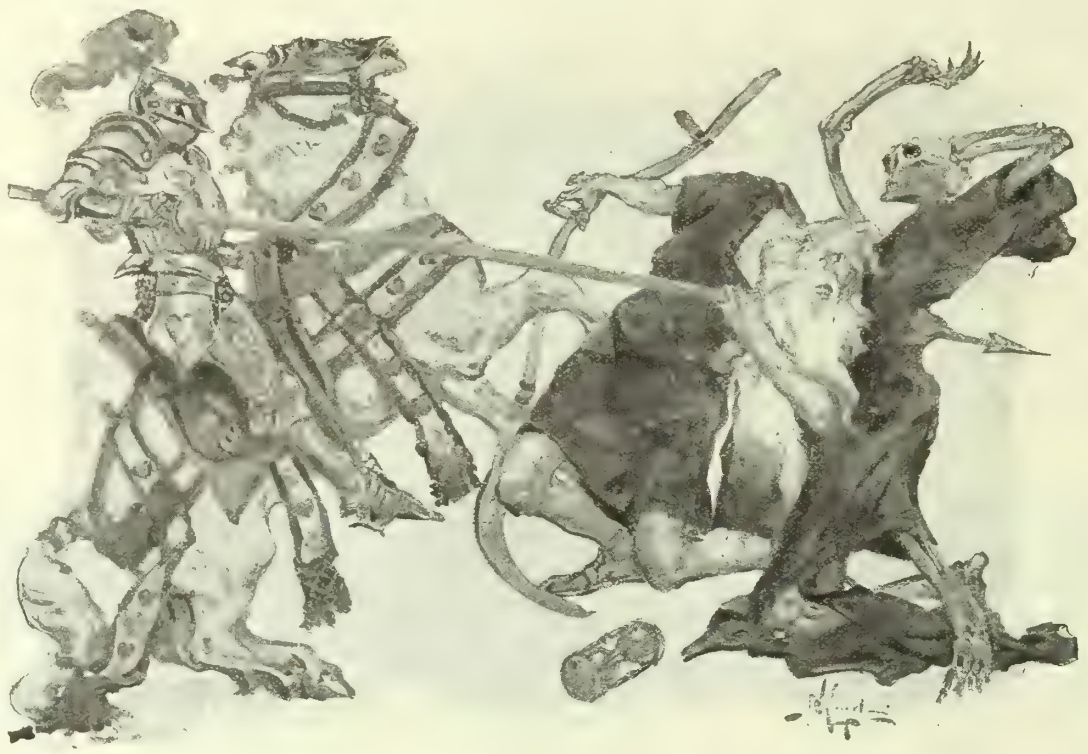
"Look!"

Kemp had caught sight of the fourth boar. Geraldine and Duane saw his dilemma, saw him silently give Rosalie the signal to fire at the nearest boar in the open, then saw him turn like a flash of lightning and almost drag De Lancy to his feet.

"Kill that pig, *now!*" he thundered—"unless you want him hackin' your shins!"

The boar stood in his tracks, bristling, furious, probably astounded to find himself so close to the only thing in all the forest that he feared and would have preferred to flee from.

Under such conditions boars lose their heads; there was a sudden clatter of tusks, a muffled, indescribable sound,



half squeal, half roar; a fountain of feathery snow, and two shots close together. Then a third shot.

Rosalie, rather pale, threw another cartridge in as De Lancy picked himself out of a snowbank and looked around him in astonishment.

"Well done, young lady!" cried Kemp, running a fistful of snow over the blade of his hunting-knife and nodding his admiration. "I guess it's just as well you disobeyed orders and let this funny pig have what was coming to him. . . . Y' ain't hurt, are ye, Mr. Grandcourt?"

"No; he didn't hit me; I tripped. Did I miss him?"

"Not at all," said Duane, kneeling down while Miller lifted the great, fierce head. "You hit him all right, but it didn't stop him; it only turned him. Here's your second bullet, too; and, Rosalie, yours did the business for him. Good for you! It's fine, isn't it, Geraldine?"

Grandcourt, flushing heavily, turned to Rosalie and held out his hand. "Thank you," he said; "the brute was right on top of me."

"Oh, no," she said honestly, "he'd missed you and was going straight on. I don't know how on earth I ever hit him, but I was so frightened to see you go over backward and I thought that he'd knocked you down, and I was perfectly furious at the beast."

She gave a little sob of excitement, laughed unsteadily and sat down on a fallen log, burying her face in her hands.

They knew enough to let her alone and pretend not to notice her. Geraldine chattered away cheerfully to the two men while the keepers drew the game. De Lancy tried to listen to her, but his anxious eyes kept turning toward Rosalie, and at length, unable to endure it, he went over and sat down beside her, careless of what others might infer.

"How funny," whispered Geraldine to Duane. "I had no idea that De Lancy was so fond of her. Had you?"

He started slightly. "I? Oh, no," he said hastily—too hastily. He was a very poor actor.

(Continued on Page 65)

Wealthy Paupers and the Penniless Rich—By Marie van Vorst

THE most distinguished paupers I know are a charming man and his childless wife, who have a beautiful villa in Florence and a handsome house in New York. The man is a successful writer of plays, making easily, when in working trim, twenty thousand dollars a year. His wife now and then makes a dash into print with little effort and is the happy gatherer-in of from five to six thousand dollars a year. They are also so fortunate as to possess a secured income ranging anywhere from fifteen to twenty thousand dollars. I don't think I know more charming people, more elevating, idealistic, sweeter or broader. In the little exchequer of their friends they are known as "the poor Amorys." The last time I came home from Europe, fresh from a short visit to the Amorys in their Italian home, one of our mutual friends met me and asked: "Do tell me how the poor dear Amorys are." Well, if I had told him I should have said that the Amorys were very poor indeed.

My little visit to them had not been one of pure affection alone. I had gone in to see them on a little mission. Far off, in Chicago, lived a maiden sister of Mr. Amory. Miss Clarissa supported herself as best she could—she shared her brother's literary talent—by writing little skits, which now and then a hopeful syndicate succeeded in placing. Miss Clarissa, being one of those products known as a "lady born," educated and brought up in luxury, with no provision made for earning her daily bread, knew not how or where to make it. She was a proud, distinguished, lovely creature. Knowing something of her battle with the world and the details too sordid to surround the life of a delicate woman, I had gone boldly to the Amorys to ask something of their help.

Sitting out on the lovely terrace of the young people's villa, Florence swimming in the distance under the misty light, I told these people about Miss Clarissa, and tears were in the eyes of both of her relatives. Mrs. Amory put her hand on her husband's knee.

"I wish we *could* help her, George. I shall never feel like cashing another check from a publisher without sharing it with your sister," she said, and they blamed me severely for having kept the affair a secret so long.

Their attitude of mind cheered me greatly. Mrs. Amory was especially touched with my description of her sister-in-law's wardrobe: the poor shoes, the insufficient clothing.

The following day, after having held some wise counsel together, Mrs. Amory bade me use my influence to induce Miss Clarissa to come over and live with them for a year. "But," I protested, "Miss Clarissa is like a cat in a garret. You know she has her little home and she loves it."

Miss Clarissa's little home was a tiny apartment, with a tiny rent, but her heart was in her dwelling. I didn't think she would survive the pulling up of her roots. In short, to leave her own country and her own place and become a guest or visitor for a year with the Amorys was the solution offered her. In closing Mrs. Amory said to me: "I should *so* like to send her some money, particularly as you tell me that she has some petty debts, but you have no idea how poor we are. I lie awake nights trying to make two ends meet," and she dropped her voice; "you know, don't you, that we are already twenty-five thousand dollars in debt?"

It turned out that the automobile that delightfully took us around about the Tuscan country was not paid for. The Amorys were paying for it by installments.

"I can't conceive," Mrs. Amory said to me when I left, "*how Clarissa lives.*"

Unfortunately for the strain that it was upon my sympathies I *knew* how Clarissa Amory lived, and that she would have to go on doing it unless some windfall shaken by the winds of Heaven brought her the relief her pauper relatives could not give.

There are no troubles more serious than those of too much or too little money. The Amorys, perfectly charming, idealistic and theoristic as they are, are unhappy. In the course of our conversation Mrs. Amory confessed to me the greatest grief she had was not being able to give to those she loved. "How I wish," she sighed feelingly, "that I had a fortune so that I might make everybody I know who is in need, happy." It was food to think upon, and I thought upon it deeply. Before I had left little Miss Clarissa I had said to her: "And would you in your struggle, being a proud lady, accept money from your brother George?" Miss Clarissa had smiled sweetly and said: "Accept from George? Why, he has been my playmate and my companion all my life. All our happy memories are together. Why shouldn't I accept from him? He knows." There didn't seem to be any danger that her delicacy would be offended by the largess of the Amorys' donation to her sinking fund.

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Mr. and Mrs. Featherstone live on the sixth floor of an old Third Avenue tenement house. If I should say that it was a palatial residence occupied by millionaires who slept eight in two rooms because they were fond of each other, if I should say that Mr. Featherstone never did any work because he was of a dreamy temperament, and that Mrs. Featherstone, being a modern woman, did all the work and liked it, I should probably be misunderstood.

The Featherstones are what is known as improvident, always in trouble and, according to the term usually employed, "dirt poor." Out of the eight that sleep in the two rooms there is likely to be now and then a neighbor's child or a sick friend's child, for Mrs. Featherstone is imposed upon.

One bright January day when the active thermometer had climbed up to zero Mr. Featherstone, too cold in the house, took a little walk around the block. Cowering in a corner of one of the buildings he observed a young boy weeping so bitterly his sympathies were touched. He discovered that the boy had been turned out of his job

(driving a butcher's cart) for dishonesty. As the little group of people in the Featherstones' rooms do not quite overflow into the hall he brought the butcher boy back, and in the course of the afternoon learned that he was a foundling, an orphan, out of work for a week, hungry, homeless, a vagrant of the streets with a bad name.

To make a long story short, Featherstone added that boy to his household until he had found out and proved to the satisfaction of the neighborhood that the charges against the young chap were entirely false. So well did old Featherstone work that in a fortnight the boy was reinstated with his former employer, driving his old wagon at comfortable wages, and during the course of the winter boarded with the Featherstones at fifty cents a week. Since then, as he seems to fulfill the duties of benefactor, I class Mr. Featherstone among the "truly rich."

In the dictionary the first definition of Riches is Power. It is curious to observe the significance of that word. Does the expensive clothing of the body, the fifty-thousand-dollar rope of pearls, the twenty-five-dollar boots, the fifteen-dollar stockings and the rest of it, the colossal material expenditure upon raiment and food, represent power? Rather let us value those faculties which sway the minds and hearts and characters of men.

Clarissa Amory's Poor Professor

CLARISSA AMORY in Chicago exhibited power in a deed of hers. Knowing her to be a woman of sympathies (although she had just sufficient clothes to her own back to make a reputable appearance) the directress of a charitable institution asked her, one January day, to look into the case of a woman at a certain number in a certain street. Miss Clarissa, herself none too warm, mounted the tenement stairs to a tenement room occupied by an unfortunate professor, his wife and a little boy. She saw before her a group of the world's refugees, hunted and hounded by misfortune. The woman was about to have another child, but the nourishment of the last few months, consisting of oatmeal and water, had not been conducive to anything but the symptoms of mortal disease. Standing before them, unable to give them money, Miss Clarissa's mind worked out a scheme. The woman, according to the decision of the Charities Board, was to be taken that afternoon to the hospital; indeed, while Miss Clarissa was there the ambulance came and took her away. The penniless, unfortunate professor with the little boy, encouraged by the words of Mr. Amory's sister, waited in the deserted room until night when the lady returned. She had found him during that time a position as under-teacher in a large boys' school—I don't know how. She had secured for him the occupancy of a very humble apartment in the school building where his rent was to be paid for two months in advance by the school. There was an extra room in the apartment. Mr. Amory's sister had arranged that this should be occupied by a weekly boarder, a schoolboy from the West. When she returned to the charity room to the professor whom she had left stranded high and dry upon the beach of misfortune she brought him back an entry into the world of action, into life. Miss Clarissa spent her next week in getting her rich friends, for she had them, to furnish the professor's apartment. He went into a home. He took up his duties as teacher. He kept his little boy with him, and he had his boarder. Meanwhile Mr. Amory's sister made an excursion to the hospital where the surgeons were about to operate on the professor's wife. There Clarissa made another *coup d'état*. She persuaded the men of science that the woman was too weak to be operated upon. She asked for the woman a respite of a fortnight. It was granted to Miss Clarissa, and Miss Clarissa took the woman home. Then she fed her and nursed her, and later, without any operation whatsoever, the woman's baby was born—a healthy child.

This little incident is so delightfully encouraging that it merits being told in full. Miss Amory's charity now dates back six long years. The professor is second master in the school. He has two apartments instead of one, and Clarissa is godmother of the stalwart baby. I am inclined to think that she deserves her honor. I am also inclined to think that Miss Clarissa exhibited the Power which the dictionary gives as the definition of Riches. Although she does not rejoice in an income from her brother her name stands on the list of the "truly rich."

. . . . . .

One of the leaders in New York society, who died not very long ago, evinced to a less wealthy friend her desire to "get into touch with the poor." "I want," said Mrs. C——, "to know something of their lives—to reach them. My own position makes it dreadfully hard."

Mrs. C——'s income was something like half a million of dollars. I am not prepared to say what proportion of that she gave annually to the poor. Her friend, delighted, told her she would let her know when a case of interest presented itself. The case shortly came to light—the circumstances of a woman with ten children, who was to be evicted from her apartment in default of her rent. The charitable lady quickly wrote the name and address and the touching details to Mrs. C——. When the date of eviction came and Mrs. C—— had not given any sign or token the charitable lady naturally stood in the breach. But Mrs. C—— had been sincere in her wish to come close to the poor. She had not forgotten the ten little children, and during the winter months she sent ten little woolen mufflers "knitted," as she wrote to the charitable lady, "by my own hands." It is not best to criticise an act like this, nor does it mean indifference or callousness or anything but ignorance. Mrs. C—— was so fearfully and wonderfully rich that she could not know the power of money. Her sense of fitness was destroyed.

There is a vast power of uplift in a little need and the value of being able to alleviate the need in others is a vaster uplift still. The very idea of riches clouds and obscures the ideas of sufficiency. One of the greatest philosophers of the world, Voltaire, in writing his dictionary, left out the words "poverty" and "riches." He had no definition ready for either, and it is very easy to be seen why. He was a philosopher interested in the balance of the world, and the existence of either poverty or riches destroyed that balance.

I knew a man who, according to the standard, was very rich indeed. He built, in one of the Hudson River towns, a house as nearly a palace as he knew how to construct. It had gardens and terraces and parks and the grounds went down to the river. In telling about it he said: "My idea in building such an imposing place is that the very sight of it will terrify the tramps. I want it to look so splendid that no beggar will ever dare to come near it." When the house was completed it looked very splendid indeed. There was no doubt about it. And the millionaire went in to live there.

He was free from the mendicants he hated, but during the year there came a guest to his gate dressed in the thinnest of garments, through which the wind blew. He made his visit to the tremendously rich man and his will was not to be gainsaid, and before morning the millionaire had gone out with his pale visitor whom his riches had not terrified. It was an impressive story. It happened in the town where I was a child and I heard the man make his strange remark.

We are told that riches take wings to themselves and are likely to leave without much warning. At all events there are certain things which are not possessed of pinions and which stay indefinitely. Rich and poor are called upon to meet them alike, the crises of life. Nevertheless, as a person once said to me: "An income of forty thousand dollars a year and an automobile are helps toward bearing the death of a husband." There is, however, only one way to come into real touch with people and that is through human sympathy, and the man or woman who has not this gift, whether possessed or not of an income of forty thousand dollars, an automobile or a yacht, will find at certain periods of his life that he is poor. I knew a man who had a much larger income than this, and many agreeable means of locomotion, and couldn't get any one to go on his parties—that is to say, any one he cared to take. I knew, at the same time, a man whose physical infirmities prevented him even from working for his living, and he was constantly a guest at the boards of his friends, so sought for and wished for, so eminently the soul and spirit and life of every party that, as he said to me in something like despair: "Why, heavens and earth, if I had a home, they wouldn't let me stay in it!"

I chanced to be walking down Fifth Avenue last winter with one of the possessors of fat incomes. During our walk we passed on the other side of the street a little old maid carrying a parcel of books. I mentioned her to my friend, making some remark on the barrenness of her life. One of those unfortunate beings born with neither talent nor charm and without capability, she pursued her dreary life dependent on the charity of a kindly sister. Having more than once remarked the pallid look of utter unhappiness on this woman's face I spoke of her now to my friend, who answered: "Why, what's the matter with her? She has enough to eat, hasn't she, and enough to drink, and enough to put on her back? What more can she want?"

A Sick Woman's Charity

ONCE, in the South, I remember going into the house of a woman who was dying of an incurable malady. She had three children working in the cotton mills and was supported by their pitiful gains. There were poorer than she "up street," and I had the bad taste to tell her of a little family suddenly left orphaned by the death of the mother. The baby was only three months old. I had contemplated writing to New York for a subscription and for advice as to the placing of them, but when I told my story the woman said, sitting up in bed, her thin hands held out: "Why, fetch 'em hyar, bring 'em hyar; we'll do for 'em." The scarcity of her fortune, the daily struggle—with one beautiful sweep she put out of her life everything but the big things—everything but those deeds which by their sublimity and their sincerity make the human soul rich indeed.

The burden of the rich man is himself and he carries it day and night, and it is so heavy a one that the burden of his brother is almost too much to ask him to lift. The big donations to big charities, the enormous gifts which proclaim the power of money, the great, wide, far-spreading circle of good that the rich do and will do is beside this question. All the donations in the world do not prove that the giver is a rich man, whereas Death itself—as it must soon come to the hospitable woman in the mills—Death cannot rob her of the courtesy and the tenderness, the human sympathy and love that proclaimed her fortune.

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PHILADELPHIA, OCTOBER 2, 1909

About Mr. Harriman

OTHER railroads than Harriman's maintained political departments quite as objectionable as his. Other men at the head of great properties used their position for personal speculations much more grossly than he ever did. On the physical side of railroading he was admirable. He built up the carrying and operating efficiency of his lines on broad, sound ideas. Under his direction there was issued at least a thousand millions of securities for people to invest in, and with one early exception it was practically all sound stuff, representing a real investment of capital, with little inflation. He made a great deal of money, but he was the means whereby still more money was made by others. We heard that he was domineering, sometimes irascible; but we never heard that he was false to his associates and followers. He was, in fact, one of the best of his class.

He stood fairly foremost in a condition upon which public hostility focused. It is always more comforting to blame the man than to blame the condition. But it is not true that he made the condition worse. On the whole, he rather bettered it.

Under his régime, no doubt, the legislature and courts of California were amenable to Southern Pacific influence; but the people of California had accepted that state of affairs long before his time; to change it always lay within their power.

In August last, nearly three and a half million shares of Union Pacific common—about seventy-five per cent more than the whole amount outstanding—were bought on the Stock Exchange. The shares opened the month at 201, sold up to 219, dropped back to 194 and rose again to 201—exactly where they had stood thirty days before, seven hundred million dollars' worth of them having ostensibly changed hands meanwhile. Of course, this vast trade was merely a vast gamble. The last two years and eight months, under his leadership, the trade in Union Pacific and Southern Pacific exceeded one hundred million shares of a par value of one hundred dollars each. This was an injurious activity, and it was his most conspicuous one. Yet among the big leaders of speculation he was one of the fairest. Mr. Harriman did not make the condition; all of us made it. Many men, with much less than his power, have taken much more selfish advantage of it on every side.

Another Polar Report

TO A STATISTICAL contemporary we are indebted for information that in 1909 American universities conferred the degree of doctor of philosophy upon three hundred and seventy-eight persons. This discloses the educational farthest North; it is a chart of the academic pole, reminding us, naturally, of the stories of Cook and Peary.

Education, admittedly, is the world's chief enterprise. In the United States, at this writing, probably fifteen million beings are devoting the better part of their time and energies to it. This vast body slowly but unceasingly advances, ever pressing upward to the North. Millions toddle only a few miles above equatorial zero; others push through the colder latitudes, their eyes fixed eagerly upon the next parallel above them. And at the top of all, as we have seen, this devoted little band of three hundred and seventy-eight actually reached the Pole—suffering chilblains and snow-blindness, sledding painfully o'er the waste hummocks, halting in that inhuman atmosphere only to nourish themselves with a bowl of blubber or to gnaw frozen pemmican; ever on and on until scientific observation showed they had reached the apex of the world—although that desired spot looked just like any other in the circumjacent hundred thousand square miles.

Such is the crest of the great world-wave, the Ultima Thule of education—a handful of lonesome, frostbitten survivors afloat on the arctic ice of Ph. D. But the degree of Ph. D. is conferred, nowadays, without prejudice. It does not at all imply that the recipient has been spending all that time in the study of philosophy. He may, indeed, have been studying something quite useful. At any rate, the return route is open and easy. He may, and often does, come back and get all thawed out in a single summer.

Culture in Small Doses

FORMERLY it was maintained that no one could be liberally educated unless he were able to read Greek tragedies in the original. Later, many highly-respectable institutions offered a liberal education in a four-year course, without regard to Greek. Then a good many worthy concerns proposed to supply all the elements of culture by correspondence, to be digested during odd moments at home. Latest of all, a high authority asserts that almost any one can secure a liberal education by devoting a little time daily to the perusal of certain books, about forty in number, the whole stunt extending, perhaps, over a year. It seems to follow that a neat duodecimo compendium of these books, such as one might read in a day's journey, would get one as far as bachelor of arts.

Invention and discovery move rapidly these days. We have achieved the flying machine and the North Pole in a single summer. Culture in thirty days seems not impossible.

That, obviously, is the goal—to get cultivated in one dose, or in the fewest possible number of doses, and have it over with.

As between the old, standard, allopathic treatment of four years in college and the newer methods, much in favor of the latter may be said. If education is a dose, to be taken and done with, the little bottles are practically as good as the big, and much less expensive. Viewed as a dose, nobody ever got anything worth mentioning out of either. The only useful thing either can do for anybody is to create a lifelong habit, the indulgence of which will be a joy, not a task.

On the Saving of Time

PEKIN is to have a modern telephone exchange. The apparatus was ordered in the United States recently. At present, with four times our population, China has only two thousand telephones—mostly used by foreigners—against, probably, ten million in this country. She has about one mile of railroad to our sixty; one mile of telegraph wire to our forty. In mechanical production the odds in our favor are, no doubt, as great.

Probably this is about to change. Increasingly China will adopt all those wonderful Occidental inventions the grand object of which is to save time. Take four hundred million hand-laboring, hand-communicating, foot-traveling men; equip them with the American plant—telephone, telegraph, fast train and boat, practically everything they use turned out by lightning-speed machines that produce as much in a day as their human attendants could by hand-labor in months—and try to figure out how much time will be saved. Anyway you attack the problem the sum will be prodigious. China will have time to lend to all the earth; every Chinaman will need a storehouse to put his spare time in.

That is, theoretically. Actually, there will be much less spare time than there now is. When all the time-saving devices in the steel industry have been installed the men will have to work twelve hours a day, seven days in the week, to keep up. When Chinese offices are duly equipped with electric communication, pneumatic tubes, adding machines and typewriters, the clerks frequently will be obliged to work on into the evening without extra pay. On the other hand, of course, there will be a numerous and flourishing financial aristocracy, with wives, daughters and sons, whose chief object in life will be to discover ways of killing time.

A Game Law for Uncle Joe

THE city man, released to the woods for a fortnight, often thinks the game laws cruelly strict. In that little time he could get so very few bass or quail, anyway. So, also, it may seem harsh, during this brief open season for Congressmen, to criticise any of them for taking any sort of pot-shot at Uncle Joe. It is their one fleeting chance. When December comes they must put on the collar and sit still as mice.

Nevertheless, when any one charges that Uncle Joe voted wrong on every important financial question that came up during his first thirty or forty years in Congress, he should add that everybody else voted wrong on a fair majority of them; and if Uncle Joe was wrong every time, his financial record really presents a consistency which will not be found in that of any other statesman of his time.

For many years Congress attempted to deal with the currency on protectionist principles. The resultant mess will be the marvel of future economists. There were those, like Sherman, who could see what was right well enough when they looked at the currency apart from the question of protecting silver-mine owners. But when the protectionist idea came in, statesmanship went cross-eyed. It isn't fair to blame Uncle Joe individually.

In fact, finance to the many is still so abstruse a subject that the monetary bill which cannot be put through Congress, if there is some driving force behind it, must be rank indeed. To support this proposition we need turn back less than two years—to the absurd Aldrich-Vreeland panic measure, whose only redeeming feature is that it has been absolutely a dead letter from the day it was passed.

Fame by the Yard

FOR only five dollars we may become one of the most distinguished persons in the world. From a benevolent European publishing house comes this offer—with the coveted prefix Right Honorable thrown in as a mere appetizer. Embracing this offer we may appear among the internationally-famous, between fine morocco covers, in several languages, twinkling, twinkling from frozen Archangel to boiling Bombay. The thought entrances. Yet, what have the great always said about the hollowness of fame and the solid sweets of obscurity? This consideration, rather than niggardly regard to the five, makes us hesitate.

Not nowadays would Falstaff sigh in vain to know a place where a commodity of good names might be bought. The first shop around the corner would supply him. If he were out of jail and had his name in the city directory, Fame's gentlemanly agents would wait upon him and send him circulars, with price lists that bring the commodity within the reach of all—ten dollars for a column of celebrity, or fifteen if his picture in half-tone accompanies the article. The number of minor periodicals that really subsist upon the gentle human passion for honorable mention is remarkable. Scores of fame-factories run night-and-day shifts turning out local histories that will hand you down to posterity at so much a yard—twenty per cent more for illustrations.

For famous ancestors the going rate is about six dollars a head.

Five dollars for international note is certainly cheap enough. Yet, no doubt, as with all machine industries, the price will tend to fall. Probably the guest at the municipal lodging-house and soup-kitchen of the future will be able to get his picture printed in the Tramps' Blue Book by sawing an additional half cord of wood.

The Man Who Loses

THE country, no doubt, will have plenty of corn; but a great many individual growers of that cereal will not. They went through all the motions as faithfully as their more fortunate fellows. They plowed, harrowed, planted, cultivated, did the chores at sun-up in the morning and after sun-down at night, and worked out their poll-tax on the public road with due diligence. Their soil was as fertile as any, their seed as carefully selected. Then they heard that it was raining hard in the next township, while hot winds drove dry, dustlike smoke across their own withering fields. Three hundred and fifty million bushels, worth half as many dollars, represents the loss of growing corn by drought and hot winds in thirty days, as reported by the Department of Agriculture. The September statement indicates a very good corn crop and many very blue farmers. To those who happened to be rained upon the prospect is one of increasing cheer, for the loss of the droughty means a higher price to the wet.

We speak of good crops, but almost never are there good crops for everybody. Here will be flood, there hail or rust, elsewhere rain in harvest, or early frost. The country gets what it wants—a plentiful supply of grain; but every year there are some—some years there are many—who have done the best they knew, or anybody knew, to meet that want, and got little or nothing.

They say this never can be helped; that if everybody were insured nobody would care whether he raised a crop or not, even fire insurance inducing great carelessness. Personally, we don't believe it. We think it by no means beyond the ultimate reach of human wisdom and virtue to shift the burden of unavoidable accident from the individual to the whole group. If this is Socialism, make the most of it.

WHO'S WHO—AND WHY

Serious and Frivolous Facts About the Great and the Near Great

Hays the Reviver

IT ISN'T so long ago that this one used to kill them out in front in the vaudeville houses and came across pretty well in many a comic opera and musical comedy:

McGuff: I want to go to Chicago the worst way.

McGinn: Well, why don't you go on the Grand Trunk?

That was in the days when the railroad men called the Grand Trunk The Dead Line, and the English stockholders held grand lodges of sorrow over it every time dividends were passed, which was every time dividends were due. Being an English-owned institution the road had a titled boss, of course, a Knight or a Duke or an Earl or something, who was manager, and who spent most of his time seeing to it that his title was kept on straight and that the required number of letters were always printed after his noble name.

Presently, however, there came a gleam of intelligence somewhere, superinduced, probably, by the fact that the Canadian Pacific had reached over into the United States and snagged a manager, and the Grand Trunk people set a trap and caught one themselves out in the Middle West where the C. P. R. had acquired its manager also. The Grand Trunk hired Charles Melville Hays, turned the moribund road over to him and said: "Please revive."

King Edward Will Tap Him on the Back With a Sword and Say: "Rise, Sir Charles"

Hays went to the Grand Trunk in 1896. He had his railroad education on the Wabash, starting in as a boy out in that country and proving up rapidly. When he landed in Montreal he took a long, comprehensive look at the Grand Trunk, felt its sluggish pulse, diagnosed its symptoms, saw that a capital operation was needed, and, after a year of study, sailed for London, where most of the board fondly imagined it was managing.

Hays blew into the Grand Trunk offices in London like a breeze from the West. He had ideas, plans, specifications, blue prints, remedies and propositions. He talked at the Englishmen, to them and through them. As fast as they turned down one of his schemes he produced another. He knew what was the matter with the Grand Trunk, and he used good Indiana language in telling his managerial covey of nobles. Mostly they didn't understand what he said, and for the first year they regarded him coldly as an extraordinary person who had the temerity to urge changes in a railroad government that was as crusted as some of the Englishmen on the board, and therefore, being well precedented and traditioned, must be correct.

Only One Hays for Sir Charles

IT TAKES time to beat a proposition into an English mind, and when there is a collection of English minds into which the same proposition must be beaten the labor is increased in exact proportion to the number of minds which must be operated upon. Hays knew this, and he did not despair. He knew if he worked long enough—having confidence in his plans—what he was driving at would eventually percolate. At the end of the second year the board got to the stage of saying, one to another, after Hays had made and remade his arguments: "My word, this American seems to know what he is talking about," and at the end of the third year the light burst on them and they shook hands with him and congratulated him on having so well expressed their own ideas, which, up to that time, circumstances had not permitted them to express, don't you know.

"Thank you," said Hays, "and now, having discussed these little matters for some three years, suppose we get some action."

Whereupon the work of reviving the dead one began. Hays stuck to it for five years, all told. Then came a chance to go back to the United States as president of the Southern Pacific, and he went. Hays looked at this opportunity as a great one. He thought he might be able to take the Southern Pacific out of politics and make a railroad of it, which was surely a large enough project for any person in those times. Moving Lake Superior to the Great Staked Plain would bear a faint resemblance to that job, then—and now. Hays arrived in San Francisco late in December, along about Christmastime. He celebrated the glad New Year following by resigning, having been at work about ten days. You see, the Southern Pacific had changed hands in the interim, and Hays, not being able to take the road out of politics, took himself out of the road. They accepted his resignation the next June.

Meantime, Sir Charles Rivers Wilson, G. C. M. G., C. B., friend of King Edward and president of the Grand Trunk Railway, had been trying to find another Hays, but no Hayses were loose. Sir Charles had been a long time warming up to Hays, but once warmed, didn't get cool in a hurry. He told his board there was only one Hays in all the world for him, and he began sending cablegrams to Hays, fresh every hour, telling Hays to come home and all would be forgiven.

Hays was in no hurry. He answered the pleading cablegrams of Sir Charles like this: "Yours received and contents noted. I am going fishing." Sir Charles was in earnest. Every cablegram had a boost in salary and a boost in titles in it, and, finally, he sent one offering Hays an ornate collection of pounds a year and offered to make him vice-president of the road. "Inasmuch," replied Hays, "as you put it in that light I cannot refuse." So he didn't, and went back as vice-president and general manager.

Hays went to Montreal and took hold. In the dear old days the titled manager of the Grand Trunk used to come down to the office at eleven A. M. sharp; and when he got out of his carriage a line of footmen made a lane for him so nobody should brush against him as he walked in. Hays might have had the footmen, too, but he didn't care for them. He walked down every morning and arrived at nine.

One of Hays' plans, to double track the Grand Trunk from Montreal to Chicago, was under way. That was only a little one, for Hays had other plans that made the double tracking of the road that far seem like building a spur to a sawmill. He wanted a Western outlet, and the result of that want is the Grand Trunk Pacific, now being built from sea to sea, thirty-six hundred miles.

Begging a Bagatelle

HE IS a persuasive person, once he gets a thing on his mind. He coaxed the Canadian Government to build the line from Halifax to Winnipeg, eighteen hundred miles, and to lease it to the Grand Trunk Pacific for fifty years. That was a good deal of a job, but it wasn't a day's work compared to the next one. Hays had studied the great Western Canada, and he wanted a line from Winnipeg to the coast. So, with his plans in his hands and his persuader working well, sparking regularly and everything running smoothly, Hays told the Grand Trunk people it would be a terrible thing if they didn't back the new Grand Trunk Pacific company and help build that little stretch of eighteen hundred miles of track from Winnipeg to the coast. He pointed out that this was all he needed to connect the Atlantic and the Pacific, a mere bagatelle of eighteen hundred miles of road, and would they say him nay when he had his heart set on it, and would be bitterly disappointed if they turned him down? Like as not Sir Charles Rivers Wilson, G. C. M. G., C. B., turned flipflaps when Hays put this up to him, but Hays waited until he had finished and then said: "How about it?"

Sir Charles and his directors gasped a few times, but proved their faith in Hays by backing the enterprise. When the new line is completed the Grand Trunk people say it will shorten the time around the world by a week. The railroad sharps tell how the road will cross the Continent with four-tenths of one per cent grade, which means a maximum lift of twenty-one feet a mile. Moreover, the territory opened produces twenty bushels of wheat to the acre, and is rich in minerals; and the terminal city will be four hundred and eighty-three miles nearer Yokohama than any other Pacific port.

Hays is just entering his fifties. Up in Ottawa they say he might have been knighted before this, but he hasn't had time. When the road is built it is probable he will get down on his marrowbones before King Edward some day and King Edward will tap him on the back with a sword and say: "Rise, Sir Charles." Whereupon Sir Charles will arise, for it isn't likely that he will allow Sir Thomas Shaughnessy, of the Canadian Pacific, to have anything on him, being as Sir Thomas came from the States, too.

In Plutocratic Vermont

SOME New Yorkers wanted to go around the links at Manchester, Vermont. They could find no caddies. Presently two boys came in with some players.

"Caddies," said the New Yorkers, "come on and go around with us."

"Nope," said one of the boys, "we done enough today.

"Come on and take our bags."

"Can't do it, mister. We've done enough today."

"Why, caddies down in New York where we live are always glad to earn some extra money by going around as many times as they can."

"Yas," replied one of the Vermont boys, "but I cal'late them caddies down there is all paupers."

The Most Unkindest Cut

GASTON REEVES, weighing in the neighborhood of three hundred pounds, and the most famous feeder in New York, awoke one day with a stitch in his side. The stitch hurt and Reeves went to a doctor about it.

The doctor examined, diagnosed, consulted and finally said there must be an operation, for, although there was nothing so very bad the matter, the trouble might develop and it was better to have the cause removed.

"But," said the doctor, "before I can operate you must get rid of a lot of that flesh."

"How?" asked Reeves.

"Train it off," said the doctor. "You must do it if you do not want to shorten your life. There is no telling when you will have to be cut."

Reeves went to Muldoon's, where the fare is plain and the work is hard. He beat down his longing for fancy food, stuck sturdily to his task of getting rid of flesh, worked harder than he ever did in his life, didn't have a bit of fun, and was constantly tormented with thoughts of the good things to eat he was missing.

Finally, he had taken off sixty-nine pounds. He went to the doctor. "Now," he said, "I have taken off sixty-nine pounds of flesh after torments of the damned, but I am hard as nails, so go ahead with the operation so I can begin to live again."

Whereupon the doctor made another examination, told Mr. Reeves he had been mistaken and that an operation wasn't necessary, after all.

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YOUR SAVINGS

A Time to Buy Bonds

THE present investment situation is of peculiar interest and value to the man or woman with savings. For the first time in years, perhaps, the yield on the standard investment stocks is scarcely higher than the return on safe bonds. In view of this and various other conditions to be taken up in detail, it seems altogether a very good season to buy bonds.

The conditions that have led up to the present situation are well worth explaining. As has been pointed out in these columns more than once, the price of money to a large degree regulates the price of bonds. If money is scarce, and therefore high, people will not buy bonds, but will lend out their surplus funds at attractive interest rates. When, on the other hand, money is plentiful and cheap, there is a demand for bonds, because the return on the bonds is greater than the return on money loaned out.

Ordinarily money begins to tighten late in the summer, for the reason that a considerable amount of it is required to move the crops. This financing of the harvest is an important and far-reaching event. To make it possible the country banks begin to draw on their New York deposits, and the cash reserve in the great money center dwindles. Although the amount required for crop-moving purposes is seldom more than $150,000,000 (this is the estimate made by Frank A. Vanderlip, president of the National City Bank of New York), the withdrawal of this sum in actual money for the farmer must have currency to pay his harvest hands—always has the effect of putting up the interest rates. The tightening, in most years, has been felt as early as July; and by the middle of September the effect has been considerable. It has followed, therefore, that the crop-moving time has usually meant a season of bond inactivity.

This year, however, the shipment of money to the West and South has not been so heavy as usual. The decline in the demand for crop money is explained in one way by the fact that many of our Western farmers have grown rich on the big crops and good prices of the past few years. They have ample money at home. In addition, many new financial institutions have been started in the crop centers, and these banks are not so dependent upon New York for money as heretofore. Of course, the West and the South will always need New York's money facilities, and, as the crop-harvesting progresses this year, there will be big demands for cash, and money rates will respond and become higher.

Stocks Dear—Bonds Cheap

At the time this article is written a great deal of ready money is available in New York, and the rates for it are unusually low for this season of the year. Ordinarily the owners of this money would be buying bonds and getting a larger return than the present rates afford. But, apparently, they are keeping it in the banks waiting for the expected rise in money rates or the long expected decline in the price of stocks.

The owners of this money are not buying stocks for the simple reason, as every reader of the newspapers knows, that there has been what is known as a bull market for some time, and the prices of the standard safe stocks are so high that there is little prospect of profit or a big return in yield in buying them now.

The following table will show, for the purpose of comparison, the yield on some of the best-known and most active railroad stocks on the day this article is written:

Stock	Price	Rate	Yield
Pennsylvania	140	6	4.28
Illinois Central	154	7	4.54
Louisville and Nashville	152	6	3.94
New York Central	138	5	3.62
Chicago, Milwaukee and St. Paul, common	156	7	4.48
New York, New Haven and Hartford	171	8	4.67
Union Pacific, common	200	10	5.00
Atchison, Topeka and Santa Fe, common	118	5	4.23
Delaware and Hudson	191	9	4.71

It will be seen from the above table that only one of the stocks yields 5 per cent. The question, therefore, arises, why should the man or woman with savings buy stocks at these high prices when he can buy good bonds that will pay just as much and have, in addition to a good return, the security that only a bond affords?

What is more to the point, bonds are cheaper at the time this article is written than at any other time this year. The lack of demand on account of the uncertainty of money rates has kept the prices down. But this low level cannot be maintained very long. All bond dealers expect an early improvement in the demand for bonds. The money now idle in the banks will seek bonds. In addition, the increased industrial activity which comes in the autumn with the attendant putting out of money in the form of wages will increase the savings-bank deposits. These savings institutions will have to enter the market for stable bonds. In New York, especially, the savings-banks have absorbed all the real-estate mortgages permitted by law, and they will have to turn to bonds. All these agencies are likely to create a demand for high-class bonds, and the result later will probably be an advance in price. The opportunity, therefore, is presented now for the average man or woman to buy bonds at prices that may make the yield very desirable.

What Some Bonds Yield

The following railroad bonds, which are merely presented as types, will show how the yield from this class of security is today larger than the return on the standard investment stocks:

Kansas City Southern Refunding and Improvement 5s, due 1950. Interest is payable January and July. These bonds may be bought at about 100⅞ and interest and the yield is about 4.98 per cent.

Chesapeake and Ohio Refunding 5s, due 1929. The interest is payable January and July. At the present price of about 101 and interest the yield would be about 4.90 per cent.

Colorado and Southern Refunding 4½s, due in 1935. The interest is payable May and November. The present price is 99 and interest, which would make the yield about 4.65 per cent.

Missouri, Kansas and Texas General Mortage 4½s, due in 1936. The interest is payable January and July. The present price is 90½ and interest and the yield is about 5.10 per cent.

St. Louis and San Francisco Refunding 4s, due 1951. The interest is payable January and July. At the present price of 86 and interest the yield would be about 4.85 per cent.

Denver and Rio Grande Refunding 5s, due in 1955. The interest is payable February and August. The market price is 95¾ and interest and the yield is about 5.25 per cent.

Southern Railway Refunding 4s, due in 1956. The interest is payable April and October. At the last selling price of 82 and interest the yield would be about 4.95 per cent.

Toledo, St. Louis and Western (Clover Leaf) First 4s, due in 1950. The interest is payable April and October. The market price is 83 and interest, and the yield is about 4.95 per cent.

Missouri Pacific Collateral 4s, due 1945. The interest is payable March and September. At the present market price of 83 and interest the yield is nearly 5 per cent.

The following are some types of industrial bonds which in some instances show an even higher yield on the investment:

United States Steel Corporation Sinking Fund 5s, due 1963. The interest is payable May and November. The last selling price was 107 and interest, which would make the yield about 4.65 per cent.

Armour & Co. First Real Estate 4½s, due 1939. The interest is payable June and December. At the present market price of 93⅝ and interest the yield is about 4.90 per cent.

Central Leather General 5s, due 1925. The interest is payable April and October. The market price is par, which would make the yield 5 per cent.

Western Union Refunding 4½s, due in 1950. The interest is payable May and

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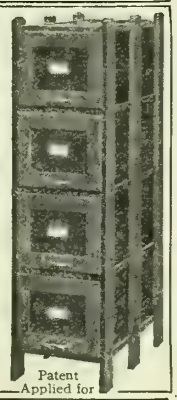

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November. At the present price of 94 and interest the yield is about 4.85 per cent.

United States Rubber Collateral 6s, due in 1918. The interest is payable June and December. The last selling price was 105¼ and interest, which would make the yield about 5.25 per cent.

Virginia-Carolina Chemical First 5s, due 1923. The interest is payable June and December. The last recorded sale of this bond was at 99 and interest. The yield, therefore, would be about 5.10 per cent.

In buying an industrial bond it must be kept in mind that its value depends upon the condition of business and that it is more speculative in character than the average railroad bond. The great industrial corporations of the country, however, have demonstrated their ability to take care of their bonded debt.

The whole lesson of the present investment situation summed up is simply this: If you have money to employ put it into good bonds, because they are cheaper now than they have been at any other time this year, and the indications are that they will advance before very long.

THE TRIALS OF TONY

(Concluded from Page 11)

"N-no, she can't have brought her maid."

"She's spending money on Tony like water, I suppose, eh?"

"Well, that's hardly her part of the business, is it?"

"Letting him spend money on her, though?"

"Tony is devilish generous."

"Perfectly devilish," Lord Raymes agreed. "And the lady doesn't discourage him?"

"Do they ever?"

Lord Raymes held out his hand and shook his young friend's cordially.

"Algie," he declared, "I have hopes of you, after all."

A high-pitched feminine voice and a swish of skirts on the stairs interrupted them.

"I am ready for her," said Lord Raymes. "Thank you, Algie."

The young man felt gratified, though puzzled.

A small lady, trim-waisted and large-busted, with reddish-brown eyes and a plump and saucy face, paused in the doorway and shot his lordship a sparkling glance.

"My!" she exclaimed enthusiastically.

High over her towered the athletic form of Tony, smiling with the proud modesty of a conqueror. His face was pinker, his girth of chest greater, and his mustache decidedly developed since he wooed and won fair Emmy Ruggles; otherwise he seemed little altered.

"Mrs. Yarkles—my father," he introduced.

"So pleased to meet you, Lord Raymes—so vurry pleased," said Mrs. Yarkles.

Lord Raymes bent gallantly over her hand.

"So you mean to rob me of my Tony?" he smiled.

"I mean to borrow him for a little while, Lord Raymes, with your permission," she sparkled.

"Ah," said he, "you American heiresses! You carry off our brightest and our best."

The sprightly lady turned to her betrothed.

"See there, Tony!" she cried. "That's what your poppa thinks of you! Don't that make you feel good?"

"Haw!" smiled Tony modestly, "you mustn't take everything the guv'nor says as meaning just the same as if Algie or me had said it. He's one of the best, all the same, though."

"I can see that!" rippled the heiress. "The real aristocracy, and no mistake, Tony!"

"Um," said Tony affectionately, yet a trifle awkwardly.

In his suavest accents Lord Raymes suggested:

"Supposing, Tony, you leave the charming Mrs. Winkles ——"

"Yarkles!" cried the heiress.

"I beg your pardon the charming Mrs. Yarkles and myself to enjoy a few minutes' conversation?"

"Can you trust him all alone with me, Tony?" flashed the widow.

"Oh, he's all right," said Tony seriously.

He drew his father aside for a few moments.

"I wanted to tell you more about her myself," he began.

"Thanks," said his father. "I know her perfectly already."

Tony stared.

"Knew her before, d'ye mean?"

"Some kindred spirits understand each other in five minutes."

"Oh, ah, I see—right O!"

The two young men went out, and instantaneously a curious change came over Lord Raymes' expression. He smiled upon the widow as amiably as before, but as it were, less aristocratically.

"It's no go, my dear," Lord Raymes remarked.

The lady surveyed him with a countenance that had likewise altered.

"Do you mind saying that again slowly," she requested.

He changed the form of the assurance.

"Dear lady, it is no use at all."

She drew herself up haughtily.

"I do not understand you," she replied.

Lord Raymes adjusted his manner accordingly.

"It is lucky that my dear son is marrying a fortune. That is all I meant."

"It is not what you said."

"Ah, we gay deceivers!" he smiled.

"Are you talking through your hat—or what?"

"Let us come to business," he suggested mildly. "How much do you propose to settle on my boy?"

"Well, I never!"

"Never thought of that, you mean?"

"I guess your estates are entailed, aren't they?"

"On my eldest son."

The lady showed symptoms of extreme agitation.

"But—why I thought Tony ——"

She paused.

"My youngest child," he explained.

"He has deceived me!"

"Did he say he was my heir?"

"He never told me he wasn't!"

"Tony is coming on," he smiled.

The lady assumed a very sudden briskness.

"Say!" she exclaimed. "See here, what's Tony got, anyway?"

"What you provide him with."

"Nothing more?"

"His wardrobe might fetch something."

She looked at him defiantly.

"I suppose you think I'm worth millions!"

"At a rough estimate I put your income at ten dollars a week."

Mrs. Yarkles sank into an easy chair.

"Some one's been talking!"

"Only observing," he assured her.

She meditated for a few moments.

"Say, what about my injured feelings?"

He drew from his pocket his solitary article of luggage.

"How much are they injured?" he inquired.

It was about half an hour later when the two men returned to find Lord Raymes alone.

"Well, Tony," he said philosophically, "it cost a little more this time."

His son stared at him blankly, and then round the room.

"Where's she gone?"

"To her milliner's, I hope. That hat was a trifle rusty."

"I say, I'm going to look for her."

"No, my dear boy," said his father kindly, yet firmly, "you are returning home with me. You might meet another widow if I let you loose."

Algie opened his eyes.

"You don't mean it's off again?"

Lord Raymes regarded him appreciatively.

"Yes, Algie, you are certainly coming on."

"I say, you know," said Tony gloomily, "this is getting to be a bit of a bore."

"Think what it must be for the ladies," his father replied soothingly.

"Yes, by Jove!" said Algie cheerily; "just think of that, brave boy! You give as good as you get, don't you know."

"And even the giving falls on me," added Lord Raymes. Anthony regarded his comforters with newborn wisdom.

"Looked at like that, there is something in it," he agreed.

Undoubtedly Tony had fallen on his feet.

Editor's Note—This is the first in a series of short stories narrating the adventures of Tony. The second will appear next week.

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We've never gone in for modern sausage factory methods. Just going along in the old way has been good enough for us—and for our customers. We kind of feel as though making sausage just as if we were going to eat it ourselves produces a better article than if we made it in a big plant and made it wholesale.

We never make more at one time than enough for each day's orders as received. When you get our sausage you know it's fresh as can be.

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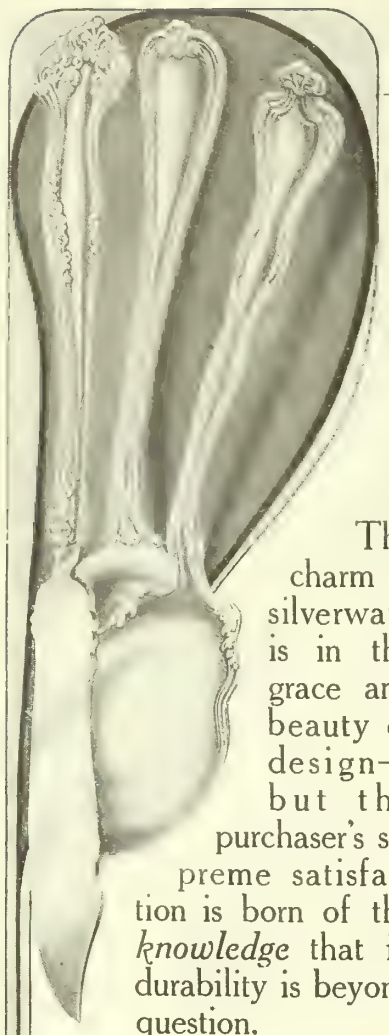

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OUT-OF-DOORS

The Grouse Season

AUTUMN is the season when things arrive. It is the time when one receives or should receive dividends from one's apple or alfalfa ranch. In the autumn watermelons and new prunes are available. The canny housewife at that time sets her jars in order on her storeroom shelf, and the goodman begins to wonder what his hogs will weigh by November. Indeed, of all the ancient heathen deities, Ceres is the one best bet. Without doubt, in the arrangement of the seasons, winter follows autumn because in autumn we not only have things to eat, but something to put away on the cellar shelves.

For the sportsman, certainly, the days of autumn are the gladdest of the year, and no doubt were such even in the times when the head of the household had to go out in the fall and kill his winter's meat in the unfenced farms of what was once America. Today we cannot depend on venison or bear meat, but, at least, we have with us enough of feathered game to afford us considerable food and considerably more fun. The harvesting of our annual grouse crop, here and there, is now a matter of personal concern with some hundreds of thousands of gun-bearing Americans.

In England, opening day on grouse has long been set for August twelfth and the annual hegira to the moors, at that time, is something of national import and of astonishing extent. For obvious reasons, opening day in this country has variously been set back again and again; else we should not have anything to shoot in our country, where the strict preservation of game has been practically unknown for several generations. Like all things American, the grouse supply steadily grows less in quantity and higher in price. Time was, not long ago, when three pounds of fresh prairie chicken could be had for the cost of an ounce of shot. Today the same bird, eaten out of cold storage and of doubtful legality, is worth three or four dollars a head in any first-class café. Grouse are grouse today, and each year we value them more and more, alike in the possession and the pursuit.

Royal Shooting in Illinois

The species of American grouse make a somewhat extended list, and their habitat of upland or forest covers almost all the country from Lakes to Gulf and from ocean to ocean. The willow grouse, spruce grouse, blue or dusky grouse, mostly forest or mountain dwellers, do not have extraordinary sporting value; and almost as much may be said of the sage grouse. The young of this species, however, offer wing shooting, and when drawn at once after killing, as any grouse should be, are good to eat. There remain to us what we may call the three great sporting species: the pinnated grouse or prairie chicken, the sharptail grouse of the northern prairies and sandhill regions, and the ruffed grouse of the forests—the latter being the bird called partridge in the East and North, and pheasant in the South and parts of the West.

Any one of these species affords sport good enough for a king. Indeed, it is the truth that at least one king visited this country for the purpose of shooting prairie chickens. In the palmy days of Illinois, before land was worth two hundred dollars an acre, King Edward VII, then Prince of Wales, came to Illinois for the chicken shooting. So keen was he over this sport that he forgot when Sunday came, and was arrested and fined like any ordinary mortal, although not under his own name. For some time after his visit there was a very good strain of pointers known to be descendants of the brace of dogs that he left in this country on his return to England. One wonders whether King Edward would not even now be glad to exchange these days of international war scares and airship invasions for the old times, when his waist was smaller and he could go afield for a long day behind a brace of dogs in a country where there was abundance of splendid grouse, such as used to be raised in Illinois.

Perhaps this old-time prairie chicken might, in the opinion of some, be called our most interesting grouse. It was native from the Alleghanies almost to the Rockies, is found even now almost up to the Great Lakes, and as far south as the Gulf coast of Texas. Typically, it is a prairie bird, and it has followed the wheatfields west, or appeared most numerously around the wheatfields, where the coveys have always gathered in from the grass lands. In bulk almost equal to a good-sized farmyard fowl, of delicious flesh, and with habits endearing it to the sportsman's soul, perhaps no grouse in all the world could be called more admirable. Naturally, it was pursued very keenly, and being somewhat helpless by reason of its great bulk and steady flight, and because of its pleasant habit of lying close to the dog, it long ago became practically a doomed species. It was obliged wholly to change its personal habits, and the sportsman of today naturally is obliged to pursue it in an entirely different fashion.

Old-Fashioned Chicken Hunts

In the old times, before the wire fences were known, and before the farms were so numerous all across the West, the custom was to hunt these birds by means of a wheeled vehicle. One could drive across the country at will, while the sturdy chicken dog—itself also a doomed species today—ranged wide for the body scent of the coveys. When the old fellow came to a point, the occupants of the cushioned seats lazily got down and went up to him. Game laws being then pretty much unknown, the season might be the middle of July or early August, at which times the young birds would lie very close, going up one at a time as the dog was urged in on one point after another. It was not unusual for the entire covey to be wiped out, and if any got away it was the business of the driver to mark them down. Puzzling enough was this even sea of waving grass to the beginner at this sport. One has seen a dozen birds knocked down in succession, practically from the shooter's tracks. A part of the art of the accomplished chicken hunter was to mark down his falling birds by means of this or that tall resinwood or clump of wild sweet-william, so that his panting bird dog would have the less work to do in retrieving. Of course at that time all bird dogs were taught to retrieve.

Such shooting was not difficult, but it was very pleasant. The most interesting part of it was to watch the sagacity of a good chicken dog at his work. Such a dog, being country-bred and at liberty all his life, was hard as nails, and could go all day with an occasional drink at a slough. He was staunch as a rock, and keen of nose, always pointing with high head and sometimes at fairly incredible distances. In those days of early shooting he had to do his work often under the blazing sun of summer.

A chicken dog of the old time might come in almost any form or pedigree. One recalls a good one which looked much like a Newfoundland dog, and in the average run pointers, setters or droppers might be equally in demand. To show the resourcefulness of the American sportsman, one may mention the oddest chicken dog perhaps ever seen—a bulldog trained by a farmer boy not only to stop at birds but to retrieve them. Muzzle-loaders were usual in those days, and this youth was possessed of a single-barreled gun whose lock was tied on with string. None the less, he usually managed to make a very decent bag of birds. One also has seen young prairie grouse killed as they rose out of the grass by the lash of a whip, and this method of getting them on the wing was quite frequently practiced in some localities in the early summer. The sportsman may always be trusted to use what lies at his hand. Thus, only the other day, a friend who was going fishing and needed some dressing for his fly-casting line, was at a loss until he discovered a jar of so-called "skin food" on his wife's dressing-table. Knowing that this contained mutton fat, he fell upon it gladly and found it served very well! Just so, a muzzle-loader and a bulldog are better than no shooting equipment at all.

Naturally these halcyon days of grouse shooting could not last forever. The

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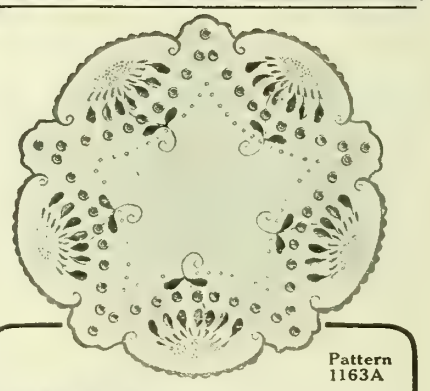


Pattern 1163A

FREE A Paper Transfer Pattern of this 22-Inch

Beautiful Centerpiece

The design is easily transferred to linen by passing a hot iron over the pattern. GIVEN until July 1, 1910, to every embroiderer sending 16 cents for our

New Embroidery Book for 1910

This book is entirely new and just off the press. Full of new ideas and designs. Invaluable to embroiderers as showing what and how to embroider. Contains instructions for working above design; over 100 pages of other designs; hundreds of illustrations; complete instructions for them all; diagrams for beginners.

THE NEW EMBROIDERY BOOK

Colored Plates showing how to embroider popular flowers. Centerpieces, Doilies, Sofa Cushions, etc., in Wallachian, Coronation Braid, Eyelet, Mountmellick and stylish Stencil Effects; Luncheon Sets; Library Scarfs; Bureau Sets; Hemmed and Drawn Work Squares; Dainty Christmas Novelties.

Send 16c. for book and postage. One Transfer Pattern No. 1163A will be sent you FREE. Ask for Pattern 1163A in your letter. If more than one of this pattern is desired, then price is 6c. each for duplicates. Book will reach you in one envelope and FREE pattern in a separate envelope. Address

The Brainerd & Armstrong Co.
81 Union St., New London, Conn

No Long, Cold Waits For Boiler Repairs

Hot Water or Low Pressure Steam

With a Capitol Square Sectional Boiler you are protected from a long shut-down of heat in mid-winter, while you await boiler repairs.

This protection is due to the fact that Capitol Sections are made ***in halves***—each half being complete—instead of extending clear across the boiler.

Only the utmost carelessness would ever crack a Capitol Section. But should a crack ever occur the half section can be taken out, the top and bottom openings plugged and the section returned to form firepot. It will go right on with the heating.

Your fitter can do this at once. No wait for new parts from the factory. The boiler can be operated indefinitely.

CAPITOL BOILERS AND RADIATORS

(Hot Water and Low Pressure Steam)

In the above illustration parts of the sections—or hollow castings that are filled with water—are cut away to show the fire-travel. Notice the arrows.

The smoke and hot gases traverse the boiler ***three times*** before they escape. In journeying back and forth, the heat units are nearly all absorbed by the water.

A comparison of grate areas in boilers of a given size shows more ***direct heating surface*** in the Capitol than in any other boiler. This means more heat—less fuel—smaller fuel bills.

Capitol grates are so built as to permit the shaking of one half without disturbing the other, thus affording the use of half the grate in mild weather when only a little fire is needed.

Save fuel money by investigating the heat question ***before*** you buy a boiler. Write today for our free book, "Heating the Right Way." Address Dept. 3 K.

United States Heater Company

Detroit, Mich.

(6) ***Branch Offices in Principal Cities***

THAT DAINTY MINT COVERED CANDY COATED CHEWING GUM
FIVE CENTS THE OUNCE AND IN 5¢ 10¢ AND 25¢ PACKETS
Chiclets
REALLY DELIGHTFUL

JUST RIGHT AFTER DINNER

Try Them! If you can't buy Chiclets in your neighborhood send us ten cents for a sample packet. Any jobber will supply storekeepers with Chiclets.

FRANK H. FLEER & COMPANY, Inc.
Philadelphia, U. S. A., and Toronto, Canada

Shu-Food Leather eats it. It does not eat the leather. This new non-acid shoe paste makes quick and long lasting shine. Sold by shoemen everywhere or send 10c to

J. M. BORLAND CO., McKeesport, Pa.

Acme Folding Canvas Boat Co., Miamisburg, Ohio

farms increased and the birds decreased. The game laws came on apace, and September first, September fifteenth and even October first came to be considered dates early enough in some states to begin the harvesting of the grouse crop. This bird develops very rapidly both in body and intellect, and by the time of the first frost the coveys begin to band into great packs, which will not lie well to the dog, unless the day be very warm, and unless, perhaps, one has been able to follow them for two or three flights across country. This latter is sometimes impossible, as nowadays a frightened bunch of prairie chickens may fly a mile or so even by mid-September. By the time the frost is fully on the pumpkin and all the corn in the shock, work on them with the dog is pretty much out of the question, although sometimes one may walk them up in range on some cornfield. The shooter of today usually earns his prairie chickens, whether it be in the grassy sloughs of the slashed-off country in middle Wisconsin, or on the uplands of Minnesota, Nebraska and the Dakotas. He meets today, continually, the problems of fences and farms, not to mention the "sooner," who usually has beaten him to the coveys long before the opening date. One of his greatest trials is the fact that, in much of the good chicken country, there are today vast fields of corn, and the erstwhile trusting prairie chicken, when put up nowadays on the stubbles, is most likely to take refuge in the middle of a cornfield. Here, under an ardent sun, sometimes sheltering amid stalks much higher than his head, with few weeds under foot to offer cover, the sportsman must wallow through blindly, following an unseen dog which in turn is following a running bird that is very apt to go up out of gunshot. These unseemly matters were not always thus, but even as they are, the pinnated grouse is still much worth pursuit, and the man who can lay out in the shade of a haystack half a dozen of these big, mottled grouse is apt to feel well repaid for a long, hot day on foot.

Shooting the Sharptail

The sharptailed grouse is very similar in habits to the prairie chicken proper. It is paler in color, has a sharper tail, and perhaps also a slightly sharper intellect. It, too, comes in on the stubble fields, but resorts also to wild and bleak country, dry sandhills, willow-lined valleys and the like. It is more apt to be found in forest or scrub country than is the prairie chicken. This bird lies well to the dog and in flight is much the same as the "chicken" proper.

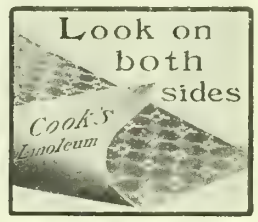
As autumn advances, some of the old cocks are apt to go up wild; and as they rock off down the wind, uttering their loud, derisive cackle, it needs number six and a long lead to stop them. In ordinary or typical grouse shooting, most misses come from shooting too quick. Although he makes a great fuss about getting up, the grouse at first is not really flying very fast. Just wait until he straightens and settles, cover him fair for a straightaway, or just get in front of his nose on cross shots, and he is yours. The 12 or the 16 gauge is the gun today for him, and perhaps one might counsel No. 7 shot. In the old times we used No. 8 or even No. 9, and in that epoch of our development the favorite weapon was a 10-pound 10-gauge. The shooting today is really sportier than of old. Given a good, cool, bright day on some stubble country of Minnesota, Dakota or Saskatchewan, with now and then a bunch of birds, and perhaps now and then a decent dog out of the crateful one is obliged to take along today of our lathy and degenerate canine product; given a dozen or two dozen times a day a fair rise and a clean shot at forty yards on well-grown grouse, and one will long carry away pleasant memories of this sport even today.

All the species of grouse merge at the edges, so to speak, in regard to their habits and habitat. The pinnated grouse resembles the sharptail in its habits in some localities, and again the latter may take on some of the habits of the ruffed grouse, or even of the spruce grouse or the willow grouse. There formerly existed, in the late fall, a pronounced migration of pinnated grouse from the unsettled country of Iowa and Dakota southward to the corn country. The birds wintered on the cornfields and in timber tracts. Today there is an equally-pronounced migration

No room in any house, nowadays, is too fine to have a linoleum floor.

Because the modern, improved linoleum—COOK'S LINOLEUM—is handsome enough for any room. Artistic designs, varied to suit every taste. Inlaid and printed in colors to harmonize with any scheme of decoration.

You can buy Cook's Linoleum that will improve the appearance of your library or daintiest bedroom. For the hall, dining-room, nursery, bath, kitchen and laundry, it is the one floor that answers all demands of comfort, appearance, hygiene and durability.



Won't you be interested in a book telling all about linoleum and showing the newest Cook's designs in colors? Write for a free copy. Ask for Linoleum Book M.

When you go to the store to buy linoleum, be sure to ask the dealer for **Cook's.** Look for the name **"Cook's"** on the back. It is wholly sanitary; longer wearing.

Cook's Inlaid Linoleum is a molded inlaid, made all in one piece, not pieced-together dies like the old kind. No joints or seams to open and admit scrub-water. No lodging place for dirt or germs. Pattern through to back. Cook's Inlaid wears from five to ten years longer than ordinary inlaid linoleum.

Cook's Printed Linoleum has an extra deep pattern, is tougher, more flexible, easier to handle and lay without cracking or chipping. It retains an unimpaired surface longer under grinding wear than any other printed linoleum.

Cook's Cork Carpet makes the quietest, most sanitary and easily cleaned, and most durable floor for churches, halls and all public buildings.

Cook's Decora for walls both beautiful and clean

Beauty without cleanliness is out of place in a home. Why put unsanitary, germ-catching paper or burlap on your walls when you may have Decora, the wall-cloth that can be cleansed with a damp cloth? Neither fades nor cracks, as it is finitely with colors as fresh and pretty as when put on. Decora designs, all color notes. It comes in rolls like wall-paper, with hanger. Ask your dealer. An interesting little booklet on Home Decoration free on request. Write for it along with the Linoleum Book.

COOK'S DECORA

COOK'S LINOLEUM

Trenton, New Jersey

COOK'S INLAID

How Long Have You Smoked Your Present Brand of Cigars?

I have customers, not a few, but many, who have smoked my Panatelas continuously for seven years, or since their introduction.

That seems to prove that my Panatela "wears well," that it is not too heavy or strong for continuous smoking; that the tobacco is not drugged or doctored; that the quality is uniform year in and year out.

Shivers' Panatela
EXACT SIZE AND SHAPE

My Panatela has a filler of clear, clean, long Havana leaf, *grown in Cuba*—and nothing else. This I guarantee, and will prove to anyone on request. (I emphasize "grown in Cuba" because poetic or other license seemsto allowtobacco grown in the United States from Havana seed to be labeled "Havana.") The wrapper of my Panatela is genuine Sumatra, and the cigars are hand-made throughout by expert men cigar-makers.

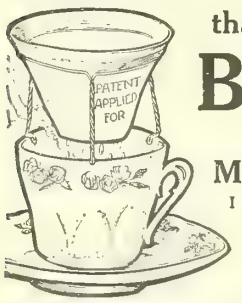
My way of selling cigars gives my customers cigars at wholesale prices—about half what equal quality costs in retail cigar stores. Incidentally, it is chiefly because my customers are continually sending in repeat orders of their own accord, that I am able to give and continue giving the cigar values that I do. These repeat orders cost me nothing and keep down selling costs—and selling costs are a big item in the cigar business, when done in the usual way.

MY OFFER IS:—I will, upon request, send fifty Shivers' Panatela Cigars on approval to a reader of The Saturday Evening Post, express prepaid. He may smoke ten cigars and return the remaining forty at my expense if he is not pleased with them; if he is pleased, and keeps them, he agrees to remit the price, $2.50, within ten days.

In ordering please enclose business card or give personal references and state whether mild, medium or strong cigars are desired.

HERBERT D. SHIVERS
913 Filbert Street, Philadelphia, Pa.

In Order To Convince YOU that the name Blanke on Coffee Means Quality



I now offer to send you an Individual Coffee Maker (which sells regularly for 29c and well worth it) for ten cents and four cents for mailing and with it a sample of one of the following brands of coffee:

Faust Blend,	*retails for 45c per lb.*
Grant Cabin,	" 35c per lb.
Tally Ho,	" 25c per lb.
World's Fair 20c Blend	" 20c per lb.

Please state the brand of which you want a sample.

I am sure that when you try any of these famous brands you will be convinced that Blanke's Coffee has a better cup flavor than any you have ever used at the same price.

When sending you one of these Individual Coffee Makers for ten cents and postage (4c) I am charging fifteen cents to advertising, but the confidence I have in my coffee pleasing you justifies me in doing this.

Insist on your dealer supplying Blanke's Coffee—the best value for your coffee money.

C. F. Blanke, Pres't., C. F. Blanke Tea & Coffee Co.
St. Louis, Mo.

Running Water For Irrigation and Home Use

If there's a running stream or spring on your land, by installing a NIAGARA HYDRAULIC RAM you can pump the water just where it's needed. Write for illustrated catalogue AD and estimate. We furnish Caldwell Tanks and Towers. Niagara Hydraulic Engine Co.
140 Nassau St., New York. Factory: Chester, Pa.

of sharptailed grouse each winter, coming out of southern Canada—which the real-estate agents would have us to believe raises strawberries the year round. These birds come into the scrub country of upper Minnesota or Wisconsin, where they live very largely on buds. It is no doubt true that the sharptailed grouse has been edging South, just as the bob-white quail has steadily been edging North. On one buckwheat field of middle Wisconsin, in a space of less than ten acres, our party once put up pinnated, sharptail and ruffed grouse, killing some of each; and later in the day, on the same field, we found a bevy of bob-white quail. Such an incident, of course, is most unusual.

There do not lack sportsmen who consider the ruffed grouse the king of all our game birds. As this bird exists in the pine forests of the West and Northwest, he sometimes is stupid as a fool hen, and sometimes knows no better than to perch in a tree and look down at a little barking dog. All over the pine country he is pecked at by countless .22 rifles, in and out of season, and he is easy meat for market hunter or law breaker. Yet this is the same species as that of the popple flats of New York and lower Michigan, and the hardwood glades of Wisconsin and Minnesota, where certainly he is one of the wisest and wariest of all game birds. Loose of plumage and soft of flesh, he is easily knocked down even by No. 9 or No. 10 shot; but he goes up with the most alarming noise, puts a tree between himself and the shooter, vanishes like a ghost, curves sidewise at the end of his flight, runs after he alights, runs ahead of the dog, and always goes up at the most unpropitious moment. He is by all odds more difficult to acquire than the helpless prairie grouse. Sometimes one finds him eating white clover at the edge of the thickets, and caught fair in the open he is not so hard to stop, although certainly very swift of wing. One saw a good Michigan shot one day kill six ruffed grouse straight, on a little opening among some brush heaps; and the same gun, shooting in and out of cover, once killed thirteen straight, every shot attempted in one day's work. This, it need not be repeated, is an extraordinary record. Five-sixths of one's prairie grouse in the old days, three-quarters of them today, half of one's quail, and, say, one ruffed grouse out of three, may be called very decent shooting.

Where Ruffed Grouse Feed

The ruffed grouse is a mysterious bird as well as a capricious one. He is much given to acquiring certain scientific diseases which result in his apparent extermination, for perhaps a term of years, over large tracts of country. Then again the birds may mysteriously reappear and offer good sport for two or three years. They are harder to clean out with the gun than the prairie grouse, and they have held their own close to civilization in the oldest-settled parts of the United States.

The market shooters who supply most of the markets with ruffed grouse, and do so contrary to the law practically all over the United States, do not kill their birds by fair wing shooting, but pot them out of trees into which they drive them by use of a dog. Any sportsman knows that an abandoned lumbering road, where clover and timothy grow on the edges, is a good place to hunt ruffed grouse. Sometimes market-shooters bait such roads with wild rice or other grain, thus gathering in the contents of quite an area of forest upon a restricted region suitable for market-shooting methods. The sportsman has nothing to do with such unfair means as this. His dog is the pointer or the setter, and if the dog can handle an old ruffed grouse in a much-hunted country, he certainly is a dog worth taking to one's heart. For weapon, of course, the sportsman will have his 12 or 16 gauge cylinder bore, because the choke bore would tear the bird badly at the ranges sometimes necessary. No. 8 shot is about the correct thing for this cover shooting at close range.

The meat of the ruffed grouse is delicate, although a trifle dry. The flesh is always white, whereas the flesh of the full-grown prairie grouse is darker. Sometimes a distinctly bitter taste will be found in the thighs of the ruffed grouse, which feeds largely on buds and tops. This is partially overcome if the bird is drawn promptly after killing.

New Fall Fashion Booklet No. 16 and 12 portraits of champion athletes free, on request.

Your Clothes Problem Solved

Don't you find it somewhat of a question each season to decide where to buy your new clothes? You may have gotten good satisfaction before with a few exceptions, but because of the exceptions you determine to change tailors. There is a way of solving this problem permanently and most satisfactorily, and that is to have your clothes made to order through

Strauss Brothers' National Tailoring Service

(Over 5,000 local representatives and branch stores throughout the United States)

Thousands upon thousands of particular and prominent men all over the country order their clothes from us season after season. Why not give us an opportunity of demonstrating our ability to please you? The risk is all ours—we guarantee satisfaction.

Our established dealers in nearly every town and city are now displaying our magnificent line of 500 new Fall woolens, ranging in price from $20.00 to $40.00 for suits or overcoats. Have your measurements skilfully taken; and, in a short time, receive the splendidly finished, perfect fitting clothes.

Strauss Brothers
MASTER TAILORS
S.W. Cor. Monroe & Franklin Sts. Entire Building
Established 1877
CHICAGO

Griffon Automatic Stropper For any and all Safety Blades

Let us prove to you the advantages of having a Griffon Automatic Stropper with a strop of selected calf-skin, rich in a soft natural leather oil.

Strops any safety blade made. Does it perfectly, quickly. Regulated like a clock. A 5 year old child can work it as well as a skilled mechanic.

Just push the handle back and forth, the machine does the rest. The result is always successful, always the same—a smooth, delightfully keen edge.

Go to your Dealer to-day—ask him to show you how this strop works. If he cannot supply you send us his name and address with three of your discarded blades (any make) and two 2c stamps to pay for postage—we will return the blades better than new, proving to you the delightfully keen edge this strop will put on your old blades.

Price $2—name the razor you use.

Write for free booklet "Shavings." Be sure to mention your Dealer's name and address, and say whether or not he sells the Griffon Automatic Stropper.

GRIFFON CUTLERY WORKS
476 Broadway, New York
41 Common Street, Montreal, Can.

Good Health First— Pleasure Follows.

Grape-Nuts

is a scientifically made pure food.

Contains the natural phosphates grown in wheat and barley—for rebuilding brain and nerve cells.

The food for those who value mental and physical health—

"There's a Reason"

POSTUM CEREAL COMPANY, LIMITED,
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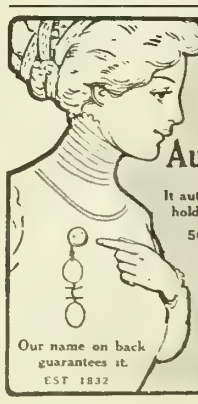
Pens that Write Right

Perfect penmanship—fine hair lines and even shading—is only possible when the pen is perfect. The smoothly rounded points, even temper, correct form and great elasticity of

Spencerian Steel Pens

make every man's "hand" a good one. Absolutely right for every kind of writing. A sample card of 12 different kinds sent free for 6 cents postage.

SPENCERIAN PEN CO.,
349 Broadway, New York.



Do You Wear Eye-Glasses On and Off?

Then you will appreciate the convenience of the

Automatic Eye-Glass Holder

It automatically winds up the chain and holds the eye-glasses when not in use.

50c and up and fully guaranteed

Catalog showing 36 styles free on request.

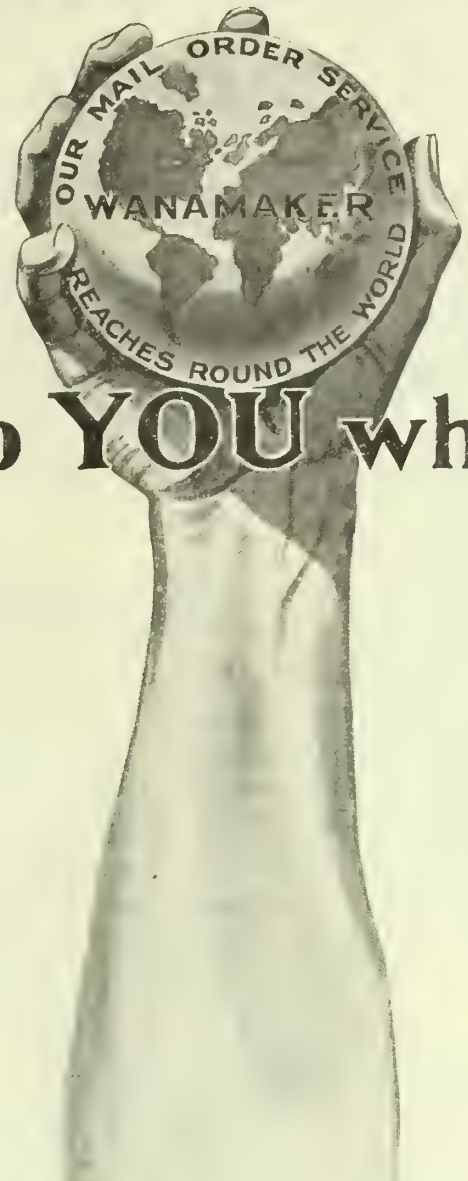
Sold by Leading Jewelers and Opticians. We'll mail it to you if your dealer hasn't it.

KETCHAM & McDOUGALL
19 Maiden Lane, New York

Our name on back guarantees it.
EST 1832

The Third Arm of the Wanamaker Business

ONE arm of our business reaches out in a wide circle over Manhattan, up into New England, over New Jersey, into the South and West from New York City, where the Wanamaker store occupies the old A. T. Stewart Building at 10th & Broadway and also the twice as large new Wanamaker Building across 9th Street, both buildings connected by large underground passage-ways and by a new double-deck "Bridge of Progress" in the air.



ANOTHER arm of our service (the original mother store) has been reaching out now for 48 years into the homes of Philadelphia and the adjoining vicinage of Pennsylvania, New Jersey, Delaware and Maryland, and early next Spring our New Philadelphia Store will be ready in its entirety for occupancy, giving us the largest merchandise show rooms in the world—about 45 acres of floor space.

Reaches out to YOU wherever you live

This third arm of the Wanamaker business is the

Wanamaker International Mail Order Service

now ready to reach directly into the 15 or 20 million homes in the United States, and into other countries, not with the idea of disturbing the trade of localities, but with the intention of giving to people everywhere a service not available in their home towns.

A woman recently went back west to her home and said to her family—"Yes, I have seen all the stores in New York and Philadelphia—AND WANAMAKER'S."

She recognized, you see, that Wanamaker's stands in a distinct class. Its merchandise is distinct; its prices are often different; its service has a personality which we believe has never been simulated.

A man's suit from Wanamaker's will last longer because we sell nothing but all-wool. A woman's waist will be just a little prettier and feel a little better because it was designed and made in a clean, sanitary, cheerful work-room.

Most of our goods are made to our own specifications, and everything is strictly inspected when it comes into the store. We aim, not to sell as cheaply as possible, but the best quality at each price. There are 62 parts in a pair of shoes, for example, every one of which can be cheapened. We see that the whole 62 parts are good.

For many years families have traded with us at long distance with perfect confidence. People send in—say $100 for the best diamond ring we could sell them—and have written back how pleased they were with the ring when received.

This is the spirit in which we wish you to accept our Mail Order Service and we will reciprocate your confidence by saying that no matter what kind of goods we send you, *if they are not satisfactory when they reach your home, send them back and we will refund your money and pay the shipping charges.*

In Philadelphia they call the store simply "Wanamaker's." In New York it has grown to be

Wanamaker's, Enlarged, Specialized, Nationalized

Combined, the two businesses form at least a 25 million dollar plant and have on hand all the year round an average of 10 to 12 million dollars of merchandise, giving employment to 10 to 15 thousand people daily.

CHECK BELOW

the books you want and send your name and address to

JOHN WANAMAKER
Section 100
New York City

and you will receive free and postpaid the

WANAMAKER MERCHANDISE REFERENCE BOOKS

For Women	
1. FASHIONS — Picturing and describing the newest fashions in Dresses, Suits, and Coats for Women and Girls.	
2. LINGERIE — Pictures and descriptions of Women's Waists, Negligees, House Gowns, Underclothes, Silk Petticoats and Corsets.	
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5. DRESS GOODS	
6. HANDKERCHIEFS	
7. LINENS	
8. FANCY GOODS — Illustrating Women's Neck-wear, Gloves, Jewelry, Belts, Fans, Combs, Toilet Articles, Leather Goods, Notions, Dress Trimmings, Laces, Embroideries, Art Embroideries, Umbrellas, Parasols and other small wares.	Check Here

Philadelphia — Paris — New York

The Guide Book to Wanamaker's—Sent Free Postpaid

will tell you how you can shop in New York, no matter where you live, and the numerous catalogs, folios, booklets, photographic pictures, samples of goods, prices and descriptions (all sent free anywhere) will give the specific information desired.

The Wanamaker Woman's Store

occupies the entire old A. T. Stewart Building in New York and is in constant touch with Paris, London and Berlin, and every source of fashion abroad and at home.

The Wanamaker Galleries

occupying the new 16-story Wanamaker Building (exclusive of the main floor, which is the Man's Store) are devoted to the most comprehensive assemblages of Home Furnishings, and the broadest facilities for Home Decoration existing anywhere.

Anything needed for the home can be bought satisfactorily through the Wanamaker Mail Order Service, and we can settle for you the entire question of decorating and furnishing your new house or redecorating your old house, or a part of it, wherever it may be located, *if you will merely write to us and tell us your needs.*

The Piano Store, the Book Store and the Jewelry Store are each complete, distinctive and of the highest character—as the Reference Books will show.

Our Organization in Paris

was the first American bureau of its scope to be located in Eur[illegible] and we are in constant touch with the markets of the old w[illegible], bringing the true Fashions first to America—AND TO YOU—originating and offering them first-hand to our clientele.

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For the House	
1. PALATIAL FURNITURE	
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3. BOOK [illegible]	

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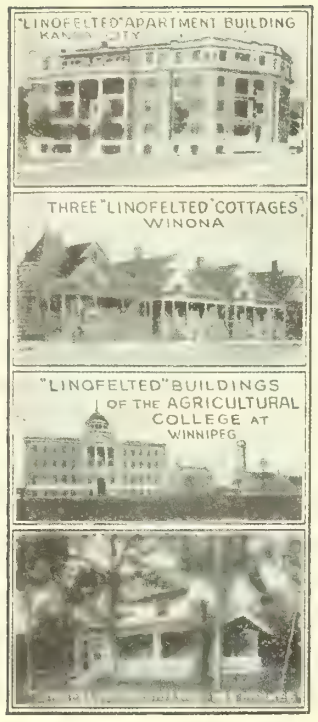
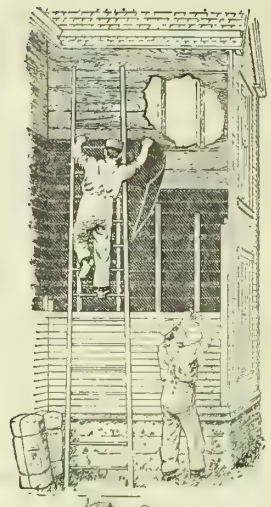


Retains Heat Keeps out Cold—Deadens Sound

Before you complete your building plans, don't fail to get a sample of and complete information on the uses and value of

LINOFELT

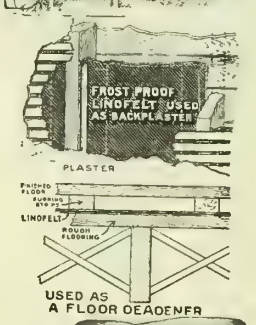
Linen-Felt made from Flax Fibre

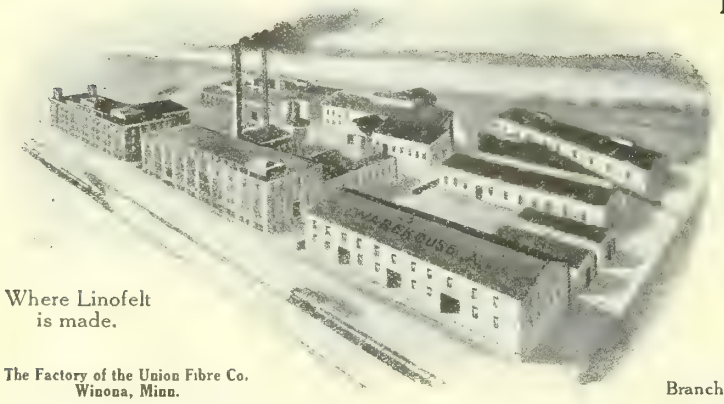


LINOFELT is a flax fibre insulating quilt for building purposes. Between two layers of tough paper is placed a layer of the fibrous covering of the flax plant—the whole held firmly in place by 5 rows of heavy stitching—making a quilt which, by actual tests, has proven

38 Times as effective as standard Building Paper

For Excluding Cold, Heat or Sound





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The Factory of the Union Fibre Co. Winona, Minn.

LINOFELT is put on with the same labor as ordinary building papers. It is used for sheathing, floor deadener and substitute for back-plaster on any style or size of building, adding 40% to its warmth and comfort, with a mere 1% to its cost. 25,000 Refrigerator Cars are lined with Linofelt and thousands more are being lined—a proof of its insulating effectiveness. The best makes of Domestic Refrigerators are lined with Linofelt.

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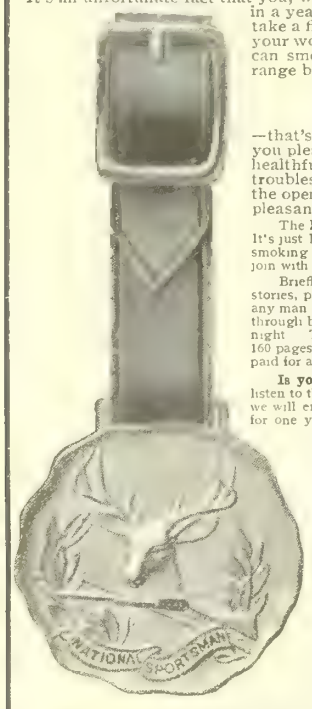
A Roll Ready for Use

Hello, Brother!

Shed your pack, fill your pipe, and sit down—we want to have a little straight "Head Camp" fire talk with you. To get right down to "brass tacks," you've got your share of red corpuscles in your blood—you like the fields, and woods and waters—you like the solo of the reel, and the voice of the gun. It's an unfortunate fact that you, who love these things, cannot get more than from one to four weeks off in a year to enjoy them. **NOW LISTEN**:—If we can show you how you can take a fishing or hunting trip twelve times a year for $1.00 without neglecting your work, will you take it? If we can take you into the big woods where you can smell the evergreens, and hear the babble of the brook, and see at close range big game and small, will you come with us? Subscribe for the



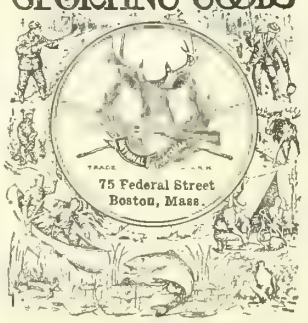
National Sportsman

—that's the answer—and as this magazine comes to you each month, it will lure you pleasantly away from the monotonous grind of your every-day work to the healthful atmosphere of the woods and fields—will make you forget your troubles—will put new life into you—and in addition to your annual outing in the open, you will get from its contents each month during the year many a pleasant trip and enjoyable experience with Rod, Dog, Rifle and Gun.

The **NATIONAL SPORTSMAN** is entirely different from any other magazine published It's just like a great big camp in the woods, with 75,000 good fellows sitting around the fire, smoking and telling each other stories about their good times in the woods. Come in, Brother, join with us and tell us a good story if you have one, or just sit and listen, if you'd rather.

Briefly, the **NATIONAL SPORTSMAN** contains each month 160 pages crammed full of stories, photographs of fish and game taken from life and a lot more good stuff that will make any man with red blood in his veins read the copy through before he goes to bed, even if it takes all night Think of it, 12 copies, each containing 160 pages, over 1,900 pages in all, sent to you postpaid for a one dollar "William"

Is your blood warm yet, Brother? If not, listen to this: Send us $1.00, on receipt of which we will enter your name on our subscription list for one year, and send you by return mail one of our heavy burnished Ormolu Gold Watch Fobs (regular price 50c) as here shown, with russet leather strap and gold plated buckle, together with a copy of our **ENCYCLOPEDIA OF SPORTING GOODS** containing **384 PAGES OF VALUABLE INFORMATION** for sportsmen, including a Synopsis of the Game Laws of all the States and Canada, Cooking Recipes for Campers, How to use the Compass, Hints on the Use of Firearms, information about various kinds of powder, size of shot, etc., to be used for different game, together with complete descriptions and lowest possible prices on all kinds of Guns, Rifles, Revolvers, Tents, Camp Outfits, Fishing Tackle and other goods of interest to lovers of outdoor sports. Can you beat this?



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THE REALLY BEST SAW

is the saw that **proves** by the "Test of Service." No matter what the price, or the brand, where it's made, or how advertised, it is only **best** through its unquestionable superiority over **ALL** other saws. The man who buys the saw wants **service**; nothing more, nothing less.

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have been known and used by manufacturers, carpenters, builders and householders for Seventy Years, and time and again comparison has proved them **BEST.** Every claim made for Disston Saws is backed by actual test. There are to-day in use Disston Saws that were made before Civil War times. Could there be stronger proof of superiority?

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Send today for the free sample book. It will convince you of this fact. On request we will include samples of Berkshire Cover Paper and Arrive Half Tone Paper, which we consider the two best book or booklet papers made.

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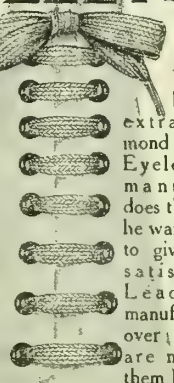

Found in the best shoes because no shoe is perfect without them. It means a lot to the wearer to have no "brassy" eyelets to spoil the appearance of the shoe and no frayed laces to replace.

You don't have to pay extra for Diamond Fast Color Eyelets. The manufacturer does that because he wants his shoes to give absolute satisfaction. Leading shoe manufacturers all over the world are now using them because experience has demonstrated that they are best.

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Remember that Diamond Fast Color Eyelets improve the appearance of a shoe and they retain their original color and brightness until after the shoe is worn out.

Ask your dealer about them

UNITED FAST COLOR EYELET CO.
Boston, Mass.

THRIFT

Sticking to a Thrifty Job

A LARGE London house has American headquarters in New York, with branches scattered over the United States, and employs in this country several hundred young men who keep records, make sales and handle money.

The American manager is a North country Englishman who has worked his way up from nothing. When he was a young fellow in England, he says, his relatives did not understand him at all. Other members of the family got positions and stuck to them, whereas he was pretty constantly shifting from place to place in his early years. That is directly opposed to English notions. His relatives did not see that every time he changed employers he got a better job, until finally he worked himself into a position with this house and stuck to it, rising eventually to his present position and a competence.

To this day his relatives do not understand how he did it, and as an employer he finds it difficult to impart the general idea to young men who work for him. It is simple enough. He never worked for money in itself. During the years when he was shifting about it was experience he sought, not wages. Then, when he landed a job with a house that offered broad opportunities for advancement, he stayed, and let salary take care of itself.

Apparently only one youngster in ten ever looks at anything more than salary in hunting or holding a position. Many a bright boy comes into this manager's organization with abilities that would make it easy for him to rise if he concentrated. The manager is fairly hungry to see that young fellow grow into responsible places. But after a few weeks the latter begins to watch the pay envelope, and to wish that there were more money in it. The fact that he has got a connection with a solid house, with good jobs above him to be won, means nothing. Some chance employment offering a dollar a week more is heard of, and the youngster quits to take it, even though the job lasts but a month.

Refusing a Triple Raise in Wages

Not long ago eighteen thousand "Help Wanted" advertisements in New York Sunday papers were investigated. It was found that one in three was fraudulent, misleading as to wages or steadiness of employment, offering no real connection. These are the jobs that young men accept, leaving good business houses for a dollar or two more a week in the pay envelope. They never size up the job for its possibilities. Several years of such shifting leaves them with no knowledge of any business, and they are unskilled salaried "casuals," not so well off in prospects as the pick-and-shovel laborer.

The general manager for a large construction company first entered its office as a printer's devil years ago, bringing a package of proofs. He was so dirty that the young woman took his package with the tips of her fingers, and made him sit in a corner by himself. But she couldn't keep him from talking, and he soon found out the company needed an office boy.

"Gimme de job," he suggested to the bookkeeper. "Dere ain't nuttin' in de printin' business."

"We want a boy that's clean," said the bookkeeper. "He must have manners and an education."

Presently the bookkeeper found himself trying to find some good reason for not hiring that printer's devil. Wages? He would take less than he was now earning. Hours? He could be down at six and would stay till seven at night. Every objection was met.

"Where do you live?" asked the bookkeeper finally.

"Out in Shantytown."

"That settles it—you live too far away!"

The boy was not defeated. His printing job had "queered" him, he saw, so he quit, went home, scrubbed himself, polished his shoes and brushed his best clothes. Next morning he was at the office when the bookkeeper arrived, and while the latter was trying to get rid of him a second time the manager came in, heard the story, and hired the boy. In a year or two he was getting as much money as a journeyman printer, saving it and studying nights.

How To Figure Value

What your clothes cost cannot be judged by the original price, but by service.

A $10.00 Raincoat that is worn out in four months costs $2.50 a month. A $20 Raincoat that serves twelve months costs only $1.67 a month.

"Mackinette" Raincoats made by Rosenwald & Weil of Chicago are made to perform service, not to fit price.

You will need a Raincoat or Overcoat soon—you want a stylish garment that will keep its shape and give you several seasons of wear.

You can be sure of these qualities if you own an "RAW" Mackinette Raincoat.

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Sold by Leading Dealers Everywhere
Text Book of Dress for Men sent on request

Rosenwald & Weil
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Saves several times its cost by making the floor finish last 2 to 3 times longer

JUST apply a cloth moistened with a little "Brightener"—no more work than dusting—it cleans the floor and brightens the finish. If you do this once in two or three weeks it keeps your floor like new all the time—a quart (for 75c.) will last the average home 6 months. If you have never used "Brightener" try it. We will gladly have a liberal

FREE SAMPLE SENT ON REQUEST

"Brightener" is the *only* preparation that will successfully clean and polish a waxed floor without removing the wax, or a varnished floor without injuring the finish. Never use water or oil preparations—they ruin the finish.

WRITE FOR OUR FREE BOOK
"Beautiful Floors, Their Finish and Care"

It is a book for study and reference and contains expert advice in plain terms on such subjects as

Care of Waxed Floors
Woods Fit for Flooring
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Cleaning and Polishing Hardwood Floors
Finishing Kitchen, Pantry, Bath Room Floors
Finishing Furniture and Interior Woodwork
Removing Varnish, Shellac and Paint
Finishing Dance Floors

Please mention your paint dealer's name when you write for the free sample of "Brightener" and booklet. If he does not get "Brightener" when you want it you may order direct from us (after you try the sample) 40c. pint; 75c. quart. $2.00 gallon.

A. S. BOYLE & CO., 2004 West 8th St., Cincinnati, Ohio

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Silver plate that Resists wear

HERE is a new 1835 R. WALLACE creation, the new Blossom Pattern. This, perhaps more than any other pattern heretofore presented, expresses the real reason why, for so many years, 1835 R. WALLACE has been, in preference to all other plated wares, the first and final choice of the discriminating woman.

AND now, more than ever, 1835 R. WALLACE silverware merits its name, "The Silver Plate that Resists Wear," for it is given what is termed a *sectional plating*. That is, each piece receives an *additional plating, an added strength*, at all parts which in use are subjected to the greater wear.

AS an assurance of reliability to the purchaser, 1835 R. WALLACE ware is sold under an unrestricted guarantee, one broader than any heretofore known, in which we, its makers, agree unconditionally to replace each and every piece that does not give in any household a service of the most satisfactory kind.

ASK YOUR DEALER

You should have our helpful little book, "How to Set the Table." It's free to any woman

R. WALLACE & SONS MFG. CO.
WALLINGFORD BOX 31 CONN.

Today he earns a fine salary, and has interests that make him independent.

Twenty years ago a life-insurance canvasser making eighteen dollars a week was offered three thousand dollars a year to go on the road for a wholesale merchant who was attracted by his selling ability at the time the canvasser sold him a policy. That was a tempting offer—three times his present income to start with. But the life-insurance man didn't take it.

"I'm a new hand at insurance, and my earnings are still small," he admitted. "But I believe in this, and don't think I could believe as thoroughly in your business. The company I work for is only in its infancy. I want to grow with it. You can give me more immediate salary, but you can't offer me the same possibilities."

Since then that canvasser has grown into a division superintendent with an income four times what the merchant offered him, and his savings, wisely invested, have made him well-to-do. The wholesale house has since gone out of business.

Sometimes the thrifty job is not altogether a matter of selecting a solid house. It may depend on working for the right man.

A girl of eighteen had to go out to earn her living because of family trouble. She took some instruction in stenography and typewriting, but left before finishing the course and got a place. Her work was naturally crude, and she was discharged. But she got another job, and another, and after some weeks was hired by a wholesale house, being assigned to do the secretarial work for one of its department managers who was as much a "bluff" as she was, and seemed to be learning business as she did—by getting a job, making mistakes, getting fired and drawing conclusions.

Leaving a Good Job for a Bad One

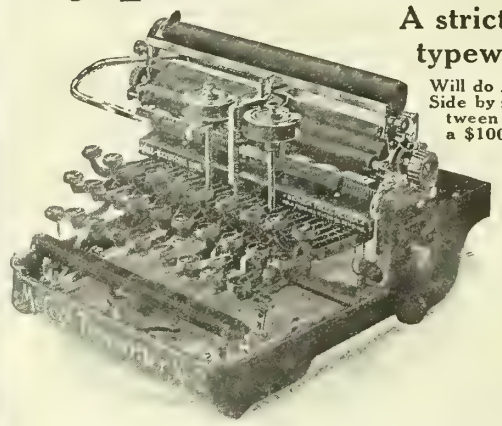
She was in earnest, however, and stayed nights to rewrite letters, and cry over them and copy them again. One day the senior partner asked her to take a letter. When she brought it for his signature it was so bad that he jumped on it. He was an excitable man who subsequently shot himself—not on account of that letter, though. This faithful drill enabled her to hold the place. She learned to handle correspondence, and also caught the general idea of the house and its ways of doing business. In fact, she was progressing so nicely in six months that it seemed advisable to look about for a place where there would be wider possibilities.

Then a new department manager came, and one week's acquaintance with him demonstrated that he offered more possibilities than any new field. Several incompetents had failed to develop this department, and the firm had finally gone out for a high-salaried man of reputation. This new manager encouraged her, taught her, corrected many of the sharp, business ways she had picked up by contact with narrow-gauge men, and put her into the true channel of broad business growth. She was there with him five years as secretary, at a constantly advancing salary. Then he went into business for himself, and she went with him. Today his business extends over three cities, and she manages most of the details in one of them.

Two brothers left school and began business life together about fifteen years ago. The eldest was brilliant. He immediately got a place with an old mercantile house noted for its conservatism in hiring new people. Just to be taken on there was counted as good as a career. But he held this position only a few weeks, quitting to find something that paid more salary, leaving that for something that offered better opportunities, and this, in turn, for something more congenial. In fifteen years this oldest brother has held, for short periods, enough fine positions to make the fortunes of twenty solid, plodding boys. Yet today he is possessed of nothing to show for it, either in savings or connections. He has not realized that a man with only himself as capital must invest that self wisely in one place by finding a good connection and sticking to it.

The other brother has held just one job, and that was not a good job in the beginning. He entered the office of a sleepy trade journal, owned by a retired publisher, and edited by an old grump who had gone to school with the publisher long ago. There was no real business management, and the publication made no money, for its owner kept it going to give work to

THE McCool Typewriter $25



A strictly first class, business typewriter for business use.

Will do ALL you could ask of any typewriter. Side by side you cannot tell the difference between a letter written on the McCool and on a $100.00 machine. Will handle all correspondence required of any machine. Carried easily as a hand grip—weighs only 12 pounds.

Sold direct from factory to you. Every middle profit cut out. This saves 45 per cent. in price.

Only 319 parts. Most typewriters have 2500 and more. This saves you 30%.

We have over half a million dollars invested in our big manufacturing plant, covering five acres—one of the largest in the country.

The McCool is made in our factory. We buy material for 15,000 to 20,000 typewriters at a time.

Every one of the 319 parts of the McCool is selected, put to supreme test for quality and accuracy. Every bearing and wearing surface is of hardened steel, finished to microscopical fineness, adjusted by micrometer. The McCool is built for a generation of hard, business use. Requires no adjustment or tinkering. Gives immediate, perfect results.

Just see if you think it necessary to pay more than $25 for a good typewriter:

Absolutely perfect alignment. (In just our typewheel alone we save hundreds of parts.) Clear, sharp impressions. Universal single keyboard, eighty-four characters, two shift keys with shift locks and spacer. Adjustable carriage and key tension. Automatic Ribbon movement and shift. Visible writing. Tabulating indicator. Paper holder and guide. Carriage release. Spacer, 1, 2 or 3 lines. Piano touch, adjustable heavy to light. Bell Alarm. Specially designed McCool Escapement—most simple and positive on any typewriter built. Impossible to get out of order until it actually wears out.

The McCool typewriter is for business use. We use a whole battery in answering our own mail. You can imagine what that must mean!

The price recommends it to business houses and merchants; particularly the smaller merchant, lawyer, clergyman, student, physician, teacher, where a typewriter has heretofore been thought prohibitive in price. If you never saw a typewriter you can write on the McCool. Very simple. Nothing to learn but the keyboard.

The McCool Typewriter is unqualifiedly guaranteed in every way

Shipped anywhere, carefully packed and boxed, delivered to any Express Company for $25.00. This is our factory price—absolutely the lowest ever made on a first class typewriter. The Express charges vary with distance but add very little to this our lowest factory price.

You are perfectly safe. Remit $25.00. Test the McCool 10 days in the privacy of your office or home. If it fails in any way to meet your expectations, if you do not find it even better than we have described—a handsome machine, greatly superior in every way—your money and express charges will be refunded promptly without argument. You have absolutely nothing to lose.

For $2.50 additional we will include a substantial Wood, Leatherette Covered Carrying Case with Brass Yale Lock and Key, Side Clasps, Genuine Leather Handles. A handsome, practical outfit, which with the Typewriter is about the size and weight of a hand grip.

You MUST READ our handsome, illustrated booklet, fully describing the McCool Typewriter—the achievement of the century in typewriter construction. Free on request.

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AND you will insure *100% protection* for your building.

You will have a roofing of known quality—tested for 25 years; absolutely *standardized;* unvarying in manufacture, in texture, thickness and weight.

The Carey Roof is in a class by itself.

It has the unique quality of hardening—becoming stronger, more dense, in its *outer layers* as the years go by—

Carey Roofing is built, complete, by perfected machinery in our vast factories. You are positively assured of its superior quality *before* it is applied.

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After the Baltimore conflagration, it was a common sight to see a Carey Roof standing alone in a whole district—the one roof that successfully resisted the flames.

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—While the wonderful, thick inner sheet of asphalt and other valuable ingredients—prepared and tempered by our special process—remains plastic and flexible. It never changes.

The Carey Roof Standard is your best guide to roofing satisfaction.

Architects and owners are fast realizing the uncertainty—the unsatisfactory results—of roofs manufactured, layer by layer, by workmen on top of the building.

Carey's Roofing is easy to buy. We have 46 general distributing points. Sold by leading dealers.

Before you select any roof let us send you a sample—so that you can prove for yourself the superiority of Carey Roof quality; and our Book—full of photographs of buildings and interesting and important facts. Mailed postpaid on request. Address

The Philip Carey Manufacturing Co., 43 Wayne Ave., Cincinnati, O.

How the Spencer Heater Reduces Coal Bills ⅓ to ½

You will be vitally interested in the convincing statements of 59 "Spencer" users, selected from hundreds of letters which we have on file. They show from personal experiences how the "Spencer" has

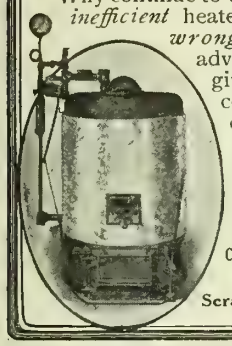
Reduced heating expenses —
—because it burns no more tons of *No. 1 Buckwheat Coal* than the ordinary heater does of the higher priced sizes which cost $2 to $3 more per ton than Buckwheat.

Keeps an even temperature at all times—
—by providing an *adequate amount* of heat with perfect *automatic regulation.*

Lightens the labor of "tending fires"—
—because the "Spencer" water-jacketed magazine-feed holds enough coal to last 24 hours in ordinary weather; 12 in severe. Feeds it automatically.

Gives lasting satisfaction —
—because it is mechanically correct and of the very best construction.

Why continue to use a *coal-greedy, inefficient* heater of *obsolete* or *wrong type* when the advanced "Spencer" gives you *absolute* comfort at the lowest possible cost?



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Our Book, "Ironing Without Fire," which tells how you can iron in minutes what it takes hours to iron by hand. How to save hours of hard work on ironing day. How to save nearly all the fuel. Do the ironing better. Have your clothes look whiter and last longer.

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will enable you to accomplish all this and more, too. It will iron all your flat pieces in one-fourth the time—pressure puts on a polish no woman has the strength to equal. It won't scorch, stretch or strain the goods; that's why clothes last three times as long.

Mrs. H. M. Cass says: "I never dreamed that anything could do the work the Domestic does—perfectly wonderful."

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"I MADE $12 PER DAY

Selling This 7-Piece Kitchen Set"

From sworn statement of H. S. CUNNINGHAM.

AGENTS wanted for this forged steel, guaranteed, labor-saving set of Kitchen Cutlery. Durable. Low priced. Not for sale in stores. Big demand. Write for terms of free outfit and proof of how other agents make **$3 to $10 a Day** Experience unnecessary. We teach you how to sell. Handsome display sample case makes sales easy. You will be astonished how easily you can make big money.

THOMAS MFG. CO.
268 Wayne St., Dayton, Ohio

several aged employees, and to have a place in which to publish his own opinions occasionally.

This younger brother found time, while doing clerical work, to get subscriptions and advertising for the paper. He was naturally a salesman, and it came easily to him. As fast as he got new revenue the crusty employers lost it through their inflexible ways of dealing with his customers. Once, after he had persuaded an influential house to advertise, the opinionated old editor drove away its patronage by a spiteful editorial.

Other publishers, more modern and aggressive, offered him better pay to come with them, but he reasoned that this publication had the greatest stability, and stayed where he was. Then the old editor died and a younger man was promoted. With the latter he could work in some harmony, holding the ground that was gained by business enterprise. Eventually he and the new editor went to the owner with a proposition to buy the publication. The owner wanted twenty-five thousand dollars cash. They proposed that it be incorporated for forty thousand, fifteen thousand to be preferred stock drawing six per cent dividends, and the rest common stock earning the same. They were to take entire charge, paying the dividends, amounting to twenty-four hundred dollars a year, and applying whatever profit there might be over their own salaries and expenses to the purchase of the common stock. The preferred stock had no voting power. When they had bought in the common stock the business would be virtually theirs, the preferred stock being no more than a claim for an annuity of nine hundred dollars to the old publisher or his heirs. In five years the property was cleared, and today is highly profitable.

The whole virtue of sticking to a steady, growing job, instead of hunting new places for the sake of a temporary increase in pay, lies in the fact that it enables a man to plod, which is the chief element in thrift, next to good management of income.

One day not long ago an inquisitive reporter visited Edison's laboratory, and after two hours' inquiry in different departments was taken in for a little talk with the "Old Man."

"Mr. Edison," he asked, among other questions, "have you ever tried to devise a system for training other Edisons? Isn't there some way in which young men can be made into geniuses like yourself?"

Now, Edison has little respect for what is called genius. Instead, he attributes everything he has ever accomplished to the hardest sort of plodding. All through his laboratories are subordinates plodding on details—making systematic investigations of materials, and working out many series of chemical experiments extending over months and years. That is his whole method—to plug, plug, plug. At sixty-two he is as busy as ever, sleeping hardly at all, and insisting that there are twenty hours in the day to work.

The reporter shouted this question. A droll smile came over the plodding wizard's face.

"Oh, yes, I've tried that. Trouble was, though, I could never get the young Edison up at three in the morning!"

Mouse Plagues

AMONG the oldest and most disastrous plagues in history are plagues of mice. They were regarded with superstitious wonder in early times and, in some parts of the world, even at the present day, are looked upon as miraculous.

The mice that produce plagues are represented in the United States by the short-tailed field mice or meadow mice. They are found all over the country and are always numerous. The annual damage they do to crops is estimated at over three million dollars.

One of the methods that has been tired for checking such plagues of mice is to roll the land with heavy rollers, trample it with cavalry or sheep and liberate large numbers of cats. These have been only partially successful. The really desirable thing, according to the experts, is to prevent undue multiplication of the animals by using dogs to kill them, flooding fields in cold weather, scattering poisoned grain in the wintertime, burning herbage that affords shelter for the mice, and encouraging the hawks, owls, skunks and other creatures which prey upon them.

We Pay You to Try

The Marvelous New

Lindsay Tungsten Mantle

For years makers of gas mantles have been striving to produce a mantle that would give the maximum of light and at the same time the maximum of wear.

The Lindsay Tungsten Mantle at last reaches the ideal in both respects.

The Lindsay Tungsten Mantle is made of a special weave, specially treated. None of the faults which vex the user in the cheap mantle are found in it.

The Lindsay Tungsten Mantle gives a powerful light of great candle-power. Yet the light is not garish or oppressive, but soft and pleasant.

The Lindsay Tungsten Mantle will not shrink up with use—a common fault with ordinary mantles. When a mantle shrinks the incandescent surface is reduced and the light diminishes.

The Lindsay Tungsten Mantle will outlast several ordinary mantles because it is made extra thick and strong and of specially tough fiber.

We Will Pay One-Half the Cost of the First Mantle You Buy!

We know how superior our Tungsten Mantle is to any other gas mantle you have ever tried.

We know that the quickest way to convince you is to let you convince yourself. Therefore we are making this great special proposition, never before made by any manufacturer of gas mantles.

The regular retail price of the Lindsay Tungsten Mantle is 30 cents—much cheaper than any mantle of nearly the same grade has ever sold for.

Tear out the coupon below. Sign it and take it to any dealer, with 15 cents. He will hand you a Lindsay Tungsten Mantle. We ourselves will pay him the other 15 cents in cash, of the regular price, 30 cents.

This means that you are getting your first Tungsten Mantle at *less than the cost of an ordinary one.*

We are able to make this offer only because we know that the superiority of the Lindsay Tungsten Mantle will be so plain to you after you have tried it that you will never use any other.

For quality and quantity of light and for wearing power they are unequaled. They are the cheapest mantle made when you figure the time they last and the light they give.

The expense entailed by this offer is so great that we are forced to limit it to one mantle to a household. This special proposition will not appear again, so *act today.* Tear out the coupon now, while you think of it, and get acquainted with the ideal gas mantle. You'll bless the day it was brought to your notice.

Look for "Lindsay Tungsten" on the box, and the lavender colored mantle.

Lindsay Light (1) Company
New York Chicago

To the Dealer G

This coupon is good for 15 cents on the purchase of a Lindsay Tungsten Mantle. We will redeem the coupon for 15 cents in cash when properly signed by the customer and yourself. LINDSAY LIGHT COMPANY.

Customer's Name

Address

Dealer's Signature

NOTE.—Only one coupon from a family will be redeemed

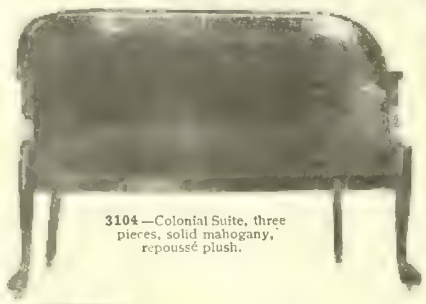
2573—Old English Three-piece Suite, mahogany or oak, antique velour.

2113—Louis XVI Suite, 3 pieces, gold leaf, damask.

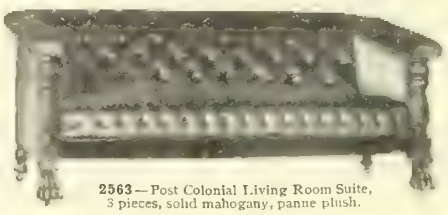
3353—Karpen Steel Frame Turkish Rocker, leather.

2390—Karpen Turkish Rocker, leather.

1343—English Fireside Chair, mahogany, panne plush with tapestry panel.



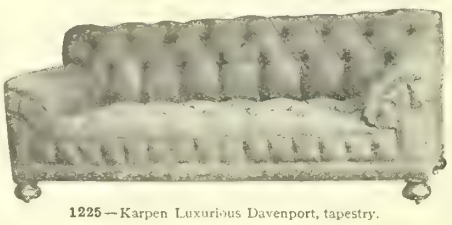
3104—Colonial Suite, three pieces, solid mahogany, repoussé plush.



2563—Post Colonial Living Room Suite, 3 pieces, solid mahogany, panne plush.

2755—Sleepy Hollow Arm Chair, solid mahogany, leather.

3341—Modern German Arm Chair, genuine morocco leather.

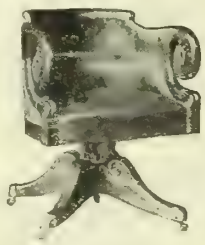


1225—Karpen Luxurious Davenport, tapestry.

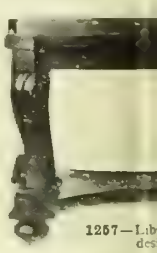
2983—Modern English Arm Chair, genuine morocco leather.

3316—Arm Chair, oak or solid mahogany, leather.

2903—Senate Arm Chair, solid mahogany, leather.



2900—Senate Office Chair, solid mahogany, leather.



1257—Lib des

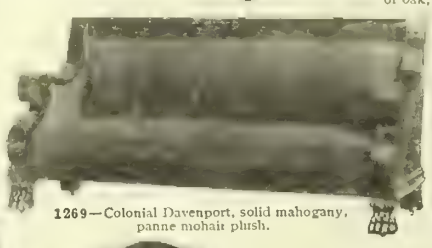
1401—Modern Arm Chair, solid mahogany, leather.

1401—Modern Sofa, solid mahogany, leather.

3704—English Fireside Chair, mahogany, velour.

1407—Karpen Leather Couch, solid mahogany or oak, leather.

9898—Col



1269—Colonial Davenport, solid mahogany, panne mohair plush.

8816—Colonial Davenport, crotched mahogany, silk and mohair velour.

3323—Colonial Rocker, solid mahogany, silk velour.

3322—Colonial Rocker, solid mahogany, silk velour.

3311—Modern English Rocker, solid mahogany, leather.

3356—Colonial Rocker, solid mahogany, leather.

3727—Flanders Rocker, oak, Spanish leather.

3376—Modern Rocker, solid mahogany or oak, leather.

1430—Flanders Table, oak, Spanish leather.

1432—

Karpen

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Sofas	Couches

3336—Karpen Turkish Rocker, leather.

3726—Karpen Fireside Rocker, leather.

9525—Louis XV Three-piece Suite, finest gold leaf, silk brocade.

2566—Old English Three-piece Suite, oak

3355—Flanders Rocker, solid mahogany or oak, leather.

2580—Colonial Suite, three pieces, solid mahogany, silk velour.

5791—Karpen Sleepy Hollow Chair, solid mahogany or oak, leather.

2558—Dutch Colonial Suite, three pieces, mahogany or walnut, antique damask.

2799—Senate Arm Chair, solid mahogany, leather.

2910—Senate Office Chair, solid mahogany, leather.

9744—Pullman Arm Chair, solid mahogany or oak, leather.

1932—Modern English Sofa, genuine morocco leather.

1932—Modern English Arm Chair, genuine morocco leather.

3720—Mission Corner Arm Chair.

1427—Flanders Couch, oak, Spanish leather.

3362—Colonial Fireside Chair, solid mahogany or oak, leather.

2560—Colonial Sofa, solid mahogany, silk brocatelle.

2560—Colonial Arm Chair.

1470—Karpenbed, mahogany or oak, velour.

79—Karpenbed, mission, Spanish leather.

h leather.

1431—Flanders Desk, oak.

3727—Flanders Arm Chair, oak, Spanish leather.

3372—Rocker, solid mahogany, leather.

3373—Colonial Rocker, solid mahogany, leather.

2513—Colonial Rocker, solid mahogany, panne plush.

3371—Colonial Rocker, mahogany or oak, leather.

3320—Colonial Rocker, mahogany

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Invented less than a year ago, over 40,000 of our Patent Cigar Chests have been sold to date. Not one cigar dealer in a thousand keeps his cigars as fresh as you can keep yours—if you own one. This Chest supplies moisture to the cigars and preserves their flavor by an entirely new patent process. Each cigar to the very last one is kept in perfect condition. To introduce our cigars to you—to prove that it will pay you well to buy by the box—we will give you with your first order, one of these chests. The chest is oak, Mission Finish, glass lined, heavily insulated, and holds 100 cigars. No sponges or pads to bother with.

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The strongest statement we can make in cold type about the fine quality and flavor of our cigars is this: If they were not good enough to bring us re-orders, on their own merits, we would lose out. By shipping direct from factory to you, cutting out jobbers' and retailers' profits, we are selling at 7c a cigar you will find it hard to equal at 15c. Sargent Cigars are made of blended domestic tobaccos of the finest selection, with a flavoring of choice Havana. They appeal to smokers, not only because of their aroma, but because they can be smoked freely without harmful results. No headaches or nervousness. We are still waiting to hear the first complaint.

OUR PROPOSITION

Send us $3.50 and we will send you 50 Sargent Perfectos or Panetelas and the Cigar Chest. If you order 100 cigars and Chest, price $7.00, we will prepay express East of the Mississippi River. West of the Mississippi add $1.00. If you prefer Mahogany Chest send $2 extra; if Circassian Walnut $3 extra. State preference for mild, medium or strong cigars. Subsequent re-orders of cigars filled at $3.50 for 50, $7 for 100.

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If Chest or Cigars are not up to your expectations, send them back at our expense and we will return your money at once.

REFERENCES

If you want to know who we are, ask the First Bridgeport National, Pequonnock National or City National Bank of Bridgeport.

We make humidors in several handsome woods. Sizes for 100, 500 and 1,000 cigars. Send for catalogue.

Patented December 1, 1908. Other patents pending.

SARGENT CIGAR CO.
636 Water St., Bridgeport, Conn.

THE COMING RAILROAD RULER

(Continued from Page 7)

"I have kept at my first job. It happened to be railroading. It would have been just the same had it been shoes or hardware. Many men fail because they won't stick to one thing. They are always wanting to change to something that seems better. You must understand your business in order to succeed, and you can't understand it unless you stick everlastingly to it. Application never hurt anybody. It's only the excesses that kill. If any man applies his energy in the right direction he will succeed. But it is not everybody who will hang on to the same job day and night.

"It takes no great wit nor diplomacy to make a million dollars. But it does take hard work and the quality to take a few risks.

"If I were to lay down a rule for any young man to follow I should say to him: Save as you go; do not spend as you go. I was associated for a number of years with Mr. Collis P. Huntington, in my opinion the greatest railroad man that the United States ever produced. He always said:

"'When you look into the careers of the very successful men of the country you find that at some time they saved their pennies. A young man who saves, no matter how little, will develop a habit of thrift that will be of service to him no matter how big he gets. He will have something on hand with which to take advantage of the opportunity that comes to everybody.'

"But behind all this is work. When people ask me what I am, I say that I am a laboring man. I work as hard or harder than any man on my pay-rolls. I expect to be a worker as long as I am able. The finest thing about the average American is that he is a worker. The moment he retires he becomes a bore to himself and everybody else."

The subject naturally turned to railroading. "What is the biggest railroad problem today?" I asked Mr. Hawley.

"There is no great railroad problem," he answered, "save, possibly, the matter of new mileage. I think this is what concerns the railway managers most. I believe in new construction, and I think there will be a great deal of it in the West and Southwest."

"Do you believe in the so-called 'one-man power' in the control of American railroads?" I asked.

"Most emphatically yes," was the reply. "In all business there must be a definite head with absolute authority and power. You can't do business with a town meeting. The merging of our railroads into groups has been a great benefit to the country, and I believe it will keep up. Consolidation of lines only means larger efficiency. Before the grouping of the great systems a passenger had to change cars at Albany in order to go to Buffalo. By the merging of lines he can journey a thousand miles without a change. It is just as convenient for the shipper, too."

"Have you any rule about buying railroads?" was the next question.

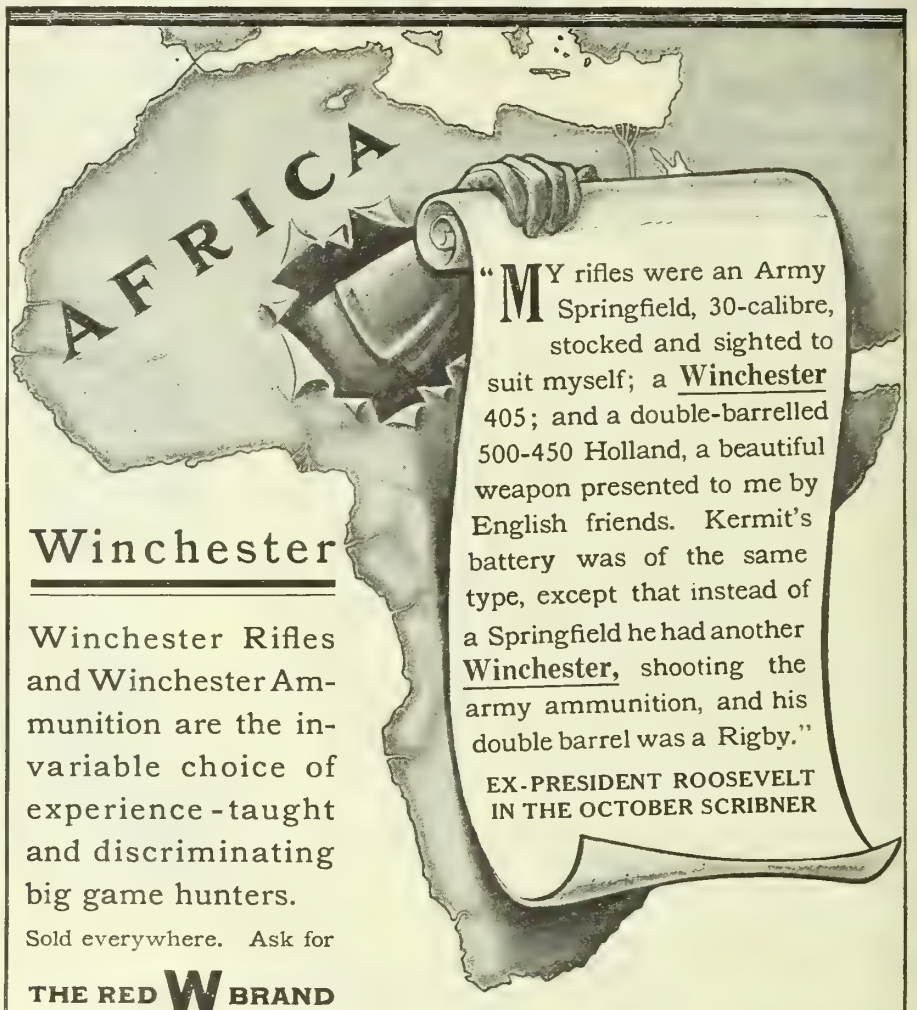
"Only one, and that is to look into the property carefully before buying it. I have followed this rule in all investment and it is a pretty good one to observe.

"I buy a railroad just as an individual buys a piece of real estate, and I develop it very much the same way that land is developed. It is all a matter of taste on the part of the owner and of the particular use you want to make of it. I like to spend money on the roadbed and equipment. Good service on the rails is the first consideration. That was one of Mr. Huntington's rules. I stand by my properties, I never skin them; and I believe that all railroads should be built up. But I only meet railroad problems as they develop."

"How about the railroads and the people?" I asked.

"Any corporation that serves the people should have the largest amount of efficiency at the least possible cost," was the answer. "The relation between the railroads and the people is, or should be, a business one, pure and simple. The road has something to sell; the people buy it. My idea in running a railroad is to give the shipper a chance to make money as well as the stockholder. The railroad needs the good will of the shipper even more than the good will of the traveler and the general public."

WINCHESTER


AFRICA
"MY rifles were an Army Springfield, 30-calibre, stocked and sighted to suit myself; a Winchester 405; and a double-barrelled 500-450 Holland, a beautiful weapon presented to me by English friends. Kermit's battery was of the same type, except that instead of a Springfield he had another Winchester, shooting the army ammunition, and his double barrel was a Rigby."
EX-PRESIDENT ROOSEVELT IN THE OCTOBER SCRIBNER

Winchester

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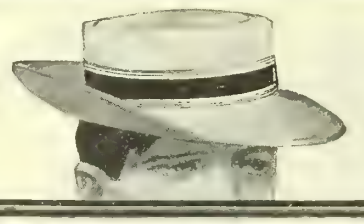

Fancy Hat Bands

SHOW a dash of color in the band of your soft hat this Fall. The New Styles in "Wick" Fancy Hat Bands are ready at your Clothier's or Haberdasher's. One of the latest things is the "Disappearing Stripes," in 25 different color combinations. Or you can name the colors of your school or college—your class, club or society.

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"Wick" bands go on over the regular hat band—fasten with the famous "little hooks." Wick of Philadelphia is the Hat Band Authority of the world—supplies the big colleges and best dressed men everywhere. The Wick Band is the correct thing and adds a touch of individuality. Look for the *Wick Label* on every band. Write to

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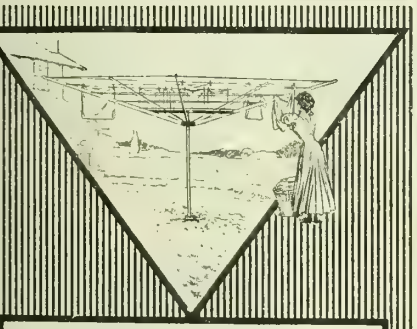

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and ugly clothes posts that mar the appearance of your yard.

Hill's FAMOUS CLOTHES Dryer
overcomes those objectionable features.

In Use Saves endless tramping and lugging. *The line comes to you.* Sheets hung on outside give neat appearance and protect other pieces from public view.

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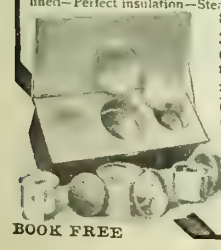
You'll Be Surprised at the Low Direct Price I'll Make You

Satisfaction guaranteed by full 30 days' trial or no charge—Pays for self fastest—Cooks fastest—No experience necessary—Saves 80 per cent on fuel, time and work—Non-rusting-metal-lined—Perfect insulation—Steam can't escape—**Boils, Steams, Stews—Roasts, Bakes, Fries.**



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220 21st St., Detroit, Mich.

BOOK FREE

"Have you any particular ambition?" I asked.

"None in particular," said Mr. Hawley. "I am in the railroad business. It has been good to me. I expect to stick to it."

Mr. Hawley, by the way, is a bachelor. In discussing matrimony he said:

"The risks in the matrimonial market are greater than those of the stock market. When a man gets stuck with a bad bunch of stocks all he has to do is to lock them up in his safety-deposit box and wait. But he cannot do this with a matrimonial investment."

When you talk to Mr. Hawley you soon find out that business is business with him, and nothing else. There are not many anecdotes afloat about him and he has furnished very little material for the human interest historians. He has been mixed up in some of the biggest speculative deals of the past ten years—notably, the Gates wheat corner of 1902; the deal by which Mr. Gates secured control of the Louisville and Nashville road in the open market in 1903; and the celebrated Daniel Sully cotton corner of 1904. One day during the Sully corner he rode downtown on a car with Mr. Sully, who remarked:

"I bought fifty thousand bales of cotton today for a friend of mine."

When Mr. Hawley pressed him for the reason, he replied:

"Oh, for sentimental reasons."

That day Mr. Hawley got out of the corner, and a few days later it blew up with terrific losses for Sully. When the corner was being investigated and Mr. Hawley was asked on the stand why he pulled out so suddenly, he replied: "I felt that sentiment had no place in a big deal."

One important thing remains to be said about Mr. Hawley. It is his future place. No one—not even his closest associates—knows just what this will be, for he keeps his plans to himself. But everybody realizes that he is likely to be second to no man in railroad prestige and power.

Where Mr. Harriman drew on the coffers of the New York insurance and trust companies for the sinews of his fierce railroad warfare, Mr. Hawley practically went it alone in the upbuilding of his system. Yet the Edwin Hawley of today is not the same man who cautiously bought second-hand railroads ten years ago. His lone hand has developed into a powerful partnership. He has entrenched himself behind almost colossal financial resource. He is himself director in twenty-five railroad and other corporations. Besides his own roads he is director in the Colorado and Southern and the Western Pacific—the Gould road to the coast. He is a director of the American Exchange National Bank of New York and of many other companies.

His close associates are even more impressive. Chief among his aides is Henry E. Huntington, nephew of Collis P. Huntington, who controls the bulk of the Huntington fortune and who sits in fifty directorates. Others are Henry Walters, of Baltimore, who controls the Atlantic Coast Line, which in turn controls the Louisville and Nashville Railroad; Speyer & Co., the old Huntington bankers with their world-wide connections; Frank A. Vanderlip, president of the National City Bank, who brings the prestige of the country's greatest banking institution; Paul Morton, president of the Equitable Life Assurance Society, a financial giant in the making and regarded as the logical heir to the power of Thomas F. Ryan; his brother, Joy Morton, of Chicago, a commanding capitalist; Theodore P. Shonts, president of the Interborough-Metropolitan Company, of the Clover Leaf and of the Alton; L. C. Weir, president of the Adams Express Company; B. F. Yoakum, the master railroad builder, and through him the Moores and D. G. Reid, the "Rock Island crowd"; John J. Mitchell, president of the Illinois Trust and Savings Bank, one of the financial Gibraltars of the West; J. N. Wallace, president of the Central Trust Company of New York; J. W. Castles, president of the Union Trust Company of New York; John Crosby Brown, of Brown Brothers; W. A. Read, of W. A. Read & Co.; and Fisk & Robinson.

With his amazing acquisitive genius, his extraordinary stick-to-itiveness, his unerring judgment of railroad properties, backed up by all these golden affiliations, there are many men who believe that no railroad conquest is beyond Mr. Hawley. To an age of one-man power he brings all the qualities of such stalwart leadership. He is under sixty; strong, alive with energy and with a great ambition.

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A new scientific discovery—a secret process—has revolutionized the manufacture of razors. This discovery enables us to offer you a blade of *Carbo-steel*—(steel plus carbon)—which you do not have to hone or grind; a blade that stays sharp always. To prove it we will distribute 20,000 Carbo-Magnetic Razors on 30-Days Trial absolutely free.

A New Scientific Discovery

We want you to know and enjoy the smooth shaving comfort you can obtain *only* through the long sweeping diagonal stroke of a *straight blade standard* razor which cuts the hairs cleanly without splitting them or turning the ends back into the skin to cause irritation, pimples and even worse troubles.

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The Carbo-Magnetic Razor has an *evenly tempered edge*. You've noticed how other razors retain their edge at some places and lose it at others, how they are sharp in spots, and dull in spots? That's because they are tempered in uneven *fire* heat. The Carbo-Magnetic Razor is tempered by a secret *electric* process at an absolutely *even* temperature of 2500°—and at the same instant the steel is carbonized in a process similar to that by which diamonds have been produced. The result is the hardest cutting edge known to science—a blade of Carbo-Steel that we guarantee for 10 years of perfect wear—*no honing—no grinding.*

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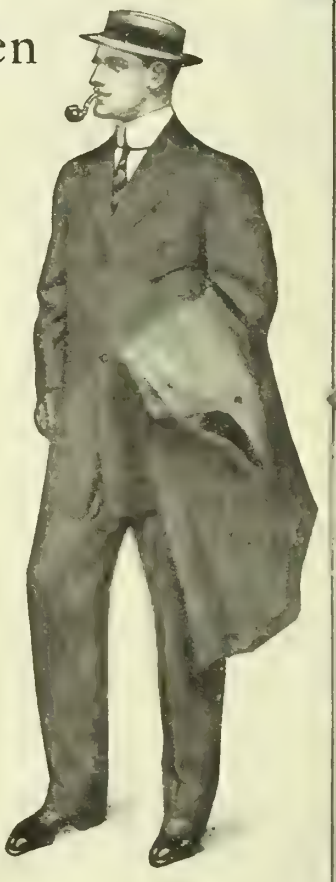

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Who Should Go on the Stage and Who Should Not

(Continued from Page 19)

The aspirant can very largely determine for himself whether he have the qualities I have suggested. Let him take an imaginary scene and try to go through it. He may find that he is like a person floundering in deep water. But the person of real dramatic nature is as much at home in a dramatic situation as in his every-day life. The beginner's sensibilities in practicing will be as real and as pleasurable as his nervousness in facing an audience will be strange and painful.

A gawky country girl came to me for a hearing—she has since become a prominent star. I was sitting passively in the front of the house. "If I must hear you," said I, "there's the stage—recite for me."

She had never been on any stage in her life. How she found the way there is a mystery, since the place was dark. But she stood there in the middle of the stage, relaxed and quiet, and asked me if I were ready. She recited the potion scene from Juliet—inevitable with every female aspirant. She didn't know how to do it—everything she did was wrong—but she had the gift to make me feel it. At the end of the speech, where she had to throw herself on the ground, she did it with an abandon that startled me. She afterward showed me her black-and-blue arm. The dramatic nature in her glowed, felt at home on the stage in the theater with only a watch-light burning; it entirely manifested the emotions of that character, within the limits forced by her lack of skill.

An Injudicious Juliet

A very different story is that of a young woman who appeared in Juliet at the Academy of Music. She knew nothing of acting and had no ability, but had surrounded herself with an expensive professional company. It was an invitation affair. She came out upon the balcony, and to show off her vocal talent sang an operatic solo. It was ridiculously out of place. Her audience, a select one, was puzzled, amazed, then amused.

Finally, in the tomb scene, the young woman awoke and found Romeo, made her little speech, took the poison, and then suddenly realized that she must throw herself upon the dead body of her lover. She looked around helplessly and saying, "Oh, pshaw!" sat down on Romeo's diaphragm and rolled over. Instead of lying relaxed, the comfortably-dead Romeo threw up his legs and shouted: "Ouf!" The audience screamed with laughter.

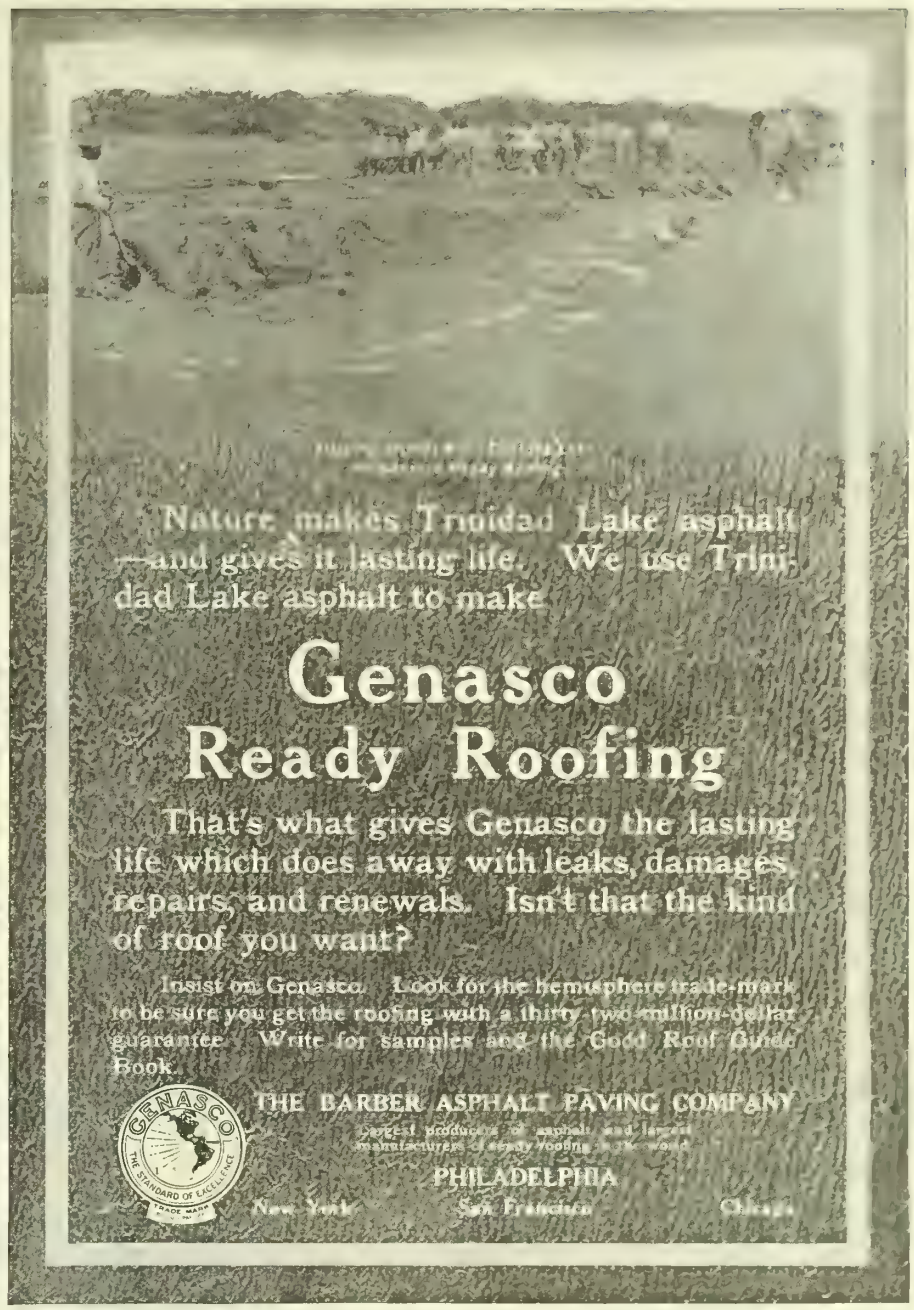
There are crowds of young men and young women whose understanding, whose natural instincts, are no better than that—yet they wish to be actors. Many of them get on the stage, are pulled into some kind of shape by stage managers, and constantly drilled in step and word. They lead a precarious, miserable life, always at or near the bottom of the ladder, unless there later appears marked latent ability.

Many succeed in getting on because they are good types. I knew a manager who, while he was sitting in a barber's chair, looked up and said to a man who chanced to be near: "How would you like to be an actor?" and then and there engaged the fellow, not because he could act, but because he was the type of a certain part.

The physical ability of the aspirant merges into the emotional, and we have here the story of certain qualities which are neither one nor the other.

Director Poel of the original Elizabethan Theater, of London, who had more to do with beginners than any other manager in Europe, once told me that the Hebrew, the Irish and the French are the dramatic nationalities. This corresponds with my own experience, but it does not mean that great ability will not manifest itself in the Scotch, Welsh, Scandinavians and Germans. These nationalities have certain qualities that are lacking in the Southerners. The Irishman leans to the comic or to the oratorical style of serious rôles; the Jew to the passionate and serious; and the Frenchman scores because of his technic. The national inheritance is always of significance.

The American is, or should be, the greatest of actors because he is a composite of many rôles. And indeed all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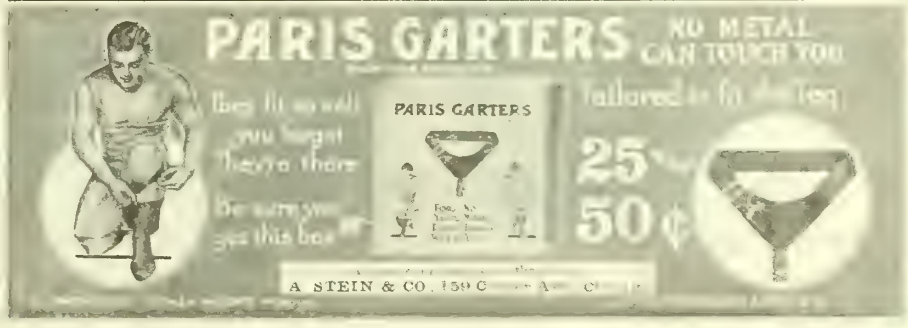

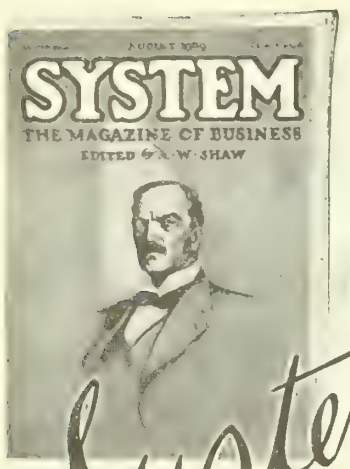

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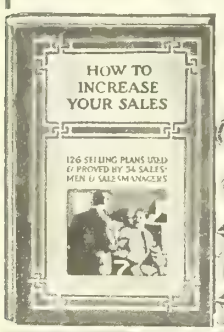

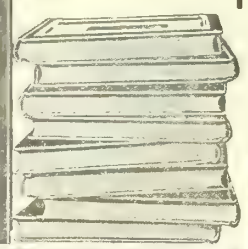

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conditions of inheritance are significant. The American has a very dangerous faculty in acting, dangerous because it replaces a possible and greater power. He has great invention, and it is due to this quality we have so much stage business, so called—more, in fact, than in any other country. Even our amateur performers are often remarkable in that way. This, like our readiness in movement and pantomime, is a manifestation of our climatic, nervous temperament.

Our speech and English tongue are equally defective from neglect of elocution in our general education.

The matter of early environment is one of the most important that confronts the aspirant, and has much to do with his emotional power. The young person who has lived in the country—a domestic life—never having traveled or come in contact with the world at large, is not at once ready to take up a profession which requires a wide experience of human life. Occupations pursued have much to do with shaping character and rendering persons less flexible. One who has been a reader or reciter for ten years will find it difficult to throw off the platform manner entirely. The military man cannot easily relax his stiffness and mould himself into the character of the play. The lawyer, the doctor, the clergyman, men who have the habit of forming their own convictions, cannot readily adapt themselves to the ideas of stage manager and author. But, on the other hand, any one of these may be fitted by habit for special characterization. Even then, however, he must compete with the trained actor.

Early breeding is a most important phase of environment. The young girl from Washington, belonging to one of the best families, thoroughly trained and having played her first engagement, comes in. She cannot get along very well. Following her comes the girl from the East Side. She has had no advantages; but she knows life. The other girl doesn't. The first girl knows convention, and in the representation of the manners of society is admirable. The East Side girl is handicapped by crudeness and lack of manner.

Talent From the Slums

The manager will be attracted by the society girl's composure, her dress; since good taste in dress is a great factor on the stage. But she is liable to lose her advantage. She will be too intelligent, yet neither sympathetic nor responsive—she won't rehearse well. If the East Side girl be given the same part she will suggest power through her appreciation of human nature, and the manager will be quick to recognize this, since it is the one thing he is most looking for. Therefore, at the start, the East Side girl will really go ahead of the other. But the well-bred girl, put on her mettle, goes to work. She knows how to study and in the very life of the theater comes in contact with many people, and begins to realize that there is a very large part of the book of life that she has not learned at private school. So she studies and observes and applies. As soon as she has laid her foundation and gained experience she may possibly pass the other in the race, and will win if she has ability. In short, on the higher rounds of the ladder, breeding and training will tell every time. But, unfortunately, a great part of our theatrical work is low-bred does not reach into the realm of ideality.

The East Side girl's knowledge of life is very strong within certain limits. Her emotions are deeply developed, powerful, but her range is in many cases limited. In nine cases out of ten she will be a Jewess—will belong to a dramatic race, and all the emotions, all the Orientalism of her nature will play on the surface.

The beginner rarely considers the practical side. He starts in to supply something before he knows the demand for, the timeliness or untimeliness of what he would present. He may be ambitious to play Shaksperean rôles. But one may count on the fingers of one hand the number of Shaksperean companies actually playing in this country today. Recently I received a letter from a young actress of great gifts the nearest to genius of any one I know. She is exclusively adapted for the plays of Ibsen and Maeterlinck, and the like. But her vocation has dropped away from her; she doesn't play

(Concluded on Page 49)

Amatite ROOFING

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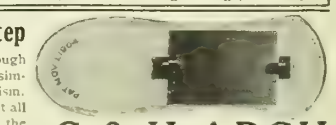

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INVENTOR of the famous Maxim Silencer, etc., and eminent mechanical engineer, says: "I have shaved with one AutoStrop blade 151 consecutive shaves, and consider that the AutoStrop is the only safety razor which is mechanically perfect and practical." More about prominent and enthusiastic AutoStroppers in our next advertisements.

AutoStrop SAFETY RAZOR Strops Itself

A BLADE A YEAR—Though 151 consecutive shaves sounds unusual, there isn't anything particularly wonderful about it. Any fine razor, stropped expertly each shave, will shave you for six months or a year, because you constantly *renew* the edge. An AutoStrop blade is long-lived because you constantly renew the edge by automatic stropping. And as for the twelve blades in the AutoStrop set, they will probably last you several years instead of one.

THE WHOLE AUTOSTROP IDEA—Your friends who shave themselves with old-fashioned razors don't have their razors honed more than once or twice per year. The AutoStrop Safety Razor is simply the same edge that your old-fashioned friend or head barber uses, only it is constructed ingeniously so that a novice can strop it as expertly as the head barber, and so that a novice can shave with it as expertly as the head barber, and can't cut himself. That is all you want a razor to do, is it not?

TO GET HEAD BARBER SHAVES—you must strop your blades. No other way to get them. That is why the AutoStrop is a strop razor. You simply slip strop through the AutoStrop Razor (without removing blade or taking apart), and move back and forth. Blade falls automatically on strop at *exactly* the right angle and right pressure, thus stropping itself expertly. No experience required. No trouble. No time lost. Result? Delicious edge quick! Blade cost per shave, $\frac{1}{40}$ to $\frac{1}{20}$ cent; time, 4 to 5 minutes.

No blade trouble. Little blade expense. A wipe and it's clean and dry. Nothing to unscrew and screw up again.

Consists of heavily silver-plated self-stropping razor, 12 blades and strop, in small, handsome leather case, size only 2x4 in. Price $5.00, which is probably the total cost of your shaving for years.

Get one and try it. You'll be glad you did. Like Mr. Maxim, you'll say it's the only *practical* safety razor.

GET ONE AND TRY IT FREE—for thirty days. If you don't like it, get your $5.00 refunded. If your retailer doesn't sell the AutoStrop on thirty days' free trial, we will. Every buyer must be satisfied with the AutoStrop or have his money back. Get an AutoStrop while you have it in mind.

A BOOK YOU WANT—If your shaving is too satisfactory, you don't want it, but if it isn't, this book will keep you up late. It's a quick, speedy, witty, instructive, interesting conversation, entitled: "An Interview With the Greatest Razor Expert." Write us before you forget.

AutoStrop Safety Razor Company

341 Fifth Avenue, New York

14 St. Helen Street, Montreal — 61 New Oxford Street, London

Three Generations of Experts

Stein-Bloch use the expression, "This label means fifty-five years of Knowing How." In other words, experience—the teacher of teachers.

Above are three portraits—an old man, a middle-aged man and a boy. These three are working in the Stein-Bloch tailor shop, making Stein-Bloch clothes.

The old man is the boy's grandfather. The middle-aged man is the boy's father. They represent three generations.

When the grandfather went to work at the Stein-Bloch bench he was no older than the boy. He learned his trade, handed it down to the father, thence to the boy.

This means the highest development of the art of tailoring—the force of heredity added to lifelong training.

It is three times one man's fifty-five years of Knowing How. The knowledge of the past master, the skill of maturity, the enthusiasm of youth.

Try on these clothes at your leading clothier's; remember what you have read—the label embodies it.

Send for "Smartness"—the book of world-wide styles.

It means 55 years of Knowing How

The Stein-Bloch Co. Wholesale Tailors

THE STEIN-BLOCH COMPANY

Tailors for Men

Offices and Shops: Rochester, N. Y.

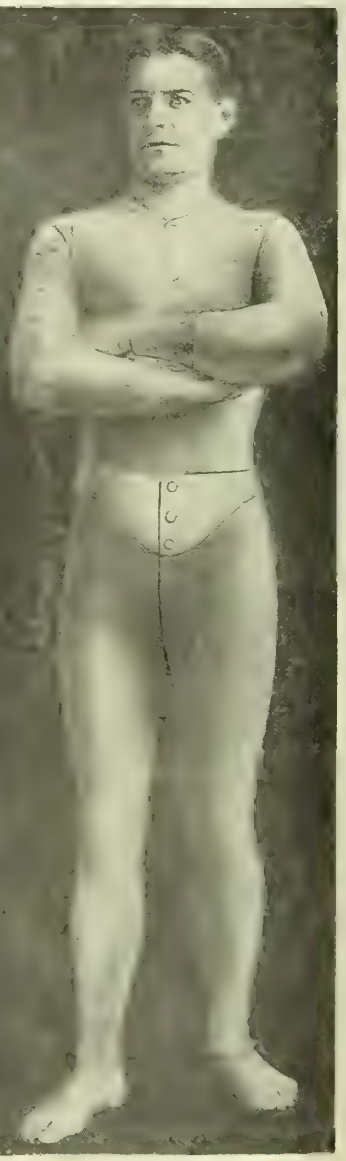
London: Selfridge & Co., Ltd. Oxford St., West

New York: The Fifth Avenue Building

Inner fabric of cotton, linen or silk

Air space between

Outer fabric of wool or silkoline



The two fabrics together are lighter than a thick single one and a good deal more comfortable and healthful. That is the beauty of

Improved Duofold Health Underwear

The layer of air between the fabrics makes the garment warmer but no heavier. It is elastic, easy, perfect-fitting, and sanitary. There's no itching nor irritation like you feel with all-wool; no damp "clammy" sensation like an all-cotton garment gives you; no overheating; no chill.

You can have the inside fabric of cotton, linen or silk; and the outside fabric of wool or silkoline as you prefer. Duofold fabrics are thoroughly shrunken before cutting.

Sizes and fit guaranteed. Your money back if you want it.

As a sensible man you are bound to wear Duofold sooner or later. Why not now?

Ask your dealer for Duofold garments, or write us for the name of a dealer who sells them; and the booklet, giving the various shades, weights and styles, single garments and union suits for men, women and children. $1.25 to $5 a garment.

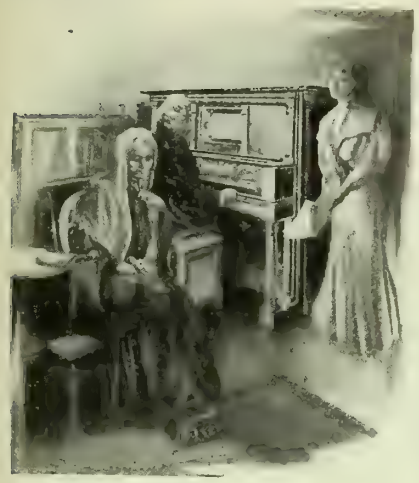
Duofold Health Underwear Co., Mohawk, N. Y.

Robischon & Peckham Co., Selling Agents

349 Broadway, New York

PAT. SEP. 23. 1902 Duofold

The One Player-Piano That Really Accents



The Most Wonderful Improvement Ever Invented Is Found Only in the

MELVILLE CLARK SOLO APOLLO PLAYER 88-Note PIANO

With the new accenting device of the SOLO-APOLLO you can interpret and play music EXACTLY AS THE GREATEST PIANISTS PLAY IT.

The SOLO-APOLLO is the ONLY PLAYER-PIANO IN THE WORLD which brings out the MELODY IN STRONG RELIEF without impairing the symmetry and power of the accompaniment. Other so-called accenting devices MERELY GIVE A PROMINENCE to the theme by subduing the accompaniment.

Other exclusive features of the SOLO-APOLLO are: THE TRANSPOSING MOUTHPIECE by which you can change instantly to five or more different keys by the touch of a finger; the SPRING MOTOR, which regulates the power and distributes it equally, preventing sudden changes in tempo by unconscious hard pedaling.

The MARVELOUS HUMAN EXPRESSION of the SOLO-APOLLO is secured by the DOWNWARD stroke of the pneumatic fingers on the piano key in front. This is the STROKE GIVEN IN MANUAL PLAYING and a GENUINE HUMAN EXPRESSION is the result.

The range of the SOLO-APOLLO is 88 NOTES, COVERING THE ENTIRE PIANO KEY BOARD and playing in pristine beauty all the greatest musical compositions as they were originally written.

The Melville Clark Piano in which the Apollo action is placed is a CRYSTALLIZATION OF THE HIGHEST TYPE OF PIANO ARTISTRY.

Write for free illustrated catalog which explains all about the Melville Clark SOLO-APOLLO and APOLLO Player-Pianos. (2)

Melville Clark Piano Co. 403 Steinway Bldg. CHICAGO

The name **SUPERBA** on **Cravats** or **Sox** means longer wear, more attractive appearance and more complete satisfaction than can be had in any other make.

Haberdashers everywhere sell **SUPERBA Cravats** at 50c. and $1.00 and **SUPERBA Sox** at 50c. the pair in all colors.

H. C. COHN & CO.
218 Andrews St., Rochester, New York

Send today for "**Cravats of Quality**," a booklet of much interest to well dressed men.

SUPERBA REG. U.S. PAT. OFF. CRAVATS & SOX

PARKER'S Arctic Socks

Registered in U. S. Patent Office.

Healthful for bed-chamber, bath and sick-room. Worn in rubber boots, absorb perspiration. Made of knitted fabric, lined with soft white wool fleece. Sold in all sizes by dealers or by mail, 25c a pair. Parker pays postage. Catalogue free. **Look for Parker's name in every pair. J. H. Parker Co., Dept. 57, 25 James St., Malden, Mass.**

(Concluded from Page 46)

more than two or three months in the year. She and I should have considered whether her entering the metaphysical drama were worth while—but we didn't.

There is danger arising from taking the wrong theatrical position. An actor came to me the other day who hadn't earned a cent in four years. He took a wrong engagement at the start. Now he must play in cheap melodrama or nothing.

Many resort to musical comedy when they can't get anything else, but this is the graveyard of dramatic art. In his insane desire to begin, the neophyte will offer to go on for any money at all. By so doing he underbids worthier persons, lowers the standard, and injures his profession.

The stage is the easiest profession in which to get a start. It is the only one in which persons are paid to be taught. The lowest salary of the beginner today, in first-class companies, is twenty-five dollars a week. But this may prompt the actor to form a false valuation of himself. He imagines that from this start his salary will be in the hundreds a week in a few years. But few actors get more than fifty dollars a week. Excellent ones may receive from seventy-five to two hundred; but the large majority, or lower range, would be mightily contented with forty.

The man weighs the matter of going on the stage more carefully than does the woman. He has more opportunities from which to choose. He might be a Morgan or a Wanamaker or a Gould. His general education does not especially fit him for the drama.

To the woman who succeeds nothing offers a reward equal to that of the theater. Here she is not only man's equal, but often his superior, because the drama is an emotional art. Her education has fitted her for it. She is the center of interest in the play—it revolves around her—she is talked about.

The difficulty is the small proportion of female parts in the ordinary play. In a play of twenty-two parts, four may be female, two of them comparatively good. For men there will be perhaps eighteen parts, more or less excellent.

The Man Who Will Rise

The stage is only the microcosm of life—it is good and bad as present-day life is good and bad. Our managers are responsible for much that is of doubtful value, and much more that is of the greatest importance and benefit.

One thing needed today is some mode of test for the applicant, some standard that shall give recognition only to the capable ones—a dramatic civil service board, perhaps.

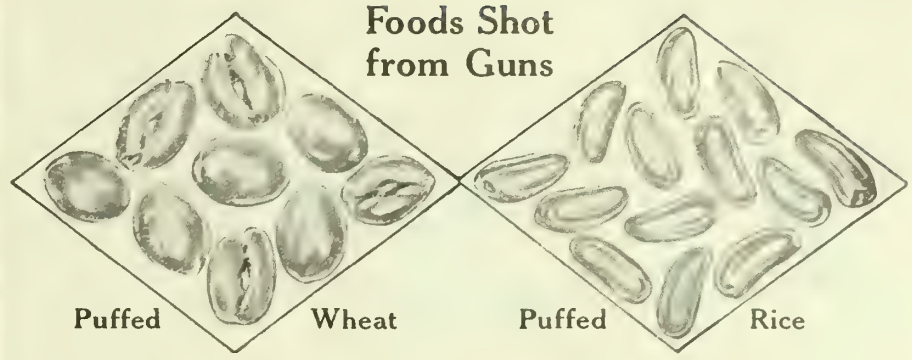
There is no real apprenticeship possible for the young actor today, as in the old days, because there are no longer any stock companies suitable for beginners. It is most important, therefore, that the beginner should be well armed and drilled before entering the ranks and going into the battle. The one who rises in the ranks is rarely the one ignorant of his tactics, but rather the one with studious, well-disciplined mind, well-trained physique and purposeful character, who knows how to make the most of his opportunity—for the opportunity comes to every one who is ready. We have considered how the stage-aspirant should be armed. In what should he be drilled before entering his profession?

In brief, there is the actor's æsthetic sense as exemplified by fine lines, graceful movements and positions, clear tone and musical speech; the accurate use of the three instruments on which he plays: his body, his vocal organs and the stage on which he moves; the intelligent reading of his lines and the expressive action of his physical agents.

Then follows a ripening of the knowledge of life and of human nature by observation, in reproduction and with imagination.

Underlying all, deeper than all, more potent than all, is the strengthening of personal character and of will, and the motive power of the high if not mighty purpose in it all, which makes it all worth while.

The actor cannot be as an actor more than he is as a man. The actor influencing thousands nightly has indeed opportunity for large endeavor, demanding, at the beginning of his career well-tested talents, trained resources and thorough and persistent study of life.



How to Get Your Wife To Buy Puffed Wheat

Some morning, when she serves you some sort of cereal confection, just smile and say this:

"My dear, men like the real foods best. Four men in five, when given their choice, take either Puffed Wheat or Puffed Rice.

"These crisp, mammoth grains are appealing to men. They are whole and brown and nut-like.

"If you will order these for me, and do it today, I'll do something as nice for you."

She Will Do It

Next morning you will find on your table either Puffed Wheat or Puffed Rice. All the folks in the house will have discovered a new and enticing food.

For the foods are delightful. Think of unbroken grains of wheat or rice puffed to eight times natural size. Made four times as porous as bread. Imagine how they melt in the mouth.

These foods are so popular that last month they were served for seventeen million meals.

Puffed Wheat, 10c
Puffed Rice, 15c

Except in the extreme West

We are urging these foods in your interest. If any other cereal would appeal to you better, we would tell you of that instead.

For we make sixteen kinds of cereal foods, and we supply one kind as gladly as another.

But we proved, by conducting a lunch room in New York, that four men in five prefer the foods shot from guns.

So we urge you to try them. If you are like the majority, you'll enjoy these foods.

Hearty—Digestible

Puffed Wheat and Puffed Rice are hearty foods, because they contain the whole grain.

And they are digestible. Every granule of starch has been blasted to pieces by an explosion of steam.

They are prepared by Prof. Anderson's process, so they don't tax the stomach. The digestive juices act instantly.

All the folks at your table want to taste these foods. Please ask your wife to get them.

(21)

Made only by The Quaker Oats Company

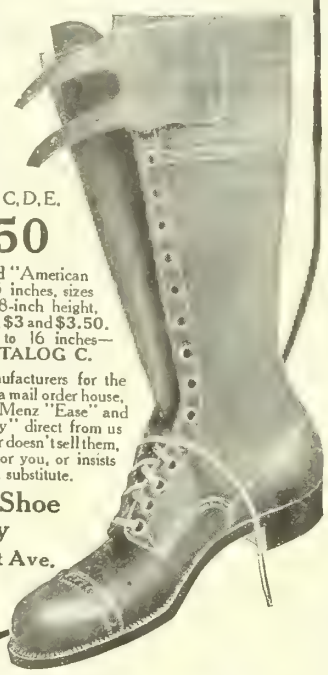
Menz "Ease"

stamped on the sole of a hunting boot and on yellow label guarantees a perfect fit, comfort, long service. Also guarantees that the uppers are genuine Menz "Ease" Elk process of tannage used exclusively for Menz "Ease" and its exact duplicate for boys—the

"American Boy"

Best leather tanned for hard service shoes. Its softness will surprise you—so will its toughness and strength. Neither water, heat nor long hard service will injure its strength and softness.

Impossible to appreciate a Menz "Ease" 'til you give them a year or two of service. Designed and built for comfort—known as the "easy" boot. Fits like a glove—smoothly and perfectly around ankle, instep and heel seat—that's important.



Bootillustrated is 16-in. Hunter, Tan, Goodyear Welt, Double Sole, Calf lined Vamp, Waterproof Elk Outsole, sizes 6 to 11, C, D, E.

$9.50

Boot illustrated "American Boy," height 15 inches, sizes 1 to 5½, $7; 8-inch height, Standard Screw, $3 and $3.50. All heights—6 to 16 inches—illustrated. CATALOG C.

We are manufacturers for the shoe retailer, not a mail order house, but you can buy Menz "Ease" and "American Boy" direct from us when your dealer doesn't sell them, refuses to order for you, or insists on your taking a substitute.

Menzies Shoe Company
431 Gratiot Ave.
Detroit, Mich.

SURBRUG'S ARCADIA MIXTURE

The tobacco with a regret.
The regret is that you have wasted so many years before you began smoking ARCADIA.
The great brotherhood of pipe smokers, who appreciate a soothing and meditative pipe, and are trying to find a tobacco that satisfies perfectly, will find their ideal in ARCADIA MIXTURE.
If you have never had the luxury of smoking ARCADIA

Send 10 Cents and we will send a sample.

If you are a devotee send us a eulogy.

THE SURBRUG CO., 132 Reade St., New York

THE BRONCHO FELT HAT—The kind our Texas cowboys wear; fine quality felt, light tan color, with richly Mexican carved leather band, very picturesque; a regular five dollar hat *made and sold by us exclusively*, direct to the consumer. Special price $3.00, express prepaid. Order today. State size. Satisfaction guaranteed or your money back.

$3

EXPRESS PREPAID
Made in two dimensions 3x4½ and 3½x5

Address,
Houston Hat Co., Houston, Texas

SHORTHAND IN 30 DAYS

Boyd Syllabic System—written with only nine characters. No "positions"—no "ruled lines"—no "shading"—no "word-signs"—no "cold notes." Speedy, practical system that can be learned in 30 days of home study, utilizing spare time. For full descriptive matter, free, address, Chicago Correspondence Schools, 728 Chicago Opera House Block, Chicago, Ill.

SELLING WITHOUT SAMPLES

(Concluded from Page 13)

net profit of about one thousand dollars a year. Now, one thousand dollars is ten per cent on ten thousand dollars, so that the man who takes over this property by investing that amount and making the building carry its present mortgage loan will still be getting good interest on his own money. Moreover, rents on South Main Street are steadily advancing, and within a few years it will be possible to increase them fifty per cent. On that basis there will be a yield of about twenty-five per cent on the investment.

When the realty broker has these facts in hand and digested he arranges them in a graphic little form, known technically as the "dope sheet." Then he is ready to earn his commission by transferring that property to some other owner. Usually, the first man approached will be the shoe dealer who is the chief tenant. If rents are going up fifty per cent in that locality within two or three years he may gain a marked advantage over competitors by investing ten thousand dollars in this building he occupies, for it will save him about one thousand dollars a year in future rent as well as pay him good interest on his capital, if he continues charging off rent against his shoe business at the present rate. If the shoe dealer is not interested or hasn't the capital, then the broker will put the compact investment proposition before customers who are in the market from time to time for opportunities of this sort.

In New York City many of the brokers in central business property have young men, novices at the business, who call on regular customers, speak of various interesting properties, and keep in touch with them. Should one of these customers express marked interest in 935 South Main Street, however, the broker's young man will probably get out of the office as quickly as possible. For it is not his business to sell. He hasn't the correct "dope" on that property. He hastens to the home office and tells what has happened, and before long a real salesman is on hand, bringing not only the correct "dope," but all the arts of selling to make it clear and attractive.

Transactions of this nature may run into millions. Yet at the same time many brokers will have properties to be taken over by salaried men with only a few thousand dollars to invest. Not long ago a newspaper man in Philadelphia, having eleven hundred dollars, bought a brick store and dwelling that net him about sixteen per cent on his money. To earn this return, of course, he takes reasonable chances of being without a tenant, as well as risks of extraordinary expenses for improvements, and so forth.

The central-property broker works, like a high-class life-insurance solicitor, largely through a wide acquaintance. He knows not only the whole property situation in his town, but also the investing situation—who has money to put into this form of property, what business houses have plans for extension, and the like. His skill in playing up the essential points of an investment is great. From the standpoint of salesmanship he is a finished article.

Editor's Note—This is the fourth and last of Mr. Collins' articles on Salesmanship Without Samples.

The Man of Means

I've got me a tilloch av land;
I drink me potheen as I may;
I'm ten-and-six-stone as I stand,
And I thravel to Glenn in a shay!

I've gathered me pittance and more;
I've feathered me bit av a nest;
And they call me the fr'ind av the poor,
Me, needin' as much as the rest!

For I'd barther me last stone av meal,
If wanst through the Ballybree rain
She'd waken and whisper and steal
That ghost av dead Moira McShane!

Aye, the lee and the long av it stands,
That I'd give thim me bouchalcen bawn,
And me fool av a shay, and me lands,
For that wisp av a gurl that's gone!

—*Arthur Stringer.*

AT · THE POINT · OF · THE · V

JACK FROST IN DISGRACE

Every Member of the Family

who wants the only muffler ever made to *fit*—the one with the most comfort, greatest satisfaction and best *value*—should go to a good dealer and ask for the

Bradley Full-Fashioned Muffler

It's the muffler with the "V"-neck—the *only* one knit with that feature without narrowing or puckering. Made of Egyptian silk in twenty beautiful shades, it clings closely and smoothly to the neck, chest and back; will not wrinkle or crawl up; does not grow raggy or stringlike; does not "bunch" in the back.

50c—At All Good Dealers—50c

Send to us if your dealer cannot supply you.

As this muffler has been advertised extensively in the Dry Goods Economist, Dry Goods Reporter, and other dry goods and clothing papers, retailers are familiar with its superior merits.

Bradley Knitting Co., 93 Wisconsin St., Delavan, Wis.

SILVA PUTZ

The Perfect Silver Polish

Send us the name of your Grocer, Druggist, Jeweler, Hardware or Department Store and we will place in your hands

ABSOLUTELY FREE

a sample which will prove our perfection claim.

American Metal Polish Co.
89 Winslow Ave., W. Somerville, Mass.

IT'S IN A JAR LIKE THIS.

Made by the Manufacturers of the Celebrated Putz Cream Metal Polish A Leader for Twenty Years.

It has many Imitators but No Equal Once used Silva Putz will hold your trade.

Are you looking for a chance to go into business?

I know of places in every state where retail stores are needed—and I also know something about a retail line that will pay handsome profits on a comparatively small investment—a line in which the possibilities of growth into a large general store are great. No charge for my services. **Write today for particulars and booklet.**

EDWARD B. MOON, 8 West Randolph St., Chicago

Write a postal now for book of styles and prices, or see them at your dealers.

STRONG CHILDREN—bright eyes—rosy cheeks—rugged, healthy bodies—all can be had if you get your child an **IRISH MAIL**—the popular children's car. Endorsed by physicians—keeps children out in the fresh air. *Genuine Irish Mail has large name on seat. Don't be imposed upon by substitutes. Look for the name.* (*Patented*) Get the Genuine Name on seat. At all up-to-date dealers or write to us for book of styles and prices. **Hill Standard Mfg. Co.**, 549 Irish Mail Ave., Anderson, Indiana. *Makers of "Hoosier Express" and "Silent Partner" Boys' Wagons.*

I TEACH Penmanship BY MAIL

I won the **World's First Prize in Penmanship.** By my new system I can make an expert penman of you by mail. Am placing my students as instructors in commercial colleges. If you wish to become a better penman, write me. I will send you FREE one of my **Favorite Pens** and a copy of the Ransomerian Journal.

C. W. RANSOM,
268 Reliance Building, Kansas City, Missouri

300% Profit

That's what O. I. C. Peanut Vending Machine owners realize on their investments. Machines are attractive and hunger-inciting. Lure a harvest of pennies the year around from passersby. Only work is filling machines and gathering in the coin. Machines are simply but strongly made. Always in order. No trouble. No expense. Many O. I. C. owners make big money by operating a string of machines. Nothing like it in the country. Now's the time to enter the business while there is lots of room. Write for full information.

O. I. C. COMPANY, 1334 Unity Building, Chicago

PIANO FRAUDS!

We don't sell pianos. We publish

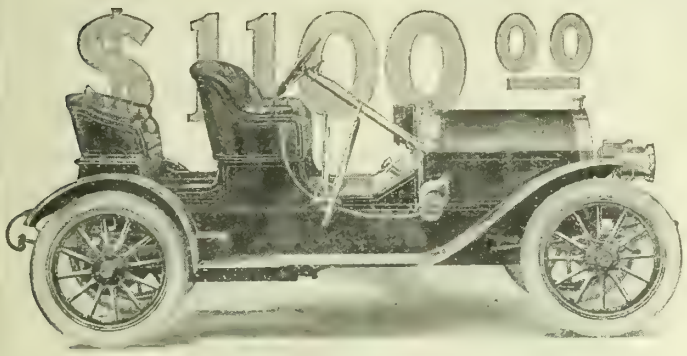
The Piano and Organ Purchasers' Guide

By John C. Freund, Editor of "The Music Trades." Gives important (unpaid for) facts about all makes of pianos, and player pianos. This saves you from fraud. 266 pages, 12th year. 25 cents by mail, prepaid.

MUSIC TRADES COMPANY, Dept. A, 505 Fifth Ave., N. Y. City

Mitchell Bulletin

Sensational Features for 1910



Three Magnificent Models

Mitchell Roadster, 4 cylinders, 30-35 horse power, three passengers, 100-inch wheel base **$1,100**

Mitchell five passenger touring car, 4 cylinders, 30-35 horse power, 112-inch wheel base . **$1,350**

Mitchell 6-cylinder touring car, seven passengers, 50-horse power, 130-inch wheel base . . **$2,000**

Absolute elimination of all noise, so that all the *Mitchells* will run as silently as the most silent car that's made.

Complete transformation of the *Mitchell style* and wonderful development from the mediocre to the beautiful.

Complete change in spring suspension which promotes tenfold the easy riding qualities of the car.

Standardization and interchangeability of the cylinders in all models as well as all parts above the crank case.

More interchangeable parts in the *Mitchell* line than in any other line of cars built.

Magneto equipment on all models without extra charge. Height of body and frame lowered, without changing clearance, giving car a low, rakish appearance.

Surprising development of the *Mitchell* five-passenger touring car, which is greater at its new price of $1,350 than it was at its old price of $1,500.

Creation of the *Mitchell* Big Six-Cylinder car of 50-horse power, seven passengers and 130-inch wheel base at the same price as the car of 1909—$2,000.

Wheel sizes increased—32-inch wheel for the *Roadster,* 34 inches for five-passenger touring car, and 36-inch wheels for the *Mitchell Six.*

Double the output of 1909, or 6,012 cars, all of which have been contracted for by our agents within the last 30 days. With each model we furnish metal tool and battery boxes, also oil lamps, jack and horn equipment.

Climax to Six Years of Wonderful Accomplishment

Complete change in the Mitchell Style

The Mitchell will be the surprise and delight of 1910. This relates to all three models.

The Mitchell Style has been almost completely transformed from the mediocre to the beautiful.

Nearly everything has been changed except the engine principle. We haven't changed that because it was a masterpiece in the beginning—*so proved by what it has done.*

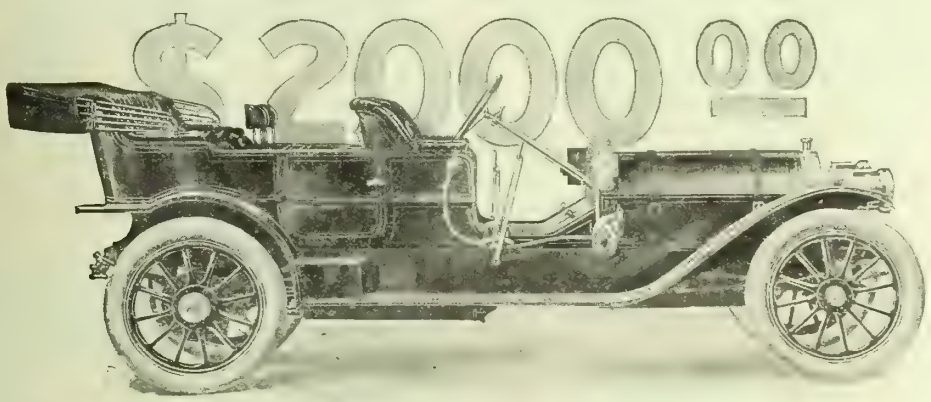
The three models, R, T and S, constitute the most perfect line of latter-day motor cars before the American public, and we say this with full knowledge of *all* that other makers have accomplished. They embrace all the features that make an automobile desirable—*style, beauty, comfort, grace, strength, speed* and *power.*

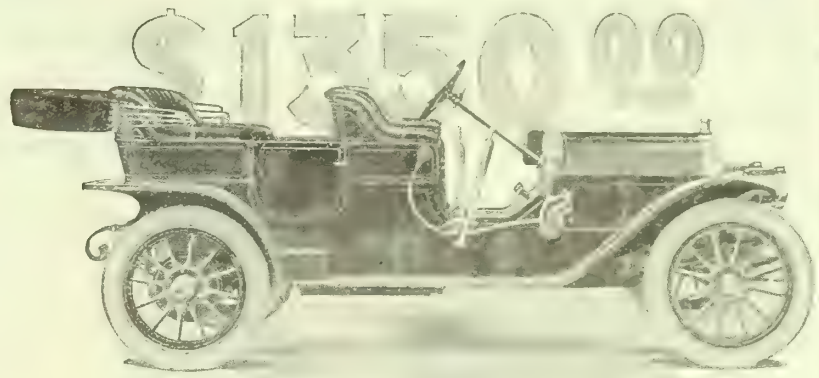
The bodies have been developed along aristocratic and refined lines. Wheel bases have been lengthened, wheel diameters increased and spring suspension improved to add to the easy riding qualities. Designs of radiators and hoods have been changed in response to the public demand for style, and the finish on the bodies beautified to satisfy the wish for smartness. Countless other changes have been made for the sake of greater *efficiency, practicability, convenience* and *economy of maintenance.*

Silent as the Foot of Time

THE NOISE HAS ENTIRELY DISAPPEARED. The rattle of the valves, which some owners found distasteful, has been utterly eliminated so that now the Mitchell is as silent as the most silent car that's made—as *Silent as the Foot of Time.*

So that whatever faults the Mitchell has had—and no one pretends to say that they were serious faults in any sense, they have all been removed and the car now takes its place amongst the classiest cars in the world, without a penny of increase in price.





Completion of our great new factory

The point is that we are giving you *more* for the same money than we did in 1909, and a better car for less money than any other automobile concern in the world. The natural query is: "How can they do it?"

Our answer is: "FACILITIES"—the completion of our new factory, the best and most thoroly equipped automobile works in America—where every part and parcel of our cars is made—and where we can reach the actual value of every detail.

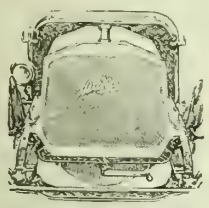
We buy the same high-grade materials that the high-priced cars are made of. There is no such thing as buying anything better. But the tendency of our whole organization is to improve wherever and whenever we can without making the public stand the expense of the improvement.

The public doesn't pay for improvements

We have been working up to this splendid climax for the past six years, and with the facilities, the money and the ability at our command, to say nothing of our insatiable ambition, more than ever we are making THE CAR YOU OUGHT TO HAVE AT THE PRICE YOU OUGHT TO PAY.

Fifteen Million Dollars' Worth of Experience Behind Us

Ask for a demonstration from our local agent wherever you happen to live. It is free.



The old front

Mitchell Motor Car Co.

Racine, Wis. U. S. A.

F. O. B. Racine, Wis.

The new front

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An actual photograph showing an *Eljer Round China Tank*, taken from our regular stock, supporting 27 heavy men, two iron rails and two heavy planks, 4748 pounds, a weight equal to 5 horses.

THE TANK ← → THE TANK

Same material as bowl with no metal lining to corrode or leak.

No wood to open at joints or become saturated with foul dampness.

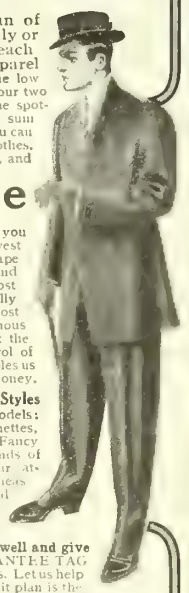
Round shape insures tremendous strength and freedom from crookedness and ill-fitting covers. All pressure toward outlet. No room for mud and filth to settle.

Secure and rigid support to wall.
Extra heavy fittings throughout.
Handled by enterprising dealers.
Fully guaranteed.
Write for further information.

ELJER CO. CAMERON W. VA.

Buy Newest City Styles on

Easiest Credit Terms



Our convenient credit plan of small regular payments weekly or monthly, puts in your easy reach the swellest of wearing apparel—the latest city styles—at the same low spot-cash prices as the patrons of our two Chicago stores pay. Instead of one spot-cash payment—send us a small sum weekly or monthly. In this way you can easily afford the very best of clothes. You can buy when you need them, and

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Bernhard's clothes are the kind you will be proud to wear. They are newest style, fit perfectly and hold their shape longest because they are designed and made in the shops of the world's most famous tailors. Yet they cost actually less than inferior garments would cost at spot cash elsewhere. Our enormous business in Chicago and throughout the United States, added to our control of large manufacturing interests, enables us to give you unusual value for your money.

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Author of "The Tenderfoot's Turn"

"Bat" Masterson Says:

"A tenderfoot with a Savage Automatic and the nerve to stand his ground, could have run the worst six-shooter man, the West ever knew, right off the range."

Mr. Masterson, famous Sheriff, of Dodge City, and Government Scout in the early days, gives these two sound reasons for the above positive assertion.

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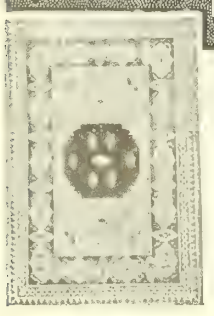

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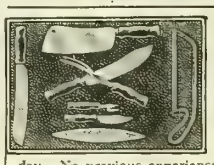

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These oils are nature's own beautifiers. Oriental women use them exclusively. We have blended them perfectly, after 36 years of experience, so in Palmolive they're better than ever.

The result is delightful. Don't miss it longer.

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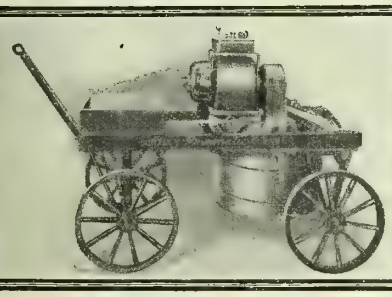

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THE NTH POWER

(Continued from Page 22)

He gave a grim laugh and made a curious gesture with his right hand in the air. Up above our heads the dog howled again. The doctor shrugged his shoulders impatiently. Then he strode to the door. I heard no whistle, but bounding down the stairs and into the room came a huge mastiff which capered stiffly around me, knocking over the tabouret and bumping into Doctor Migraine like a half-grown puppy. Here and there on the dog's back, like the patches on Saki's head, grew clumps of soft, velvety hair; but as a whole its coat was thin and old and its eyes were red and dim. It slobbered and jumped over Migraine with a pitiful sort of canine ineffectiveness.

"Hang you!" he exclaimed. "I wish I'd left you upstairs. Here! Up! Jump!"

After a few vain attempts the mastiff struggled up to the top of the table, where it stood, eying me curiously. Migraine took the candle, passed it rapidly before the dog's eyes, made a few passes, and the animal became rigid, the saliva slowly dripping from its mouth, its ears and tail erect, its legs outspread, for all the world like a stuffed dog in a toy shop.

"Now you'll keep still!" remarked Migraine. Then, turning to me, he took two small horseshoe magnets from his desk and laid them on his knee.

"What do you see?" he asked.

"I see a sort of shadow of red around one," I answered or tried to answer, "and about the other a kind of blue haze."

"The infra-red and the ultra-violet!" he exclaimed exultantly. "Look at me! Do you see anything unusual?"

I turned my eyes upon him. To my astonishment, all around his body and limbs was a faint penumbra of cloudy red—a sort of sanguinary phosphorescence that was most pronounced around his armpits, neck and face. When he spoke there would be a rush of this redness from his mouth, although his entire body exuded a sort of a visible warmth. I glanced at the dog. The same phenomenon was visible although in a much greater degree, for the mastiff stood in a haze of redness, so to speak, which poured like steam from his mouth and nostrils at each breath. Around the fireplace there was a cloud of red which streamed out into the room and eddied round it, and a mist of red held over and around the lamp.

Migraine eyed me curiously.

"You do see it, don't you?" he inquired.

"See it? Of course I see it!" I cried, working my jaws to make sure they were really free at last. "But what is the confounded thing?"

"The infra-red, I told you!" he replied.

"By George!" I exclaimed. "I wish you'd let me out of this. I've had enough, I te'l you! I don't like it!"

Migraine shook his head.

"Be still!" he growled.

Just then Saki entered, wearing a huge pair of broad-rimmed spectacles and an embroidered black skullcap. Somehow, he didn't seem to have as much heat about him as the others, but his weazened face bore a peculiarly-malevolent expression. He had a pair of silver calipers in his hand like the claws of a crab, and he grinned and chattered at Migraine like a crazy ape. I was beginning to feel frightened.

"By the way," said Migraine, "in order that you may understand the experiment let me explain to you that you don't really see these colors now; you only think you see them." He made a swift pass at me. "Now you don't see them!"

Sure enough, I didn't.

"But," he continued, "the moment your senses are really intensified you'll really see, hear, smell, taste and feel the whole business. Saki, find the place!"

I shuddered as the Jap came toward me and felt along my skull with his fingers. Just over my left ear he stopped and began measuring with the calipers. Then he placed his forefinger on a certain point and nodded to Migraine. The doctor took a small round ball of glass from a drawer in the table, polished it upon his sleeve and then passed round and behind me.

Suddenly, I saw a blinding flash of light and coineidently felt a sharp and rather painful blow upon the side of my

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Men's Fashion Book Sent Free

Not a common book, and not about common clothes. We have spent $25,000 to secure these designs and produce them.

We have sent our best designers to every center of fashion to gather what we show in this book. All the many plates are in actual colors, showing every detail that pertains to fall and winter fashions.

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They get clothes on which the making cost is *four times* what some makers spend.

They get clothes that fit as only our methods can make them.

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Our whole year's output would not supply one man in a hundred with an Adler-Rochester garment.

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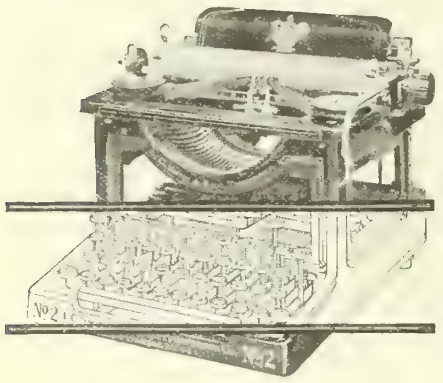

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head. For an instant I was dazed. Through it all came a pounding almost deafening and a shrill roar at regular intervals. The fire and lamps blazed with light. I heard some one striking rhythmically upon a piece of hollow wood with a hammer. A disgusting stench filled my nostrils. My clothes weighed upon me like chain armor and scratched my body as if lined with bristles. Clouds of red poured from the fireplace and circled toward the ceiling, and the mastiff reeked with it. I felt sick and sensitive, as if I had just had a fever. I tried to collect myself. Migraine and the Jap had disappeared. Only the dog remained, rigidly glaring at me—a sort of red devil of a dog. I looked at my hands and found that they were surrounded by the same red haze. I tried to screen my eyes from the light with my hand. To my astonishment, I could see the bones through the flesh, glowing white and distinct. I glanced quickly again at the dog; I saw his skeleton. It was true, then! I could see even as Migraine had prophesied—as with the X-ray.

The pounding in my ears continued, and it suddenly came to me that it was the beating of my heart; that the whistling roar was my breath; the striking with the hammer the ticking of the clock. But the light of the lamp beating down upon my eyes blinded and pained me, and the smell of the mastiff was odious. I staggered to my feet and felt for the door. The weight of my clothes caused the sweat to pour from my body; the rumbling in my ears was indescribably confusing, like the crash of heavy drays upon cobbled streets. Panting, my brain awhirl, I fumbled my way dizzily down the dusty stairs—I remember the dust on the banisters felt like the clinkers of burned-out range coal—and scuttled out into the soft, warm night.

Did I say night? I clung to the brownstone balustrade, trying to adjust myself to the scene about me. It was quite bright, with a soft light as of early morning, and the stars blazed in a burning roof across the sky, like a ceiling studded with a myriad electric lights. The heavens were a seething mass of constellations in which the moon rode like a huge, slightly-dimmed sun. An unearthly uproar filled the air—a bellowing and shrieking as of a thousand contending monsters, a reverberating roar as of oncoming trains, the piercing whistles of factories, a pandemonium of hideous sound. I pressed my hands to my ears and felt them huge and callous like fists of mail or the horned hoofs of a beast. An indescribably-strange combination of odors pierced my nostrils. The stench of offal, the harsh reek of tobacco, wild and delirious perfumes mingled with the smell of smoke and of cooking, half suffocated and sickened me. But what horrified me beyond measure was the fact that the air was filled with great clouds of variously-colored swarms of motes and insects, that settled here and there like mist, only to swirl away in streams and currents like dust storms sweeping across a desert. They poured down upon me like sand, striking against my face and eyeballs; I breathed them in and felt them in my nose and lungs. And all around me I saw red—red eddying from doors and windows, rising like smoke from the pavement and gathering in clouds around the manholes in the street. I saw a policeman slowly pacing along the opposite sidewalk, enveloped in a blur of red and peering at me through the slowly-descending blanket of motes. I felt that I must inevitably choke, but I continued to breathe with surprising ease. A terrible fear came upon me that I was going mad or that I was overborne by some rapid form of death and that my dissolution was taking place. To this horror was added a dread that Migraine might find and play some other dreadful trick upon me. I started stealthily to run and found that I could do so in spite of the apparent weight of my clothes.

Presently I reached the avenue that bounds Central Park upon the west. The theaters were just out and the street was filled with motors and carriages wheeling northward. The din here was beyond words, like the roar of an iron foundry. I paused, still holding my hands to my ears. And now I noticed a curious thing. The wheels of the automobiles seemed hardly to be moving, and yet the vehicles passed with all their usual velocity. I

(Continued on Page 57)

Ten acres enough in the fertile San Joaquin Valley, California

$257 an acre from Walnuts and Prunes
$320 an acre from Tokay Grapes
$1400 from 8 acres of Sweet Potatoes

You can make a good living from 10 acres of land in the San Joaquin Valley, California.

There is no room here to describe the country in detail. All I can say is the Valley is over 250 miles long, and 100 miles wide. It contains arable and irrigable acres, all ready for the hand of ambitious men. The soil will successfully grow every crop of the temperate and semi-tropic zones; from wheat to oranges, from potatoes to Smyrna figs, side-by-side they thrive and make unusual returns. There is abundant water for irrigation, fed from the eternal snows of the upper Sierras and brought to fertilize the land by the San Joaquin River and its tributaries, and through the exhaustless underflow, within easy pumping distance of the surface.

Desirable unimproved land can still be had for $50 an acre. The soil is there, the water is there; time, plus intelligent effort, is all that is needed; given these two elements **every acre should be worth $1,000.**

Other men have done this, you should be able to do as well.

Some actual results:

E. H. Fine, Livden, Cal., has 560 prune trees and 90 French walnut trees on seven acres. Sold prune crop for $1618.53; walnuts for $185—**a return of $257.65 an acre.**

Mrs. C. M. Anderson, Stockton, Cal., has seven and a half acres in Tokay grapes that produced 4300 crates. Sold them for $2300 net, or **$320 an acre.**

G. W. Swenson, Turlock, Cal., bought 20 acres of land for $800; planted peaches and grapes. Sold grapes from seven acres, last year, for $1300. Values place at $6500. Profit on land alone in three years, 400 per cent.

Nels Nelson, Turlock, Cal., four years ago paid $320 for ten acres of land. Planted peaches and grapes this year. His income was $2500. Refuses $5000 for place.

J. C. Crandall, Merced, Cal., picked and sold to Connery, nine tons of apricots from 45 trees.

Antone Jesser, Merced, Cal., sold $1400 worth of sweet potatoes from eight acres.

These are but few examples not unusual; simply good average results, such as you should be able to secure if you locate in the Valley and work.

I know the Valley from end to end. I have seen crops planted and harvested in every one of its seven counties. I have interviewed farmers, ranchers, merchants, collecting dependable data with which to answer questions.

All this valuable information is contained in our book-folder, "The San Joaquin Valley," which will be mailed on request. I will also send you our immigration journal, "The Earth," six months free

I am employed by the Santa Fe Railway to help settle up the country along its lines. **The Santa Fe has no land to sell,** but will gladly refer your inquiry to reliable land owners who have.

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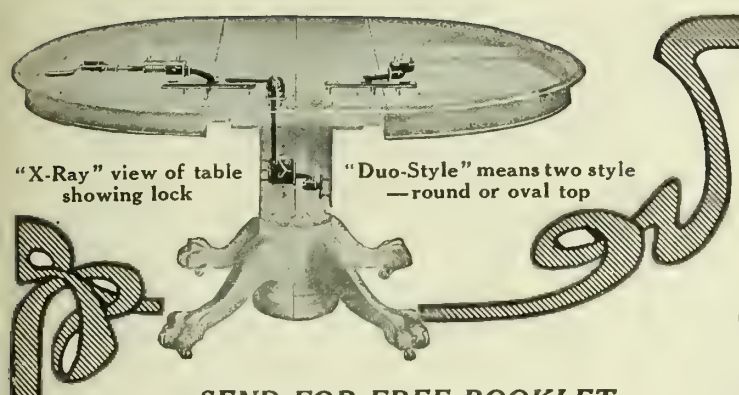

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Tyden Duostyle Lock

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Table cannot tip over.

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Without Extra Charge

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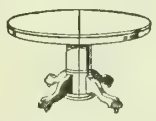

always in the center of the table, and permits of the table being opened to admit one, two or three leaves or fillers, and securely locked in any of these positions without opening the

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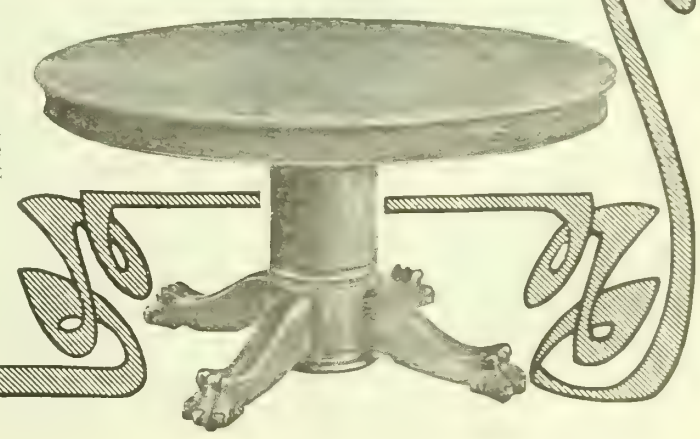

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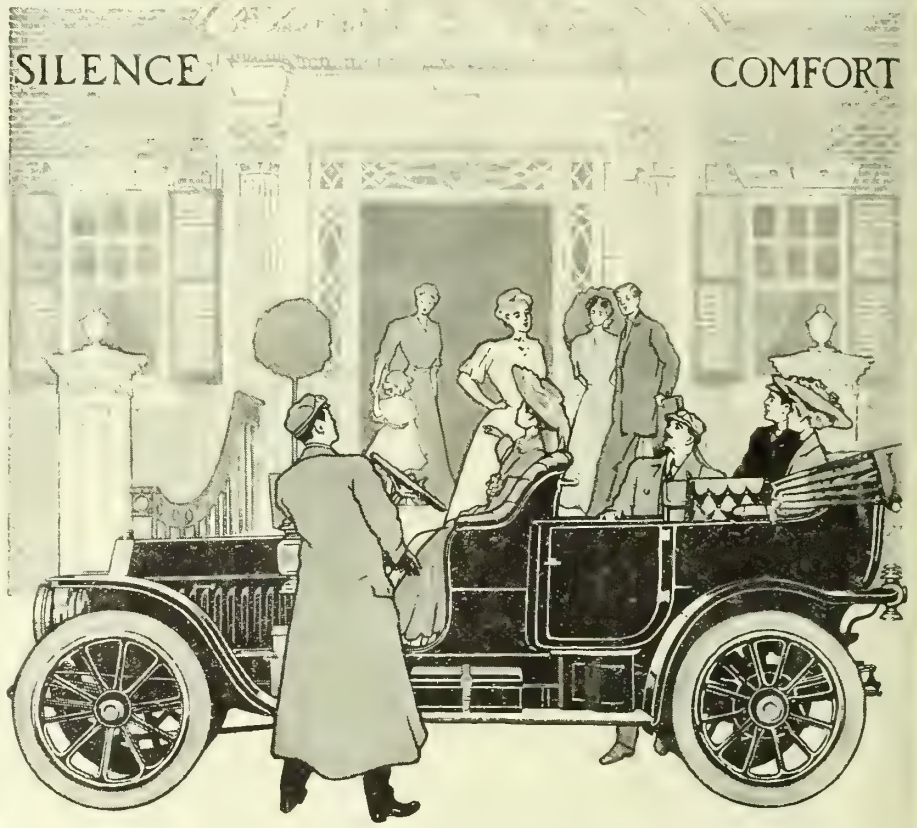

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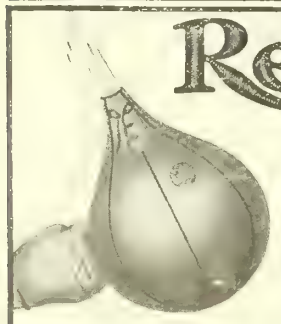

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(Continued from Page 54)

could see each separate spoke go slowly round and round. The legs of fast-galloping horses moved with similar deliberation and the pedestrians seemed only sauntering, although their attitudes betokened haste and energy. As I stood for a moment wondering what this could mean I became conscious of a continuous rattling, like that of a million castanets, which rose and fell in an overwhelming volume of sound. It came from the park. Could it be the rustling of the leaves? The demon wail of an automobile horn drove thought from my mind, piercing my head with an agony of pain. The lights, also, along the park wall burned with so fierce a glare that I had to close my eyes. I longed for darkness, for quiet; I would have given my immortal soul for only five minutes of entire peace—for an instant's cessation of this overwhelming din. I staggered across the street, shielding my eyes as best I could from the electric lights, and sheltered myself in the shadow of the trees. I had always rather fancied the idea that many apparently inanimate objects possessed life, and now, as I leaned against an elm by the park wall and felt its tremors, the giant stretching of its huge arms and the metallic clash of its foliage, I knew it to be endowed with superhuman power. There was something overwhelmingly terrifying in the constant groaning that went on inside the trunk and the vibrating crashes among its branches. I crept back to the street again. Oh, for an instant's peace in a world of diabolic noise and overpowering confusion! I knew that I was acting like a maniac, and every instant expected to find myself in the custody of some minion of the law, yet the mere thought of being touched by a human hand in my supersensitive condition was enough to fill me with horror.

Across the way a motor slowly approached and stopped in front of a handsome private house. Even at the distance of a hundred yards the fumes of its gases sickened me. Yet the hurlyburly of the city night was such that my one idea was escape—escape from the uproar about me, the blaze of the light, the constant sifting upon me of the particles that filled the air, the stenches that almost dazed me, so overpowering were they. A man jumped down from the driver's seat and, leaving the machine still throbbing at the curb, darted into the house. An instant resolve came to me—here was my chance.

I ran to the machine, leaped in and threw on the levers. The car jumped forward into the night—or rather the day, as it seemed to me. Its force was such as almost to hurl me from my seat. The missiles in the air rained like bullets upon my face. The lamps of the city blurred in one long, sideways streak of lightning. But the uproar of the night was drowned in the noise of the car. Quickly I put the machine at its top speed and darted like a demon through the night. I shall never forget that ride—roaring through the town at sixty miles an hour, yet seeming hardly to move. A policeman on a motor bicycle tried to stop me, but I raced him three miles and left him far behind. Out through the country I sped, tearing through quiet villages whose lights seemed like the halo around a lantern on a misty night, across bridges whose rumbling under the onslaught of the car sounded like the crash of artillery, through woodlands, over wide plains, around the shores of lakes sleeping in the blaze of the stars I whirled, until my jaded senses ceased to feel and weariness like a heavy hand descended upon me. My brain was numb. The desire to sleep overpowered all else.

I ran the car into a field, staggered through the grass to a clump of trees and, finding a moss-grown hollow between some high rocks, threw myself upon my face and found oblivion.

A piercing cry awoke me, shivering with terror. Day had come the real day; for the burning rays of the rising sun broke incandescent through the trees and beat pitilessly upon my eyes. The cry was repeated. I started to my feet, and a crow, which had been sitting upon a bough above my head, flapped its wings and flew lazily away. Covering my eyes with my hands to exclude the light, I threw myself upon the earth again. The air was filled with the chorus of millions of insects, deep tones like the bassoons of an orchestra mingling with the sound of a

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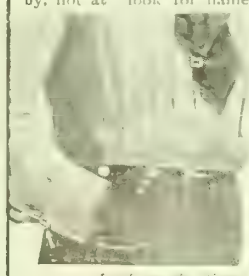

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thousand violins, in which were interspersed strange shrieks and cries of an unearthly character. For the first time, mortal ear recorded the pandemonium of insect life. To this nerve-varying accompaniment were added the bellowing of cattle and the organ-like notes of the birds which circled through the wood. The confusion of sound produced violent pain in my ears and, tearing my handkerchief in pieces, I plugged them as best I could.

Soon, curiosity led me to remove my hands from my eyes and, half closing them to keep out the light, I peered about me. To my astonishment, I saw that every inch of the atmosphere was crowded with flying insectivora of the most extraordinary shapes, like the "troubles" from Pandora's box; flies, beetles, insects of every conceivable variety that I had never seen before hovered and darted above me. The air was filled so thickly with them that there seemed hardly room for the other myriad atoms that floated beside them and swirled in the eddying haze. Out of this confusion of life came shrieks and cries as the insectivora preyed upon one another.

Throwing my coat over my head to keep out as much as I could of light and sound I stumbled through the grove and out upon a hillside. A motor—going, I knew, at sixty miles an hour—moved along a distant highway. I could see every spoke of the lazily-turning wheels. I found that my eyesight had been so intensified that I could read the number of the car and distinguish a patch upon its tire.

In place of the noisome stenches of the night before, however, I breathed the pungent odors of the fields and herbs, and this afforded me the only relief that I experienced throughout this awful period of time, for my clothes still seemed heavy as chain mail and my shirt chafed me as if made of horsehair.

At last, after I had staggered around the hill for what seemed to me to be two or three days at least, I found, about noon, a little pool of water, and, kneeling beside it, I drank like one bereft, as indeed I was, of ordinary senses. As I raised my head I beheld in its placid surface the face of a man—my own, yet utterly changed. My hair was streaked with gray, my brow was seared with wrinkles, my cheeks sunken and marked by age. I was an old man! The sight drove me frantic. If death was coming, why should it not come without delay?

In an utter abandonment of despair I cast aside my coat and, half blinded and dazed with pain, ran across the fields to where the motor still stood by the roadside. Resolved to die and to die quickly I cranked it and sprang in. A moment more and I was tearing down the road at fifty miles an hour. I threw on all the power. Ahead loomed a turn in the road and a huge boulder. At this I steered with a wild prayer in my teeth. There was a crash, an explosion, I felt myself whirling through the air and ——

"It's all right. Everything is all right!" I heard Migraine say reassuringly. Then voices chattered in Japanese.

Out of the air or out of somewhere I tumbled sideways and found myself sitting in the old shabby chair in the doctor's study. I felt dizzy and a blur over my eyes prevented me at first from seeing clearly. A faint odor of heliotrope floated toward me and Migraine's big form loomed near by, a brandy and soda in his outstretched hand. But I brushed it aside and staggered to my feet. The doctor watched me curiously—could it be that in his eye lurked the sinister expression that I had seen, or thought that I had seen, there so short a time before? I shuddered and shakily felt my way to the mantel, over which hung a mirror. The face that greeted me was the face I had seen in the pool! With a sinking heart I gazed at the hollow cheeks—at the hair unmistakably streaked with gray.

"I didn't bargain for this!" I thought hysterically.

"No," came in quiet tones from behind me, more startling to my agitated spirit than anything that as yet had happened to me. "That is simply the price of your little excursion into the unknown." Then he added quite naturally: "How do you like the Nth power?"

I gulped and pulled myself together as best I could, trying to be game to the end.

"Not for mine!" I answered. "My little old brain will do me for a while yet. Do you mind calling me a cab?"

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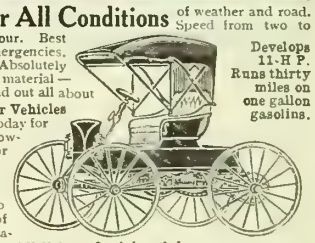

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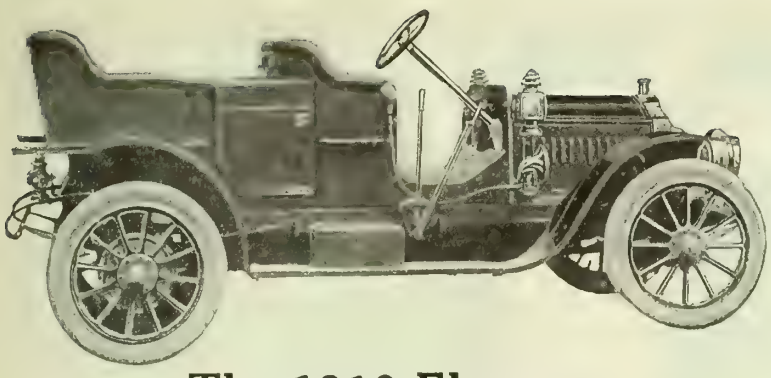

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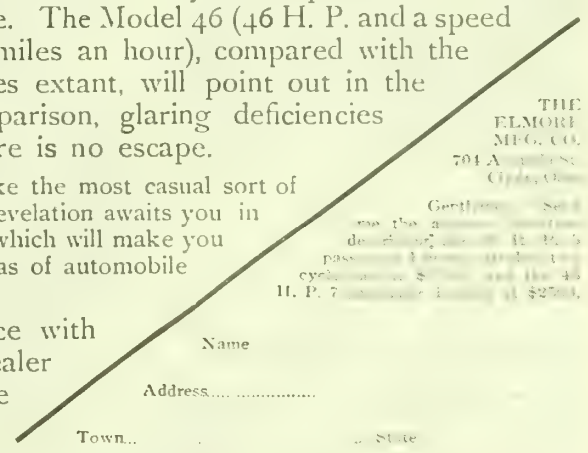

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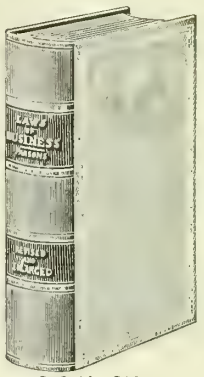

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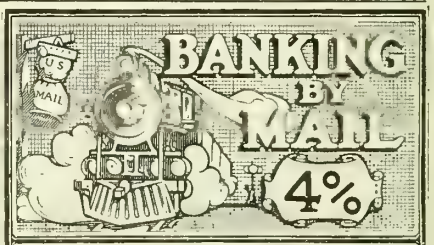

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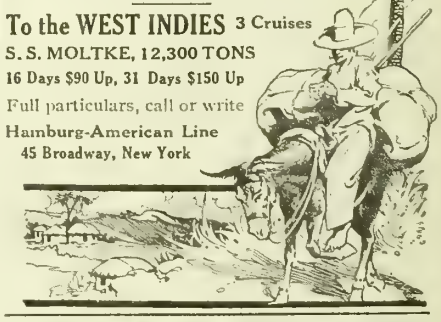

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Tribune Building, New York

JIMMY ROURKE

(Continued from Page 10)

In the end he went. He was limp and weak from his inner battle, as if he had but come from a sick bed, when he rang the bell of the Brady flat. It was Nellie who came to the door.

"Jimmy! I didn't expect you," she said in cold reproof. "You know that Billy's laid up with a broken leg. If he was well, and you'd have nerve enough to come around the house, I'd say nothing against it except to tell you to go away and not make trouble, but coming here now when Billy can't do anything ain't what I'd expect of you."

"Don't make it any harder for me than it is, Nell," indignantly protested Rourke. "I didn't come here to see you, I'll tell you that to begin with."

"Oh, you didn't!" she retorted. "I suppose you came to see Billy then?" This with a trace of scorn.

"Yes, I come to see Billy," he retorted with equal acrimony.

"I heard you had it in for him," she hestitated, looking at him suspiciously. "I heard you was carrying a gun for Billy."

"If I was I ain't got it with me now, an' you know it!" he returned.

"Let him in!" came a peremptory voice from within the door. "I ain't afraid of him, gun or no gun, leg or no leg."

"Cut that, you Billy!" retorted his sister. "Jimmy Rourke never fought with a cripple yet. Go right in, Jimmy," and she swung the door open.

Billy lay back in a rocking chair with his leg upon a stool in front of him, and he was pale from his confinement, looking pitiably weak and helpless to Jimmy, who was used to seeing his enemy in the full glow of life and aggressiveness only.

"Gee, it's done you up!" he observed.

"Well, you needn't think it's done me up for good," returned Billy, flaring immediately at the suggestion. "What did you come for? To get an eye full of me when I'm down and out?"

"You know it wasn't nothing like that," Jimmy protested; "but I don't know how to tell you what I come for without chokin'. Billy, you got me by the pompadour. I got to ask a favor of you. You know I'd rather die than do it, but I got to."

Billy was silent, curious, watching, waiting, with a queer expression on his face. There was a moment of silence.

"Well," went on Jimmy, blurting into his hard task almost defiantly, "they put Bull Welch over for a sixty stretch. You know he's my pal. You know him and me had many a fight against you and we tried to do you up every turn. Well, I goes to McShane. I goes to Purcell. They can't do nix. I gets dippy over it, and I goes to Callahan. Well, Callahan says Bull can come home for supper tonight if you say the word. I guess you know how glad I am to come here askin' a favor, but I'm here. I'm goin' to ask it plump out. Will you say the word?"

"Sure," said Billy with an extremely careless wave of his hand.

Jimmy's heart gave a great leap.

"On the level, Billy, you will do this?"

"Sure," said Billy with the graceful ease of one consenting to loan a stranger a match. Never was so fierce a joy as being asked to do Jimmy Rourke a favor.

"For me?"

"Sure," repeated Billy. "It's no trouble at all. Nell, bring me some paper, and I'll write a note to Callahan."

Jimmy's legs seemed suddenly weakened under him, but he resisted the impulse to sit down. He stood looking at the floor, creasing and uncreasing his hat. Billy scratched off the note, folded it, tucked it in an envelope which Nellie gave him, addressed the envelope and held it out toward Jimmy. Once more Jimmy swallowed very hard.

"Thanks," said he awkwardly, and his face flushed painfully red.

"That's all right," returned Billy with nonchalance—with inexpressible nonchalance! "'Tain't nothin'."

"It's a lot," denied Jimmy huskily. "I don't know how I'm goin' to square this, Billy, but I'll never forget it. You can put your wad down on that bet. Me nor Bull won't neither one ever forget it."

"Aw, forget it!" commanded Billy. "'Tain't nothin'. We fellows have to trade favors like that. Some time, maybe, you'll be in and we'll be out and I'll have a friend in and we can square it that way. So it's

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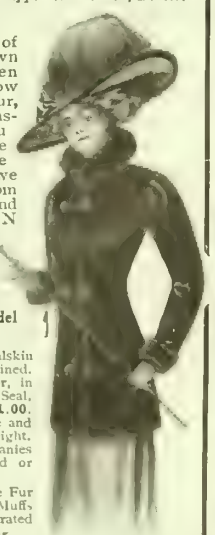

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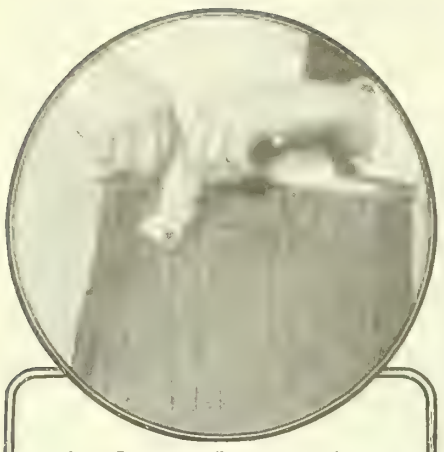

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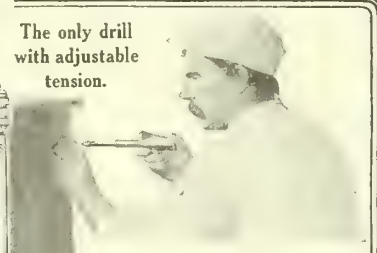
Sold by all leading clothiers in all seasonable weights and fabrics.

If not at your dealer's we will refer you to our agent in your town, or supply direct by EXPRESS PREPAID. Only waist and length measurements necessary. Write for samples of "Nufangl" fabrics, specifying whether Summer or Fall weight is preferred, enclosing 2c for postage.

PRESENT & CO., 592 Broadway, N.Y. City

The only drill with adjustable tension.



"Yankee" Tools

best meet the needs of every man—mechanic or householder, who drives screws or drills holes.

"Yankee" Automatic Drill No. 44

with adjustable tension spring

is the only drill in which the strength of the spring can be regulated to suit hard or soft wood, large or small drills. **Prevents undue breakage of drills.** Pushing on the handle operates the drill; and a turn of the wrist adjusts the tension. Furnished with eight drill points, 1-16 to 11-64, in magazine in handle, arranged to show all in **plain sight.**

Price, $1.75

Your dealer can supply you.

Write for "Yankee" Tool Book, illustrating and describing 66 kinds and sizes of "Yankee" Tools.

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Press the lever, it clips the cigar and throws out a lighted match. Used either with or without the cigar clip. The greatest money-making proposition ever offered to agents. Sells everywhere. 1,000 salesmen wanted immediately. Write quick for terms and territory. Address,

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all off, and when I get out o' here we won't count this. We'll settle any little scores we got just the same."

"Sure," assented Jimmy. "Well, good-by."

The awkward good-by was the unnecessary part.

"So long," said Billy.

Nellie followed Jimmy to the door. She was beaming upon him and her eyes were glistening slightly, but Jimmy never looked at her. He stumbled downstairs as a drunken man might—and Bull Welch was home to supper.

A change, however, came over Jimmy Rourke. He walked to and from his work as one smitten of melancholia. His spirit was broken. He bore with him a burden that he could not shake off nor forget. He went no more past the Bradys', and he made no more attempts to throw himself in Nellie's way at parties and balls where she was present. He avoided fights when he could. He was an altered young man. He and Billy Brady did not settle their long-standing score, although both had promised to do so. When they met it was with a sheepish avoidance on both sides.

There was another election the following spring. As the time drew near the clerk of elections, a Republican, of course, called Jimmy up at the shop.

"You're slow getting your supplies, Jimmy," he protested. "You got to have them to tomorrow."

"What supplies?" inquired Jimmy gruffly.

"Your election supplies. What's the matter with you? You're asleep at the switch."

"I ain't goin' to serve," said Jimmy.

"What!" demanded the clerk, who knew him well. "You'll have to, Jimmy. It's too late to get anybody else. You're down as one of the Democratic judges of election in your precinct."

"I can't serve," said Jimmy very distinctly. "I'm a Republican."

"I don't know what's hit you, Jimmy," said the clerk; "but that don't need to stop you serving this time as Democratic judge. By next time we'll get somebody else."

"No, I can't serve," insisted Jimmy in a hollow voice. "I'm on the level. I'm a Republican and that settles it."

An hour later Callahan called him up.

"Dougherty tells me you're a Republican, Jimmy," said Callahan incredulously, but still hopefully. "What kind of a kidding match is that?"

"It's on the level," asserted Jimmy wearily.

"I'm glad to hear that," Callahan assured him. "Come up; I want to see you. If you can do as good work for us as you did for McShane I think we can get along fine."

"No, I don't want to see you, Callahan," returned Jimmy. "I'm out of politics for good and all. My boss done me dirt; my own party wouldn't stick by me when my friend was pinched; you done the trick, and so I'm a Republican; but I can't do any work."

"All right," agreed Callahan with wisdom born of experience; "but any time you feel like climbing in the band wagon, Jimmy, I'm doing business at the same old place," and Callahan hung up the receiver.

Two days later Jimmy's wayward feet carried him reluctantly around by the house of the Bradys. Nellie sat on the steps inside the gate.

"Hello, Jimmy," she said with great cordiality. "Haven't seen you in a month of Sundays."

"No," returned Jimmy wearily, "I don't get out much nowadays."

"Come in and sit down," she invited.

He looked longingly at the clean stone step beside her.

"No, I ain't got time," he said slowly.

"Billy told me some good news," went on Nellie. "Callahan told him you've turned Republican."

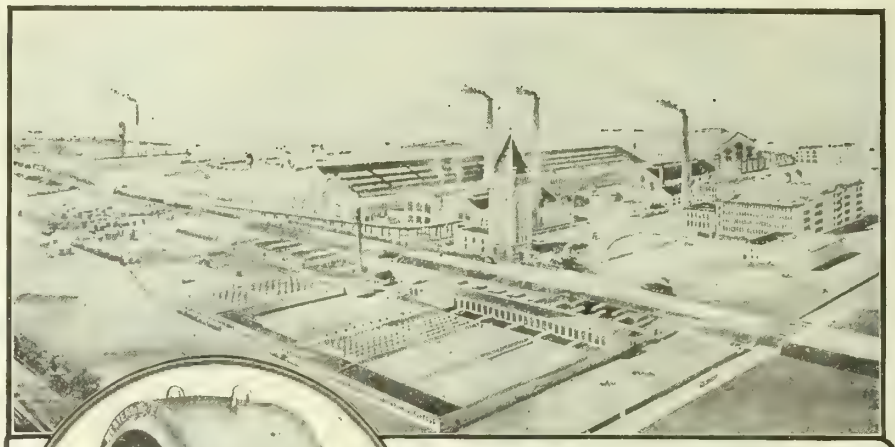
"Yes," assented Jimmy uncomfortably.

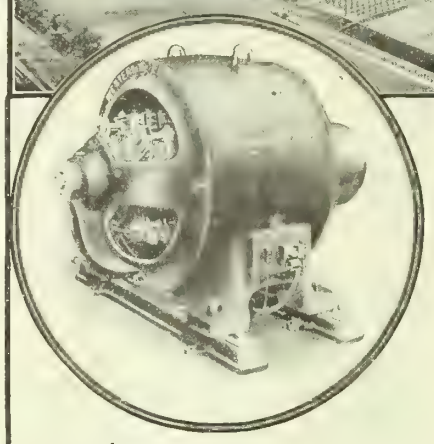
"Come in and sit down," she once more invited him.

"Look here," said he suddenly, and roughly, too. "I don't want you to make no mistake. I didn't change my politics to get a stand-in with any of the Bradys."

"If you had done it for that you wouldn't get it," Nellie assured him. "We know all about that, Billy and me both. Come in and sit down," she repeated, for the third time, softly.

Jimmy went in, and he sat down.





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¶ You take no chances with a .32 caliber COLT Automatic Pistol: it's sound in construction, safe to carry, reliable in use.

¶ Forging the Breech-bolt and Slide in one piece gives a strong, solid support for the high-power cartridge used. If, through defective ammunition, a shell bursts, or excessive pressure is developed, there is no weak part to give way; nothing can be blown back in the shooter's face; the Solid Breech is a shield.

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¶ And the COLT is flat, compact and powerful; perfectly balanced; fits hand or pocket. Can be conveniently used as a single loader if magazine is lost or empty.

¶ It's the COLT Automatic Pistol that is used by thousands of men who know they can depend upon a tested arm.

¶ Catalog No. 85, showing the greatest variety of Automatic Pistols made—smallest to most powerful—sent on request.

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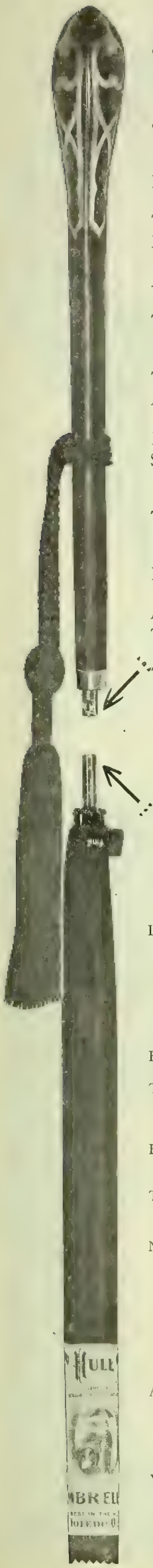


More Than a Million of These Umbrellas Have Displaced the Old Fashioned Kind

More than a million people have discarded ordinary umbrellas and will never carry them again.

The Hull Umbrella—detachable and interchangeable—made them do this.

Nearly ten thousand dealers are selling the Hull Umbrella throughout the United States; and rapidly substituting it for the old style.

And yet this is the first time the attention of the entire country has been called to the Hull Umbrella.

These enormous sales—this remarkable change in the habits and sentiments of the people—have been accomplished practically without any publicity whatsoever.

The people have simply seen the Hull Umbrella—and bought it immediately.

A few years ago the Hull Umbrella was just an idea—with no manufacturing plant and mighty little money behind it.

But the idea was magical in its effects. It captured the public's imagination.

Since that time the Hull Bros. Company has built four factories in an effort to keep pace with the constantly increasing public demand—the last one, the largest umbrella plant in the world making high grade umbrellas.

They have not dared to advertise to the entire country because, until now, they have never been equipped to care for the enormous volume of orders they knew would result.

But with the biggest and finest plant of its kind in the world; a little army of ten thousand dealers; and the enthusiastic good will of more than a million users, they are ready now to talk to every dealer and every umbrella user in the country.

And the purpose of this first national announcement is to tell:—

The Consumer:—Why the Hull Umbrella sells itself on sight to everyone who examines it; what are its superiorities over the old kind; and how and where it can be bought.

The Dealer:—Why he should immediately install a supply of these umbrellas to anticipate an absolutely certain demand which will be increased by a million more Hull buyers within the next twelve months.

HULL UMBRELLA

Detachable and Interchangeable Handle

Like everyone else you'll want to throw away your old umbrella and get a Hull Umbrella the moment you see it because of its detachable and interchangeable handle; and because aside from the advantages of its patented features, it's the best and the longest-lived umbrella in the world; and because with these splendid features added to its extra quality and extra worth, it doesn't cost a cent more than the old fashioned, inefficient kind you've always used.

Hull Umbrellas, with all the detachable and interchangeable features, sell from $1.50 upward.

The $1.50 Hull Umbrella is the best umbrella you can buy at that price without reference to the detachable and interchangeable handle—and the same is true of every other Hull Umbrella at every other price.

Hull Umbrellas are made complete in the great Hull plant—and no plant in the world utilizes finer equipment, workmanship and material.

Thus, the 26 inch Hull Umbrella measures 1½ inches more from edge to edge—uses just that much more material—than the 28 inch size of many other makes.

No other umbrella compares with it in strength—because the detachable feature, instead of weakening the construction, strengthens and reinforces it. With more than a million Hull Umbrellas in use, we've never heard of a single one being broken.

And, as we've said, these million people have seen the advantages of the Hull detachable and interchangeable handle without any advertising.

You'll see them just as quickly. Any Hull handle, for instance, fits any Hull Umbrella.

Thus, if you've got a handle you've grown fond of (and who hasn't had that experience?) you simply go to a Hull dealer, and in sixty seconds he has snapped it onto a new cover.

And this new cover—which you substitute in a minute—doesn't cost you a cent more than it would to have the old frame recovered.

We repeat—any Hull handle fits any Hull Umbrella—so, if you like, you can do as most people do—buy three or four handles and only one frame and cover.

It's like having extra pairs of shoes or gloves—you're equipped for all sorts of occasions. There are times when you want the plainest kind of plain wood handles—and other times when you want to carry the handsomest handle you've got.

All right—snap on the particular handle you want.

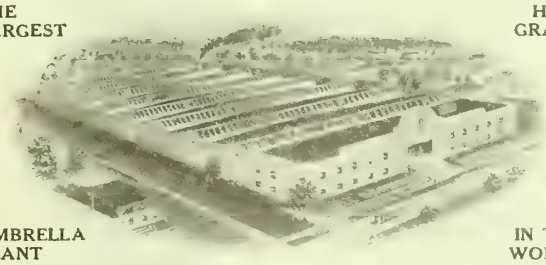
Or, again, maybe you want two grades of covers—one of the finest silk, another perhaps not so fine. In that case—use any Hull cover with any Hull handle.

Once more, you're going traveling and an umbrella is in the way. Just remove the Hull handle and drop it into your trunk with the cover.

Thousands of people take the Hull handle off as they enter an office or some other public place and slip it into their pockets—a safeguard against forgetfulness like tying a string around your finger.

The Hull line of handles consists of several thousands of the finest and most artistic designs obtainable; and whether your dealer's stock is large or small, you'll find every handle attractive.

THE LARGEST



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Fill out the coupon and send for the booklet showing several hundred styles of handles. If you are a dealer, write today for our sales plan.

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Toledo, Ohio

Gentlemen:—Please send me your booklet showing Hull Umbrellas with detachable handles.

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LOOK FOR THE NAME "HULL" ON THE BUTTON—IT MEANS AS MUCH AS "STERLING"

Trade the toil of the factory for a farm of your own

Register for 160 acres in Standing Rock and Cheyenne River Indian Reservations October 4 to 23

The United States Land Office has announced the Opening of the Standing Rock and Cheyenne River Indian Reservations, in South Dakota and North Dakota. Places of registration are **Aberdeen, Mobridge** and **Lemmon,** South Dakota, on the

Chicago Milwaukee & St. Paul

and the

Chicago Milwaukee & Puget Sound Railways

The Drawing of these Lands will be held at Aberdeen, October 26

The Standing Rock and Cheyenne River Indian Reservations are located in the north central portion of South Dakota and southern central North Dakota. They are bounded on the east by the Missouri River and contain approximately 1,500,000 acres, giving **over 10,000 farms of 160 acres each** to be opened for settlement.

The land over the greater part of the reservations is well adapted for farming. The soil is fertile and where it has been farmed by the Indians, good yields of grain have been raised. It is similar to that in the counties on the east where land sells for $25 and $50 per acre. Lignite coal is found over a great part of the reservation.

The Chicago, Milwaukee & Puget Sound Railway—the new line to the Pacific Coast, crosses the Standing Rock reservation from east to west and is the only railway on or through this reservation.

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For Fall 1909

The "Herald Square"

A Corliss-Coon Hand Made Collar

2 for 25c

"Herald Square" in three heights:
No. 1 – 1⅞ in.
No. 2 – 2⅛ in.
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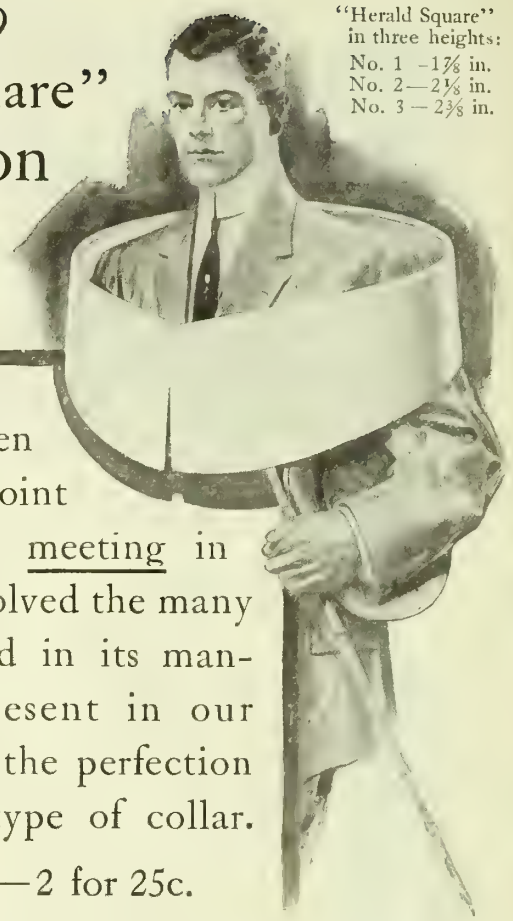

An ideal long striven for, is the square point collar with folds meeting in front. We have solved the many problems presented in its manufacture and present in our "Herald Square" the perfection of style in this type of collar.

The usual price—2 for 25c.

Any new style in Corliss-Coon Hand-made Collars is, as a rule, immediately copied in the ordinary machine-made collars. We submit without prejudice, that the perfection of style, set and fit attained in our "Herald Square" will be impossible to duplicate. It will therefore be a distinct advantage to you to accept no copy of this style.

Most of the best Furnishers have our "Herald Square" for immediate delivery. Those who have not, can get them for you without delay, or we will supply you by mail prepaid on receipt of the regular price. Our Style Book will help you in your selection of appropriate styles for all occasions. We will send it to any address, gratis, on request. Write for it today.

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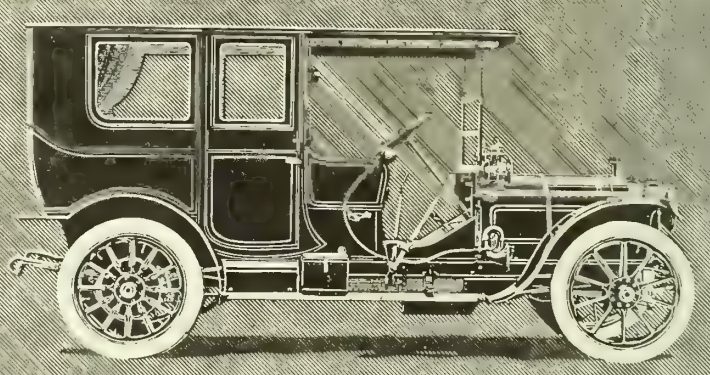

Packard "Thirty" with Limousine Body

Packard MOTOR CARS

1910

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Packard Motor Car Company
Detroit, Michigan

THE DANGER MARK

(Continued from Page 26)

Gravely, head bent, she walked forward beside him after Grandcourt had announced that he and Rosalie had had enough and that they wished Kemp to take them and their game to the sleigh.

Once, looking back, she saw the procession moving in the opposite direction through the woods, Kemp leading, rope over his shoulder, dragging the dead boar across the snow; Grandcourt, both rifles slung across his back, big arm supporting Rosalie, who walked as though very tired, her bright head drooping, her arm resting on his shoulder.

Geraldine looked up at Duane thoughtfully, and he supposed that she was about to speak; but her gaze became remote; she shifted her rifle and walked on.

Before they came to the wild, shaggy country below Cloudy Mountain she said:

"I've been thinking it over, Duane. I can see in it nothing that can concern anybody except themselves. Can you?"

"Not a thing, dear. . . . I'm sorry I suggested his coming. I knew about this, but I clean forgot it when I asked you to invite him."

"I remember now your consternation when you realized it," she said, smiling. "After all, Duane, if it is bound to happen I don't mind it happening here. . . . Poor, lonely little Rosalie! . . . I'm depraved enough to be glad for her—if it is really to be so."

"I'm glad, too. . . . Only, she ought to begin her action, I think. It's more prudent and better taste."

"You said once that you had a contempt for divorce."

"I never entertain the same opinion of anything two days in succession," he said, smiling. "When there is any one moral law that can justly cover every case which it is framed to govern I'll be glad to remain more constant in my beliefs."

"Then you *do* believe in divorce?"

"Today I happen to."

"Duane, is that your attitude toward everything?"

"Everything except you," he said cheerfully.

They had not jumped the big silver boar, nor had they found a trace of him among the trails that crossed and recrossed the silent reaches of the forest. Light was fading to the colorless, opaque gray which heralded a snowstorm as they reached the feeding-ground, spread out their fur coats and dropped down to reconnoiter.

Nothing moved among the oaks. They lay, listening, minute after minute; no significant sound broke the silence, no dead branch cracked in the hemlocks.

She lay near him, chin resting on his shoulder. Their snowshoes were stuck upright in a drift behind them; beside these squatted old Miller, listening, peering, nostrils working in the wind like an old dog's.

They watched and waited in vain through a fine veil of descending snow; in the white silence there was not a sound save the silken flutter of a lonely chickadee, friendly, inquiring, dropping from twig to twig until its tiny bright eyes peered level with Geraldine's.

Evidently, the great boar was not feeding before night. Duane turned his head restlessly; old Miller, too, had become impatient, and they saw him prowling noiselessly down among the rocks, scrutinizing snow and thickets, casting wise glances among the trees, shaking his white head as though communing with himself. Then he came toward them, holding out in one hand something red and gray—something that dangled and flapped as he strode—something that looked horrible and raw.

"Damn him!" said the old man fiercely; "no wonder he ain't a-feedin'! Look at this, Miss Seagrave. There's more of it below—a hull mess of it in the snow."

"It's a big strip of deerhide—all raw and bleeding!" faltered the girl. "What in the world has happened?"

"*His* work," said Miller grimly.

"The—the big boar?"

It was now too dusky among the trees to sight a rifle. In silence they strapped up the coats, fastened on snowshoes and moved out along the bare spur of the mountain where there was still daylight in the open, although the thickening snow made everything gray and vague.

Later, outlined in the white waste, ancient apple trees appeared, gnarled relics of some long-abandoned clearing; and, as they passed, Duane chanced to glance across the rocks to the left.

At first he thought he saw something move, but began to make up his mind that he was deceived.

Noticing that he had halted, Geraldine came back, and then Miller returned to where he stood, squinting through the falling flakes in the vague landscape beyond.

"It moved; I seen it," whispered Miller hoarsely.

"It's a deer," motioned Geraldine; "it's too big for anything else."

For five minutes in perfect silence they watched the gray, flat forms of scrub and rock; and Duane was beginning to lose faith in everybody's eyes when, without warning, a huge, colorless shape detached itself from the flat silhouettes and moved leisurely out into the open.

There was no need to speak; trembling slightly, he cleared his rifle-sight of snow, steadied his nerves, raised the weapon and fired.

A horrid sort of scream answered the shot; the boar lurched off among the rocks, and after him at top speed ran Duane and Miller, while Geraldine, on swift skis, sped eastward like the wind to block retreat to the mountain. She heard Duane's rifle crack again, then again; heard a heavy rush in the thicket in front of her, lifted her rifle, fired, was hurled sideways on the rocks, and knew no more until she unclosed her bewildered eyes in her lover's arms.

A sharp pain shot through her; she gasped, turned very white, and lay with wide eyes and parted lips, staring at Duane.

Suddenly a penetrating aroma filled her lungs; with all her strength she pushed away the flask at her lips.

"No! No! Not that! I *will* not, Duane!"

"Dear," he said unsteadily, "you are very badly hurt. We are trying to carry you back. You must let me give you this ——"

"No," she sobbed, "I will not! Duane —I ——" Pain made her faint; her grasp on his arm tightened convulsively; with a supreme effort she struck the flask out of his hand and dropped back unconscious.

XXIV

SCOTT'S telegram to the doctor read as follows:

> My sister badly hurt in an accident; concussion; intermittent consciousness. We fear spinal and internal injury. What train can you catch?
>
> SCOTT SEAGRAVE.

This telegram, received by Josiah Bailey, M. D., started that eminent general practitioner toward Roya-Neh in company with young Doctor Goss, a surgeon whose brilliancy and skill did not interfere with his self-restraint when there were two ways of doing things.

They were to meet in an hour at the 5 07 train; but before Doctor Bailey set out for the rendezvous and while his man was still packing his suitcase the physician returned to his office, where a patient waited, head hanging, picking nervously at his fingers, his prominent eyes fixed on vacancy.

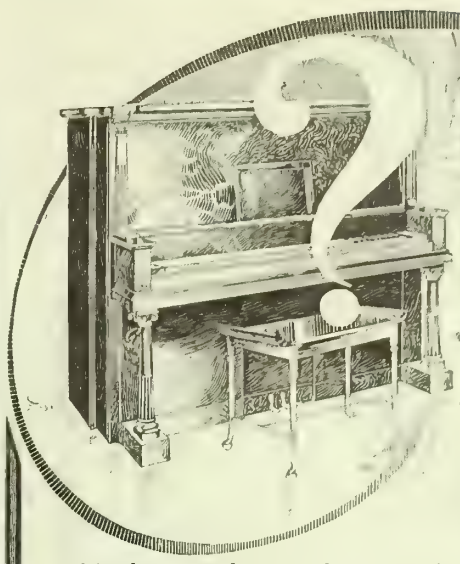
The young man neither looked up nor stirred when the doctor entered and reseated himself, picking up a pencil and pad. He thought a moment, squinted through his glasses, and continued writing the prescription which the receipt of the telegram from Roya-Neh had interrupted.

When he had finished he glanced over the slip of paper, removed his gold-rimmed reading spectacles, folded them, balanced them thoughtfully in the palm of his large and healthy hand, considering the young fellow before him with grave, far-sighted eyes.

"Stuyvesant," he said, "this prescription is not going to cure you. Nothing that I can give you is going to perform any such miracle unless you help yourself. Nothing on earth that man has invented, or is likely to invent, can cure your disease unless by God's grace the patient pitches in and helps himself. Is that plain talk?"

Quest nodded and reached for the prescription; but the doctor withheld it.

"You asked for plain talk; are you listening to what I'm saying?"



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Month in, month out, in thousands of homes, the piano stands mute.

Exquisite harmonies—the most wondrous ever created are latent within it. But there is no skillful hand to draw them forth—no gifted touch to set them free.

Your piano need not be mute. You can hear good music rendered as you like and whenever you like. Select your own program. The

Krell Auto-Grand
PLAYER-PIANO
Makes You a Master of Music

You can play impromptu the latest popular melodies and the most difficult classics with the artistic finish of a virtuoso and absolutely without effort.

Real music is possible with the Krell Auto-Grand because it alone of all player-pianos has the true "human touch"—exactly reproducing hand playing.

How this "human touch" is attained, and why in Krell Auto-Grand only, is told in our booklet "How to Select a Player-Piano," which also describes the many other exclusive features of the Krell Auto-Grand.

The Krell Auto-Grand is guaranteed for five years.

It will pay you to sit right down now and write us a postal card—we will then send you immediately a copy of this beautifully illustrated book "How to Select a Player-Piano." It may be worth hundreds of dollars to you. Mention your dealer if you have a preference. Just address Dept. 36.

KRELL AUTO-GRAND PIANO COMPANY, Connersville, Indiana

Makers of the Celebrated Albert Krell Pianos

Kenyon

Military collar for business, sport or storms.

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Patented **"Simplo"** Coat

made of Rainproof Cloth. The most popular coat of the day

Wear It Either Way

This is a military coat convertible to a lapel collar (ordinary type) in one second. No hooks, no buttons—very neat either way.

For sale at good stores, nearly everywhere. Look for the Kenyon Label.

Ask your dealer or tell us what size you wear. We will send samples and will see that you are supplied.

Lapel collar for social dress and warmer days.

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The Lyon & Healy collection now offers a number of fine specimens at exceedingly low prices. We will send a copy of our beautiful catalog of Old Violins—free. Prices from $5 to $10,000. Easy payments if desired.

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Write today for Free Booklet with full directions for self measurement and how Varicose Veins can be reduced.

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Gentlemen

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The New Models for Fall and Winter

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Every variety for every possible shape or figure. Ask your dealer for the Schloss Baltimore Make. *Accept no other.* For your protection look for the Label.

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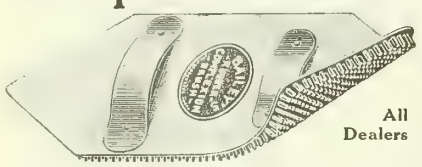
Baltimore New York

Bailey's Rubber Complexion Brush



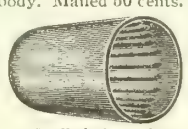
All Dealers

IT'S THE **FLAT-ENDED TEETH**

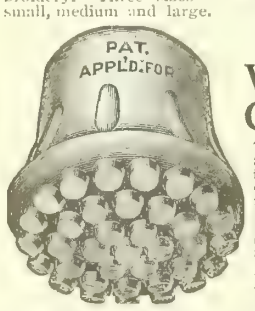
with circular biting edges that remove dust caps, cleanse the skin in the bath, open the pores, and give new life to the whole body. Mailed 50 cents.

Bailey's Rubber Sewing Finger

Made to prevent pricking and disfiguring the forefinger in sewing or embroidery. Three sizes—small, medium and large.



Mailed, 6c each



Bailey's Won't-Slip Crutch Tip

This tip won't slip on any surface. Made in five sizes, internal diameter No. 17, $\frac{5}{8}$ in.; No. 18, $\frac{3}{4}$ in.; No. 19, $\frac{7}{8}$ in.; No. 20, 1 in.; No. 21, 1$\frac{1}{8}$ in. Mailed upon receipt of price, **30 cents per pair.**

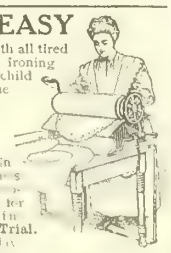
100 page Catalogue of Invention, in Rubber, for

C. J. BAILEY & CO., 22 Boylston St., BOSTON, MASS.

IRONING MADE EASY

The Simplex Ironer does away with all tired feeling, headache and backache in ironing. It works as easily and fast as a child can turn it, saves ¾ the time. The

SIMPLEX IRONER
THE BEST IRONER



for flat work, such as fine linen, plain pieces, handkerchiefs, laces, ruffles, etc. Write for booklet and 30 Days Free Trial. Illustrated Booklet FREE. Write today.

American Ironing Machine Co., B 26 E. Lake St., Chicago.

A Genuine Flying Machine

Miniature Model. Flies by its own power. Great fun! $1. Express paid. Catalog free.

H. J. NICE CO., 7 NE 5th Street, Minneapolis, Minn.

"Oh, yes," burst out Quest; "I'm going to pull myself together. Didn't I tell you I would? But I've got to get a starter first, haven't I? I've got to have something to key me up first. . . ."

"I don't know what you just said," snapped Doctor Bailey, "but I'll tell you this: alcohol is poison and it has not—and never had—in any guise whatever the slightest compensating value for internal use. It isn't a food; it's a poison. It isn't a beneficial stimulant; it's a poison. It isn't an aid to digestion; it's a poison. It isn't a life saver; it's a life taker. It's a parasite, forger, thief, panderer, liar, brutalizer, murderer!

"Those are the plain facts. There isn't, and there never has been, one word to say for it, or any excuse, except morbid predisposition or self-inculcated inclination, to offer for swallowing it. And you can take your choice. Any ass can. Yours is not an inherited appetite; yours is not one of those almost foredoomed and pitiable cases. It's a stupid case, and a case of gross self-indulgence in stupidity that began in idleness. And that, my son, is the truth."

"Is that so?" sneered Quest, rising and pocketing the prescription.

"Yes, it is so. I've known your family for forty years, Stuyvesant. I knew your parents; I exonerate them absolutely. Sheer laziness and willful depravity are what have brought you here to me on this errand. You deliberately acquired a taste for intoxicants; you haven't one excuse, one mitigating plea to offer for what you've done to yourself.

"You stood high in school and in college; you were Phi Beta Kappa, a convincing debater, a plausible speaker, an excellent writer of good English—by instinct a good newspaper man. Also, you were a man adapted by nature to live regularly and beyond the coarser temptations. But you were lazy!"

Doctor Bailey struck his desk in emphasis.

"The germ of your self-indulgence lay in gross selfishness. You did what pleased you, and it suited you to do nothing. I'm telling you how you've betrayed yourself — how far you'll have to climb to win back. Some men need a jab with a knife to start their pride; some require a friend's strong, helping arm around them. You need the jab. I'm trying to administer it without anæsthetics, by telling you what some men think of you—that it is your monstrous selfishness that has distorted your normal common-sense and landed you where you are.

"Selfishness alone has resulted in a most cruel and unnatural neglect of your sister — your only living relative; in a deliberate relapse into slothful and vicious habits; in neglect of a most promising career which was already yours; in a contemptible willingness to live on your sister's income after gambling away your own fortune.

"I know you; I carried you through teething and measles, my son; and I say to you now that, with the mental degeneration already apparent and your naturally quick temper, if you break down a few more cells in that martyred brain of yours you'll end in an asylum."

A dull color stained the pasty whiteness of Quest's face. For several minutes he stood there, his fingers working and picking at each other, his pale, prominent eyes glaring.

"That's a big indictment, Doctor," he said at last.

"Thank God you think it so," returned the doctor. "If you will stand by your better self for one week, I'll stand by you for life, my boy. Come! You were a good sport once. And that little sister of yours is worth it. Come, Stuyvesant; is it a bargain?"

He stepped forward and held out his large, firm, reassuring hand. The young fellow took it limply.

"Done with you, Doctor," he said without conviction.

As he walked along in the slush he said to himself: "I guess it's up the river for mine. . . . And it's a shame, for I'm feeling pretty good, too, and that's no idle quip! . . . Old Squills handed out a line of talk all right-o! . . . He landed it, too. . . . I ought to find something to do."

As he walked a faint glow stimulated his enervated intelligence; ideas, projects long abandoned, desires forgotten, even a far echo from the old ambition stirring in its

(Continued on Page 69)

A Soda Cracker is Known by the Company it Keeps

It is the most natural thing in the world for exposed crackers to partake of the flavor of goods ranged alongside. In other words, a soda cracker is known by the company it has kept. On the other hand

Uneeda Biscuit

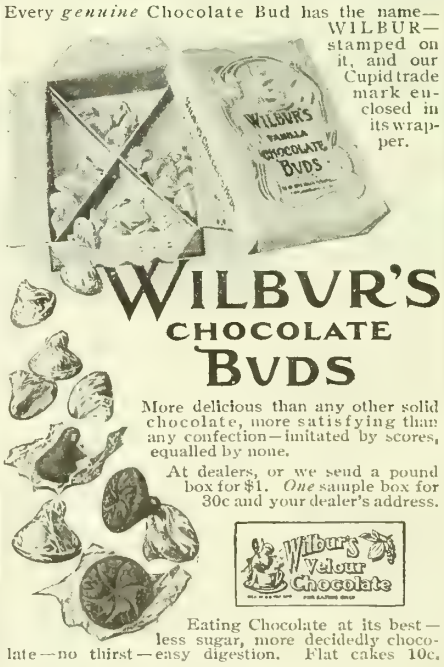
have been in no company but *their own.* When you open a package you find them so oven-fresh that they almost snap between your fingers as you take them from the package.

5¢

a Package

NATIONAL BISCUIT COMPANY

Every *genuine* Chocolate Bud has the name—WILBUR—stamped on it, and our Cupid trade mark enclosed in its wrapper.



WILBUR'S CHOCOLATE BUDS

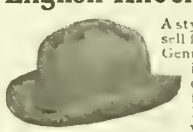
More delicious than any other solid chocolate, more satisfying than any confection—imitated by scores, equalled by none.

At dealers, or we send a pound box for $1. *One* sample box for 30c and your dealer's address.

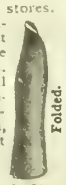
Eating Chocolate at its best—less sugar, more decidedly chocolate—no thirst—easy digestion. Flat cakes 10c.

H. O. WILBUR & SONS, Inc., 222 Bread St., Philadelphia
Makers of WILBUR'S COCOA

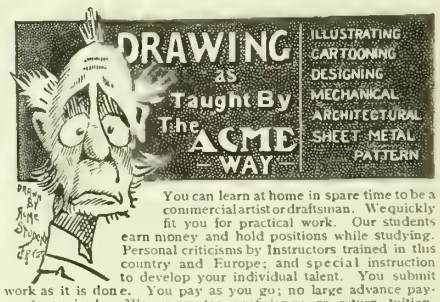
English Knockabout Hat $1.00



A stylish, serviceable Hat. Would sell for $2.00 in most Hat stores. Genuine English Felt, flexible sweat band, neat outside band. Suitable for dress and business. Folds into compact roll without damaging. Unequalled for traveling, motoring, golfing, yachting, etc. All sizes. Colors: **Black, Brown, Green, Gray Mixture, and Blue.** Weight 4 ozs. Sent postpaid on receipt of $1.00.



State size and color desired. Satisfaction Guaranteed.
PANAMA HAT CO., 181-A William St., New York City



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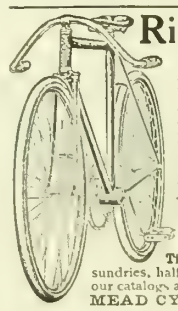
The Acme School of Drawing, 2217 S St., Kalamazoo, Mich.



Rider Agents Wanted

in each town to ride and exhibit sample 1910 model. *Write for Special Offer.*

Finest Guaranteed 1910 Models . . . . $10 to $27
with Coaster-Brakes and Puncture-Proof tires.

1908 and 1909 Models all of best makes $7 to $12

500 Second Hand Wheels
All makes and models, good as new **$3 to $8**

Great **FACTORY CLEARING SALE.** We **Ship On Approval** *without a cent deposit, pay the freight* and allow **TEN DAYS' FREE TRIAL.**

Tires, coaster-brakes, parts, repairs and sundries, half usual prices. **Do not buy** till you get our catalogs and offer. *Write now.*

MEAD CYCLE CO., Dept. C-55, Chicago

Send 10c in Silver or Stamps for large Sample Pouch and Booklet

A RARE TOBACCO DIRECT

From Factory to Smoker

If you want to enjoy the most exquisitely delightful solace which smoking tobacco can offer you, try

FRENCH'S MIXTURE
"The Aristocrat of Smoking Tobacco"

It is grown in the famous North Carolina "Golden Leaf" tract; is selected leaf by leaf by "Old Timers," blended with painstaking care and always sold direct, fresh and in perfect condition. It is truly a rare, rich tobacco, mild and smooth, which pleases instantly and satisfies continuously.

FRENCH TOBACCO CO., Dept. "J" Statesville, N. C.

"Sunshine Shapeliness" in Clothes—

What It Is, and Why.

Nearly every man has had the experience of buying a suit which looked well, fitted well and seemed in every way satisfactory; yet after the first rainy day the shape and style disappeared entirely, leaving only a draggled, wrinkled suit which no amount of pressing could rejuvenate.

That is "sunshine shapeliness"—the shape that departs with the first damp weather.

Usually in such a case the man blames the workmanship or material. The *real* trouble is that all woolen goods will shrink; and while every tailor endeavors to guard against this by shrinking his goods before making them up, he is able to accomplish but half results.

We shrink the goods to the utmost limit before the shears touch them, by a process originated by us and used exclusively by us in

Kaufman "Pre-Shrunk" Garments

Think what that means to you. The style, the shape, the fit, the neat appearance which distinguish our garments when you try them on, are there *to stay*. When you wear a Kaufman "Pre-Shrunk" Garment you know that the original distinctive style and fit will withstand the effects of moisture as long as you wear it.

"Pre-Shrunk" means that the principal causes of trouble in the garment have been eliminated. You will not have to endure bagging trousers knees, wrinkled, puckered coat fronts, drooping pockets, nor the general all-awry appearance common, after rain or damp has touched them, to garments that have not been put through the Kaufman "Pre-Shrunk" Process.

When you buy a suit, much of the price goes for the style, shape, fit, appearance. When these will not last more than a short time—as with ordinary garments—what are you getting for your money?

When you buy a Kaufman "Pre-Shrunk" Garment you are assured that the distinctive shape and appearance will last as long as the garment does; and the garment will last much longer than an ordinary one of the same material, because the strain on the seams caused by the warping of the cloth is eliminated.

Pre-eminent in Style

Having the best foundation to go on—the "Pre-Shrunk" cloth which insures continued shapeliness—we build Kaufman garments so that in style and workmanship they will maintain the great supremacy which the "pre-shrinking" process gives them at the start.

Supremacy in style is assured by the fact that they are designed by one of the most skillful designers of men's clothing in the country—a man who for many years has been one of the recognized arbiters of what constitutes correct dress for men.

Every man who has anything to do with making up Kaufman garments is the best specialist in his particular line that money can procure. In those finer points of tailoring that differentiate a good suit from an ordinary one, Kaufman garments are unequaled. Your own comparison of Kaufman garments with any others you may think of will prove this beyond a doubt.

If all men were exactly alike there would be no art of tailoring; but they are not, and in Kaufman "Pre-Shrunk" Garments special care has been taken to balance those inequalities and variances of form and figure which are individual to each of us. The result is that you can get a Kaufman garment that will fit you perfectly, no matter what your build.

The Kaufman "Pre-Shrinking" Process insures permanency of shape and fit. There is no warping of half-shrunk cloth, which would inevitably spoil the shape in a short time.

Our Guarantee to You

It is solely the Kaufman "Pre-Shrinking" Process which enables us to make a guarantee which, so far as we know, is unique among clothing manufacturers.

Every Kaufman dealer is authorized to make you this guarantee:

"If any garment, bearing the Kaufman label, is not satisfactory, it may be returned and money refunded."

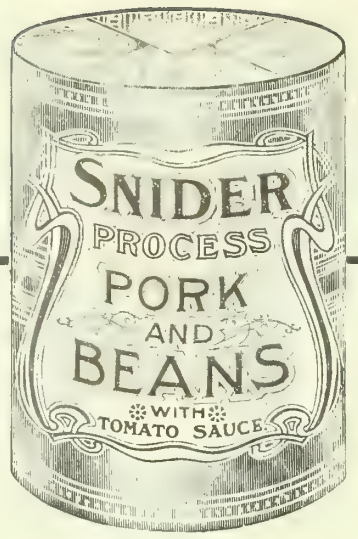
Read that over again.

Could any statement be stronger? Remember that it covers not only possible faults of workmanship and tailoring. Any manufacturer should be prepared to guarantee against those if he expects his product to receive public approval. The Kaufman guarantee means in addition that the style and fit of your suit will be not merely "sunshine shapeliness," but will remain through all kinds of weather and wear.

Kaufman "Pre-Shrunk" Garments, in all of the fabrics and shades which fashion has decreed popular for Fall and Winter wear, are now on exhibition at your dealer's.

We issue a very attractive Style Book illustrating the last word on correct styles for Fall and Winter. You can either get it from your dealer or we will send it to you direct, with our compliments, for the asking. You will find it of great value in deciding what to wear this season.

Chas. Kaufman & Bros., Chicago, Ill.



One Can

Tells its own tale of superiority over all other kinds.

A dozen cans on the pantry shelf guarantees the absolute certainty of a dozen delicious meals.

An acceptable luncheon or supper dish for unexpected guests or a quick meal, ready to serve from the can, and there's no danger of serving them too often—most people like a good thing often.

Snider Pork & Beans

Comply with all Pure Food Laws of the world—are cooked by the exclusive "Snider-Process" which eliminates all the irritative elements from beans—makes them easy to digest—

"It's the Process"

The delicious Tomato Sauce, prepared from **Snider's Tomato Catsup** which made the name "Snider" famous, imparts to **Snider Pork & Beans** an appetizing flavor, the memory of which lingers.

Snider Chili Sauce is another good thing—have you tried it?

Upon receipt of two Snider Pork & Beans labels, we will send you one of our beautiful 50-piece jig-saw puzzles. Address Dept. B.

The T. A. SNIDER PRESERVE CO., Cincinnati, Ohio, U. S. A.

The Stationery of a Gentleman

Old Hampshire Bond

in boxed form for *men's* social and formal correspondence. A paper of distinction and character, correct in every detail.

Not the soft, flimsy sheets "made-to-sell," but a paper worthy of representing you.

Ask your Dealer—Write us for Sample

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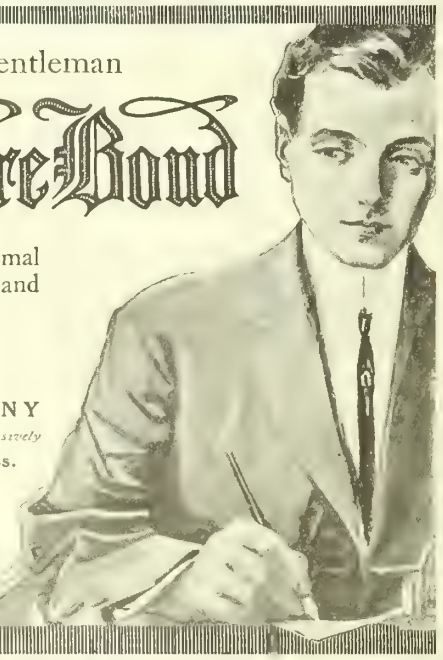
The Only Paper Makers in the World Making Bond Paper Exclusively

South Hadley Falls, Mass.



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MAKE MONEY WRITING SHORT STORIES—1c. to 5c. a word. We sell stories, plays, and book **Manuscripts**, on commission; we criticize and revise them and tell you where to sell them. **Story-Writing** and **Journalism** taught by mail. Send for free booklet, "**Writing for Profit**"; tells how. **The National Press Association, 67 The Baldwin, Indianapolis, Ind.**

GEM JUNIOR SAFETY RAZOR

The First and Foremost

The *Original*—improved again and again, so that it remains, *as always*, the *Leader*—a marvel of ingenuity, a *convenience* and *comfort* to every man who shaves, and so constructed that the *angle* for *correct* shaving is *always true*. That's the *GEM JUNIOR Safety Razor*, the device which *made Self-shaving Popular*. The satisfaction you get out of it is not for just a month or so, but *for years*,—and the investment of *One Dollar*, will *keep on saving you money* and time for an *unlimited* period.

The keen, *highly tempered* blades, the result of our *30 years' experience* in the manufacture of fine safety razors, *retain the edge* for a long time, and when dulled can be *renewed as good as new*, by stropping. *THEY SHAVE CLEAN—NEVER PULL.* If you cannot strop, we advise the use of the *GEM Automatic Stropper*, which gives *perfect* results. Price, $1.00, or, with Combination Strop, $1.50.

The *New Bar* makes the GEM JUNIOR Safety Razor *the most efficient of all shaving devices*, as it automatically *smoothens* the lines in the face, and *raises the hairs*, ready to receive the blade-edge.

GEM JUNIOR Outfit Complete, Silver-Nickel plated frame, 7 Selected Blades, 3 section Stropping Handle, and Strong Morocco Case **$1.00**

Extra Set 7 Selected NEW Blades 35c, as shown below—each blade protected.

For sanitary reasons, no exchange of used blades. Insist on an original package. Name "GEM Junior" on every blade.

Booklet "Shaveology" free on request.

GEM CUTLERY COMPANY

34 Reade Street NEW YORK

30 years in business. We are the Original Modern Safety Razor Makers.

You Save over Half on "COME-PACKT" SECTIONAL FURNITURE and it's Honest All Through

$14.50

$14 75 with three leaves

$14.50 with cushions

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We sell direct only—factory to you—saving you all dealers' and jobbers' profits, expensive packing and ⅔ the freight. You put the finished sections together (no tool work) and apply your choice of seven stains (sent free). The RESULT is handsome, substantial furniture of the highest grade at less than half the cost of commonplace.

The ONLY complete line of QUARTERED WHITE Oak furniture ever made on this money-saving, quality insured plan. TWICE the number of designs ever before attempted, built throughout of QUARTER-sawed WHITE Oak, rich in beautiful flake and grain. Don't confuse this with PLAIN Oak, which we use for Porch Furniture only.

Look at the Choice we offer you

Bookcases $5.50, $7 and $8.50.
Davenports $14.50 to $18.75.
A dozen Library Tables $3.50 up.
Extension Dining Tables $10.25, $14 and $17
Buffets to match $15.50, $18.75 and $22.50.

Over 100 artistic pieces in all, for Den, Library, Hall, Dining-room, Bed-room and Study. We can save you over half on a complete house-full of furniture.

WRITE TODAY for our beautiful catalog, largest ever issued, mailed free.

You see just what you get—it's Honest all through, and our Name and Guarantee back every piece—your money back any time you say.

Try our way ONCE—that's the proof.

Come-packt Furniture Co., 1014 Edwin Street, ANN ARBOR, MICH.
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Stoves—Ranges
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GARLAND STOVES AND RANGES The World's Best

80 Tons of Iron a Day

Melted to Make "GARLANDS"

"The World's Best."

For 37 years the most extensively sold.
May as well have the "GARLAND."
You pay just as much for inferior makes.
All Ranges are supplied with "GARLAND" Oven Heat Indicator.

Sold by the Best Dealers Everywhere.

Write for Illustrated Free Book.

The Michigan Stove Company.
Largest Makers of Stoves and Ranges in the World.
Detroit Chicago

(Continued from Page 66)

slumber, quickened his slow pulses. The ghost of what he might have been, nay, what he *could* have made himself, rose wavering in his path. Other ghosts, long laid, floated beside him, accompanying him—the ghosts of dead opportunities, dead ideals, lofty inspirations long, long strangled.

"A job," he muttered; "that's the wholesome dope for Willy. There isn't a newspaper or magazine in town where I can't get next if I speak easy. I can deliver the goods, too; it's like wiping swipes off a bar ——"

Was he never to have one more decent drink? Was this to be the absolute and final end? Certainly. Yet his imagination could not really comprehend, compass, picture to himself life made a nuisance by self-denial—life in any other guise except as a background for inertia and indulgence.

He swore again, profanely asking something occult why he should be singled out to be made miserable on a day like this? Why, among all the men he knew, he must go skulking about, lapping up cold mineral water and cocking one ear to the sounds of human revelry within the tavern?

As for his work—yes, he ought to do it. . . . Interest in it was already colder; the flare-up was dying down; habitual apathy chilled it to its embers. Indifference, ill-temper, self-pity, resentment, these were the steps he was slowly taking backward. He took them, in their natural sequence, one by one.

Old Squills meant well, no doubt, but he had been damned impertinent. . . . And why had Old Squills dragged in his sister Sylvia? . . . He had paid as much attention to her as any brother does to any sister. . . . And how had she repaid him?

Head lowered doggedly against the sleet which was now falling thickly, he shouldered his way forward, brooding on his sister, on Dysart.

He had not been home in weeks; he did not know of his sister's marriage to Bunny Gray. She had left a letter at home for him, because she knew no other addresses except his clubs; and inquiry over the telephone elicited the information that he had not been to any of them.

But he was going to one of them now. He needed something to kill that vichy; he'd have one more honest drink in spite of all the Old Squills in North America!

At the Cataract Club there were three fashion-haunting young men drinking hot Scotches: Dumont, his empurpled skin distended with whisky and late suppers, and all his former brilliancy and wit cankered and rotten with it, and his slim figure and clean-cut face fattened and flabby with it; Myron Kelter, thin, elegant, exaggerated—Myron Kelter, son of a gentleman, eking out his meager income by fetching, carrying, toadying to the rich, who were too fastidious to do what they paid him for doing in their behalf; and the third, Forbes Winton, literary dilettante, large in every feature and in waistcoat and in gesture—large, hard, smooth—very smooth, and worth too many millions to be contradicted when misstating facts to suit the color of his too luxuriant imagination.

These greeted Quest in their several and fashionably-wearied manners, inviting his soul to loaf.

Later he had a slight dispute with Winton, who surveyed him coldly, and insolently repeated his former misstatement of a notorious fact.

"What rot!" said Quest. "I leave it to you, Kelter; am I right or not?"

Kelter began a soft and soothing discourse which led nowhere at first, but ended in a reorder for four hot Scotches.

Then Dumont's witty French blood—or the muddied dregs which were left of it—began to be perversely amusing at Quest's expense. Epigrams slightly frayed, a jest or two a trifle stale, humorous inversions of well-known maxims, a biting retort the originality of which was not entirely free from suspicion, were his contributions to the festivities.

Later, Kelter's nicely-modulated voice and almost affectionate manner restrained Quest from hurling his glass at the inflamed countenance of Mr. Dumont. But it did not prevent him from leaving the room in a vicious temper, and, ultimately, the Cataract Club.

The early winter night had turned cold and clear; sidewalks glittered, sheeted with ice. He inhaled a deep breath and expelled a reeking one, hailed a cab and drove to the Amphitheater, a restaurant resort, wonderful in terracotta rocks, papier-mâché grottoes, and Croton waterfalls haunted of certain semi-distinguished pushers of polite professions, among whom he had been known for years.

The place was one vast eruption of tiny electric lights. Virtue and its antithesis, disguised alike in silk attire and pearl collars, rubbed elbows unconcernedly among the papier-mâché grottoes; the cascades foamed with municipal water, waiters sweated and scurried, lights winked and glimmered, and the music and electric fans annoyed nobody.

In its usual grotto Quest found the usual group, was welcomed automatically, sat down at one of the tables and gave his order.

Artists, newspaper men, critics and writers predominated. There was also a "journalist" doing "brilliant" space work on his paper. He had been doing it nearly a month and he was only twenty-one. It was his first job. Ambition tickled his rib; Fame leaned familiarly over his shoulder; Destiny made eyes at him. His name was Bunn.

There was also a smooth-shaven, tired-eyed little man who had written a volume on Welsh rarebits and now drew cartoons. His function was to torment Bunn, and Bunn never knew it.

A critic rose from the busy company and departed, to add luster to his paper and a nail to the coffin of the only really clever play in town.

"Of course," observed little Dill, who did the daily cartoon for his paper, "no critic would be a critic if he could be a fifth-rate anybody else or," he added, looking at Bunn, "even a journalist."

"Is that supposed to be funny?" asked Bunn complacently. "*I* intend to do art criticism for the ——"

"What's the objection to my getting a job on it, too?" inquired Quest, setting his empty glass aside and signaling the waiter for a reorder. He expected surprise and congratulation.

Somebody said: "*You* take a job!" so impudently that Quest reddened and turned, showing his narrow, defective teeth.

"It's my choice that I haven't taken one," he snarled. "Did you think otherwise?"

"Don't get huffy, Stuyve," said a large, placid, fat novelist whose financial success with mediocre fiction had made him no warmer favorite among his brothers. A row of artists glanced up and coldly continued their salad, their Vandyke beards all wagging in unison.

"I want you to understand," said Quest, leaning both elbows offensively on Dill's table, "that the job I ask for I expect to get."

"You might have expected that once," said the cool young man who had spoken before.

"And I do now!" retorted Quest, raising his voice. "Why not?"

Somebody said: "You can furnish good copy all right, Quest; you do it every day that you're not working."

Quest, astonished and taken aback at such a universal revelation of the contempt in which he seemed to be held, found no reply ready.

Minute after minute he sat there among them, sullen, silent, wincing, nursing his chagrin in deepening wrath and bitterness; and his clouding mind perceived in the rebuke nothing that he had ever done to deserve it.

Who the deuce were these ragtag and bobtails of the world who presumed to snub him—these restaurant-haunting outsiders, among whom he condescended to sit, feeling always the subtle flattery they ought to accord him by virtue of a social position hopeless of attainment by any of them? Who were they to turn on him like this when he had every reason to suppose they were not only aware of the great talent he had carelessly neglected to cultivate through all these years, but must, in the secret recesses of their grubby souls, reluctantly admire his disdain of the only distinctions they scrambled for and could ever hope for?

His black looks seemed to disturb nobody; Bunn, self-centered, cropped his salad complacently; the Vandyke beards wagged; another critic or two left, stern slaves to duty.

Men rose and left the table singly, by twos, in groups. He sat, glowering, head partly averted, scowlingly aware of their

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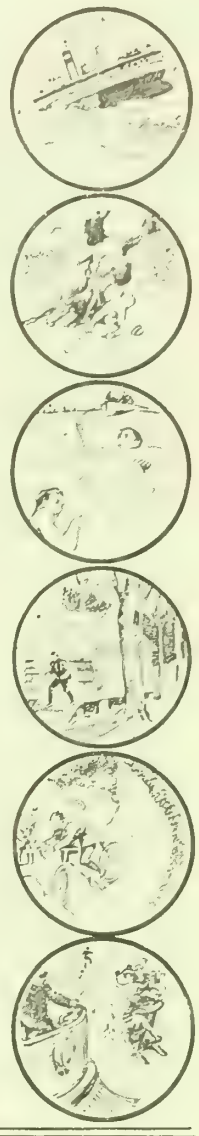

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going, aware of their human interest in one another but not in him, aware at last that he counted for nothing whatever among them.

Some spoke to him as they passed out; he made them no answer. And at last he got up, demanded his coat and hat, swore at the pallid little button-covered page who brought it, and lurched out into the street.

A cab stood there; he entered it, fell heavily into a corner of the seat, bade the driver "Keep going," and sat swaying, muttering, brooding on the wrongs that the world had done him.

Wrongs! Yes, every hand was against him, every tongue slandered him. Who was he that he should endure it any longer in patience! Had he not stood enough from the rotten world?—from his own sister, from Dysart, whose maddening and continual ignoring of his letters demanding an explanation ——?

There seemed to come a sudden flash in his brain; he leaned from the window and shouted an address to the cabman.

Quest got out and rang the bell of the house before which his cab stopped. The door opened; he gave his card to the servant and stealthily followed him upstairs over the velvet carpet.

Dysart, in a stained dressing-gown knotted in close about his waist, looked over the servant's shoulder and saw Quest standing there in the hall, leering at him.

For a moment nobody spoke; Dysart took the offered card mechanically, glanced at it, looked at Quest and nodded dismissal to the servant.

When he and the other man stood alone he said in a low, uncertain voice:

"Get out of here!"

But Quest pushed past him into the lighted room beyond, and Dysart followed, very pale.

"What are you doing here?" he demanded.

"I've a question to ask you," retorted Quest. "You'll answer that first."

"Will you get out of here?"

"Not until I take my answer with me."

"You're drunk!"

"I know it. Look out!"

Dysart moistened his bloodless lips.

"What do you want to know?" And, as Quest shouted a question at him, "Keep quiet! Speak lower, I tell you. My father is in the next room."

"What do I care for your father? Answer me or I'll choke it out of you! Answer me now, you dancing blackguard! I've got you; I want my answer, and you've got to give it to me!"

"If you don't lower your voice," said Dysart between his teeth, "I'll throw you out of that window!"

"Lower my voice? Why? Because the old fox might hear the young one yap! What do I care for you or your doddering family ——"

He went down with a sharp crash; Dysart struck him again as he rose; then, beside himself, rained blows on him, drove him from corner to corner, out of the room, into the hall, striking him in the face till the young fellow reeled and fell against the bathroom door. It gave; he stumbled into darkness, and after him sprang Dysart, teeth set—sprang into the darkness which split before him with a roar into a million splinters of fire.

He stood for a second swaying, reaching out to grasp at nothing in a patient, persistent, meaningless way; then he fell backward, striking a terrified servant, who shrank away and screamed.

She screamed again as a young man's white and battered face appeared in the dark doorway before her.

"What are you howling for? Is he—dead?" whispered Quest. Suddenly terror overwhelmed him.

"Get out of my way!" he yelled, hurling the shrieking maid aside, striking the frightened butler who tried to seize him on the stairs. There was another man-servant at the door, who stood his ground swinging a bronze statuette. Quest darted into the drawing-room, ran through the music-room and dining-room beyond, and slammed the door of the butler's pantry.

He stood there panting, glaring, his shoulder set against the door; then he saw a bolt and shot it.

Servants were screaming somewhere in the house; doors slammed; a man was shouting through a telephone amid a confusion of voices that swelled continually until the four walls rang with the uproar. A little later a policeman ran through the basement into the yard beyond; another pushed his way to the pantry door and struck it heavily with his night-stick, demanding admittance.

For a second he waited; then the reply came, abrupt, deafening; and he hurled himself at the bolted door, and it flew wide open.

But Quest remained uninterested. Nothing concerned him now, lying there on his back, his bruised young face toward the ceiling, and every earthly question answered for him as long as time shall last.

XXV

"YOUR sister," observed Doctor Bailey to Scott Seagrave, "must be constructed of India-rubber. There's nothing whatever the matter with her spine or with her interior. The slight trace of concussion is disappearing; there's no injury to the skull; nothing serious to apprehend. Her body will probably be black and blue for a week or two; she'll doubtless prefer to remain in bed tomorrow and next day. That is the worst news I have to tell you."

He smiled at Kathleen and Duane, who stood together, listening.

"I told you so," said Scott, intensely relieved. "Duane got scared and made me send that telegram. I fell out of a tree once, and my sister's symptoms were exactly like mine."

Kathleen stole silently from the room; Duane passed his arm through the doctor's and walked with him to the big double sleigh which was waiting. Scott followed with Doctor Goss.

"About this other matter," said Doctor Bailey, "I can't make it out, Duane. I saw Jack Dysart two days ago. He was very nervous, but physically sound. I can't believe it was suicide."

He unfolded the telegram which had come that morning directed to Duane:

> Mrs. Jack Dysart's husband died this morning. Am trying to communicate with her. Wire if you know her whereabouts.

It was signed with old Mr. Dysart's name, but Doctor Bailey knew he could never have written the telegram or even have comprehended it.

The men stood grouped in the snow near the sleigh, waiting; and presently Rosalie came out on the terrace with Kathleen and De Lancy Grandcourt. Her color was very bad and there were heavy circles under her eyes, but she spoke with perfect self-possession, made her adieux quietly, kissed Kathleen twice, and suffered Grandcourt to help her into the sleigh.

Kathleen, with Scott and Duane on either side of her, walked back to the house.

"Well," said Scott, his voice betraying nervous reaction, "we'll resume life where we left off when Geraldine did. Don't tell her anything about Dysart yet. Suppose we go and cheer her up!"

Geraldine lay on the pillows, rather pallid under the dark masses of hair clustering around and framing her face. She opened her eyes when Kathleen unclosed the door for a preliminary survey and the others filed solemnly in.

"Hello," she said faintly, and smiled at Duane.

"How goes it, Sis?" asked her brother affectionately, shouldering Duane aside.

"A little sleepy, but all right. Why on earth did you send for Doctor Bailey? It was horridly expensive."

"Duane did," said her brother briefly. "He was scared blue."

Her eyes rested on her lover, indulgent, dreamily humorous.

"Such expensive habits," she murmured, "when everybody is economizing. Kathleen, dear, he needs schooling. You and Mr. Tappan ought to take him in hand and cultivate him good and hard!"

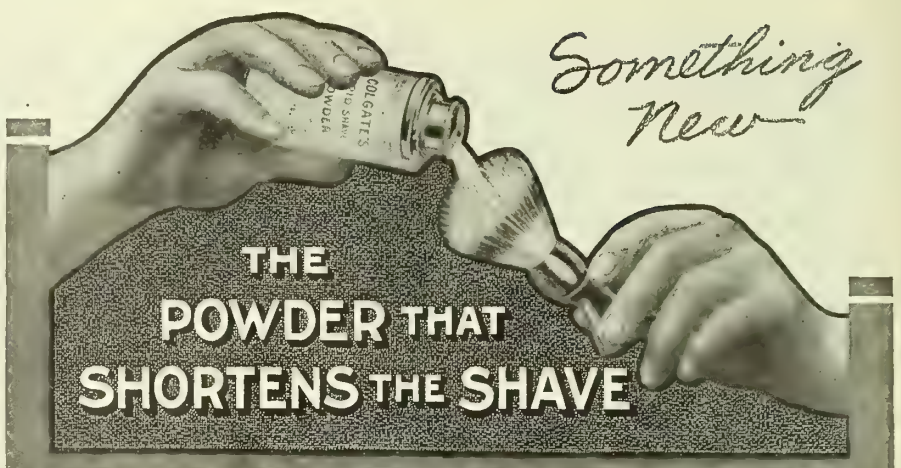
Scott, who had been wandering around his sister's room with innate masculine curiosity concerning the mysteries of intimate femininity, came upon a sketch of Duane's the color not entirely dry yet.

"It's Sis!" he exclaimed in unfeigned approval. "Lord, but you've made her a good-looker, Duane. Does she really appear like that to you?"

"And then some," said Duane. "Keep your fingers off it."

Scott admired in silence for a while, then: "You certainly are a shark at it, Duane. . . . You've struck your gait all right. . . . I wish I had. . . . This rose-beetle business doesn't promise very well."

(Concluded on Page 73)



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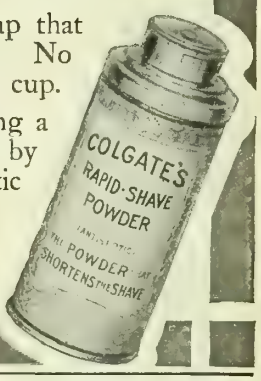

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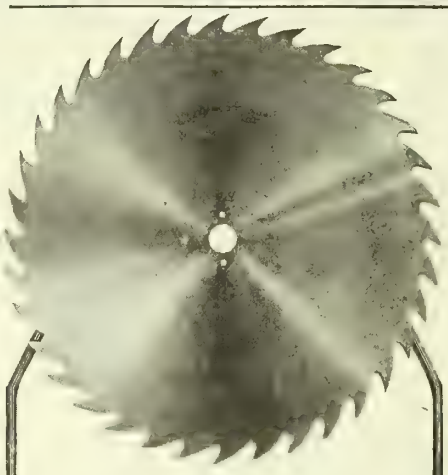

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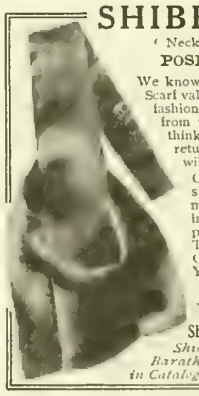

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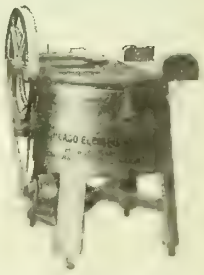

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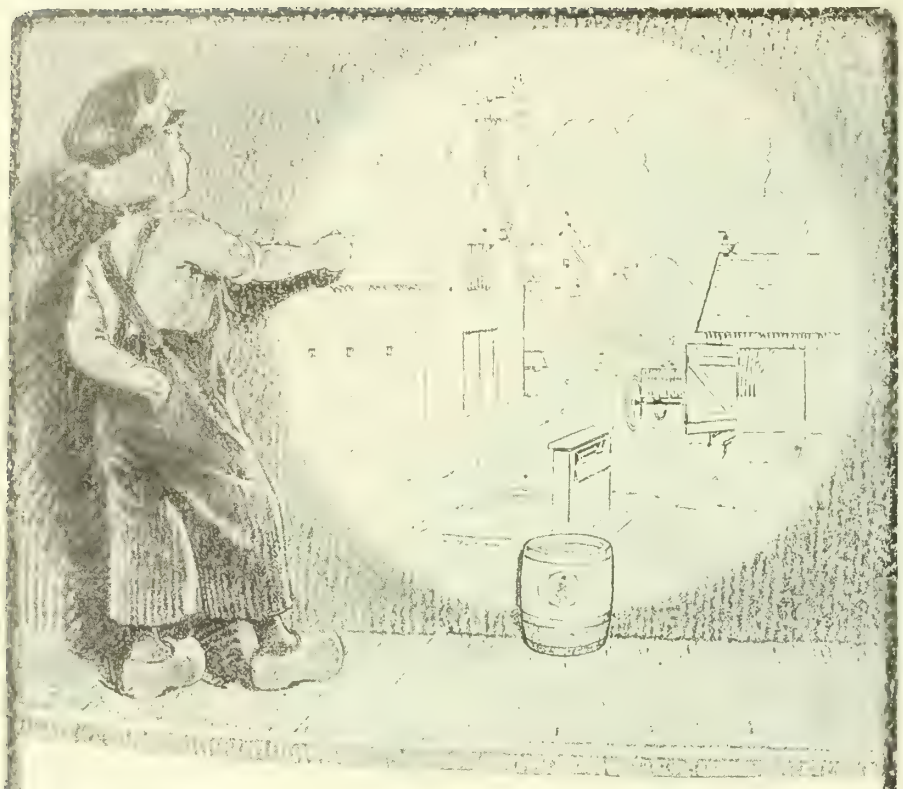

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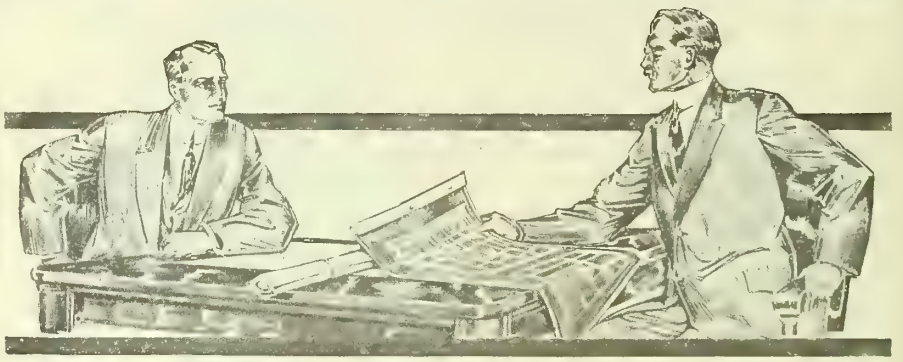

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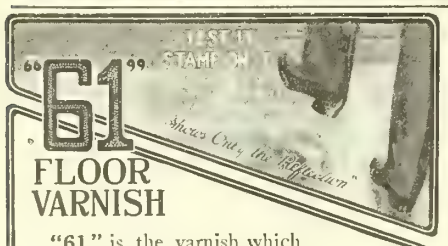

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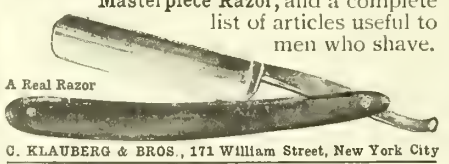
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(Concluded from Page 70)

Duane smiled at Scott and seated himself on the edge of the bed.

"You plucky little thing," he said, "were you perfectly mad, to try to block that boar in the scrub? You won't ever try such a thing again, will you, dear?"

"I was so excited, Duane; I never thought there was any danger ——"

"You didn't think whether there was or not. You didn't care."

She laughed, wincing under his accusing gaze.

"You *must* care, dear."

"I do," she said, serious when he became so grave. "Tell me again exactly what happened."

He said: "I don't think the brute saw you; he was hard hit and was going blind, and he sideswiped you and sent you flying into the air among those icy rocks." He drew a long breath, managed to smile in response to her light touch on his hand. "And that's how it was, dear. He crashed headlong into a tree; your last shot did it. But Miller and I thought he'd got you. We carried you in ——"

"You poor boy. . . . Are the rifles safe? And did Miller save the head?"

"He did," said Duane grimly, "and your precious rifles are intact."

"Lean down close," she said; "closer. There's more than the rifles intact, dear."

"Not your poor bruised body!"

"My self-respect," she whispered, the pink color stealing into her cheeks. "I've won it back. Do you understand? I've gone after my other self and got her back. I'm mistress of myself, Duane; I'm in full control, first in command. Do you know what that means?"

"Does it mean—me?"

"Yes."

"When?"

"When you will."

He leaned above her, looking down into her eyes. Their fearless sweetness set him trembling.

On the floor below Kathleen, at the piano, was playing the Menuet d'Exaudet. When she ended Scott, cheerily busy with his infant rose-beetles, went about his affairs, whistling the air.

"Our betrothal dance; do you remember?" murmured Geraldine. "Do you love me, Duane? Tell me so; I need it."

"I love you," he said.

She lay looking at him a moment, her head cradled in her dark hair. Then, moving slowly and smiling at the pain it gave her, she put both bare arms around his neck and lifted her lips to his.

It was the end of the prologue; the curtain trembled on the rise; the story of Fate was beginning. But they had no eyes except for each other, paid no heed save to each other.

And, unobserved by them, the vast curtain rose in silence, beginning the strange drama which neither time nor death, perhaps, has power to end.

(THE END)

THE LOSING GAME

(Continued from Page 5)

table in the corner, waiting for him. He seemed rather nervous.

"I've been thinking our game over, Emma," he began abruptly and uneasily. He hadn't called her Emma before.

There was a slip of colored paper in her hand. She unfolded it and laid it in front of him—a check signed by Hilpricht & Co. "We're sixty-two dollars and a half ahead of the game today, Johnny!" she said gayly.

He looked at the slip of paper with some confusion, then picked it up; finally, he burst out laughing.

"You know—I got cold feet—thinking of you," he said with embarrassed candor. "After all, getting a woman into a mess of this kind—if there should be a mess ——"

She smiled quizzically. "I somehow had a sort of suspicion you might, so I hopped right in," she said. "And now, Johnny, don't you ever think of me when your feet are cold. Think of Florida or a soapstone."

There was no equivocating after that—except in one particular. He kept telling her that she must lose now and then, or, at least, go in blind and take her chances. For if she won every time the bucketshop people would grow suspicious, and if they grew suspicious they would presently trace

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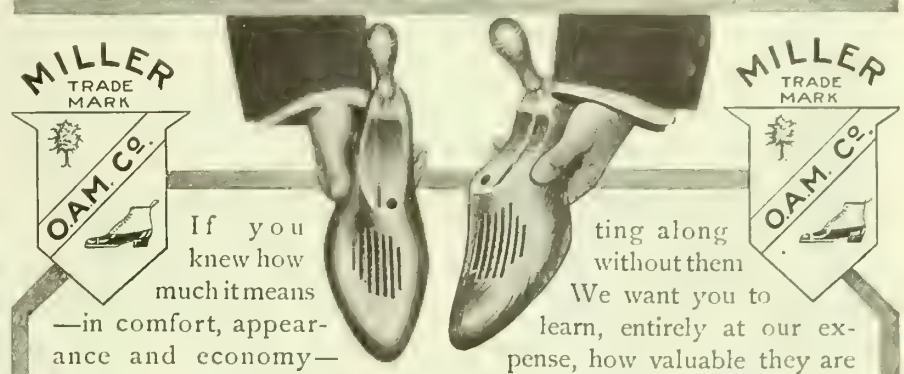

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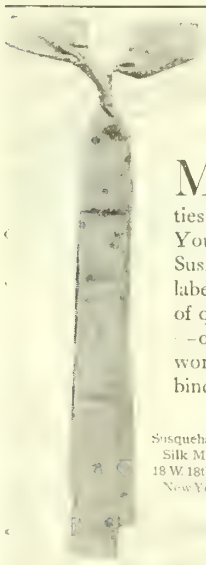

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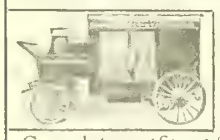

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out the signals. He insisted upon this point. Twice, indeed, she did place her money without a signal from him. The first time she came out even. But the second time she stuck to her bad trade two days and lost a hundred and fifty dollars. After that she simply couldn't bring herself to do it. She would sort of resolve to —next day. But when it came to the point of putting up two hundred dollars in good money with the chance of losing it her heart always failed her. So she lied to him about it—telling him she had made such and such deals without a signal when she hadn't.

She surveyed fat, hoarse Dallam with his big, pale-blue eyes, and said to herself: "What's the use of throwing away money on him; he's a fool, anyhow." And she took other precautions—that is, she traded sometimes in Hilpricht's and sometimes in the Woman's Commission Company; sometimes she would get the signal on the tape in one office and go into the other to make the trade. She didn't know that Hilpricht & Co. and the Woman's Commission Company were really one concern, organized on the principle that a woman will never buy anything unless she sees it in two different shops.

One day, early in September, she sauntered into Hilpricht's with her usual plain, neat dress and demure air. Dallam was standing over by his private office. A middle-aged man with a gray mustache and brown hat, indifferently dressed, was standing beside him. She thought that Dallam glanced at this man significantly, yet it made no particular impression upon her.

She went over to the ticker, pursuing her usual tactics of moving about more or less, but always keeping run of the tape. Presently she got a signal to buy Colorado Fuel and Iron. As she turned away from the ticker and approached the counter she again noticed the stranger standing over by Dallam's door. Their glances met—hers veiled by dark eyelashes. The man's look gave her a subtle little chill—something like a compelling hand laid on her shoulder. Nevertheless, she stepped to the wicket and opened her handbag. Then she observed that Tommy looked very unhappy. His bright blue eyes were downcast, and he kept on with his work as though he didn't see her. She was well enough aware that Tommy was fond of her; and she was instantly suspicious.

"Tommy," she said softly, "who is that guy over there?"

Tommy glanced up, deeply troubled. "Skip!" he murmured. "They're after you."

"It's all right, honey; don't be scared," she murmured back. "I'll buy twenty shares of Union Pacific." She laid the money on the counter.

Taking the slip that certified the purchase she sauntered away a little, and could hardly help grinning when she saw Dallam step behind the counter, evidently to find out what she had bought. A moment later the stranger went over and examined the tape. Of course, he found upon it no suspicious signal in approximation with Union Pacific. In fact, at the next quotation Union Pacific was lower. She waited ten minutes, then strolled leisurely out of the office.

She knew well enough that an expert, once on the right trail, could soon unravel their code—tracing out the signals and the withheld quotations. She guessed that the stranger was a detective from the headquarters of the telegraph company. It looked decidedly as though their game was up. Also, it looked rather dubious for one John Pound, who called himself Roth. If they were watching her, very likely they were watching him, too. Probably he would, before long, hold out some more quotations with unpleasant consequences.

Now, she had in her handbag and in the bank to her credit a little over thirteen hundred dollars—the partnership's capital. That was quite a sum for one person—especially for one female person. But divided by two it didn't amount to much. Moreover, they might have already nabbed Pound on the Colorado Fuel and Iron quotation which he had withheld; and if she went to his assistance she might simply get nabbed herself. With this thought very acutely in mind, she halted at the foot of the dingy stairs, opened her handbag and peered lingeringly in at the nice crisp bills. She wanted them very much indeed.

(TO BE CONTINUED)

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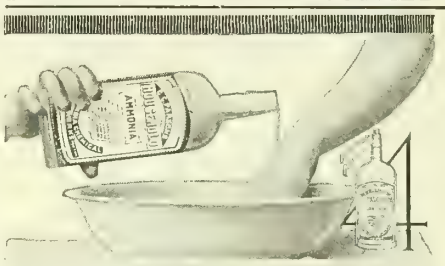

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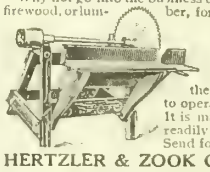

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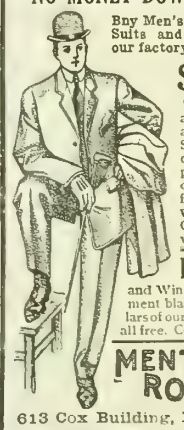

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A PURE FOOD, NATURAL FLAVOR & FRESHNESS GUARANTEED
THE SEALSHIPT OYSTER SYSTEM INC.
SOUTH NORWALK, CONN.

We ship oysters straight from Atlantic Coast and Gulf of Mexico oyster beds to a dealer near you. No human hands ever touch these oysters.

The oyster planter is under contract to us. The dealer near you is under contract to us. Our contracts cover the growing, shucking, shipping and selling of Sealshipt Oysters.

We specify minutely just how Sealshipt Oysters must be cared for at every stage of transit.

During every mile of their journey the oysters are sealed in our patented air-tight, germ-proof Sealshiptors.

And the seal which is put on at the seaside is broken only when your dealer gets the shipment.

Sealshipt Oysters

Straight from the Oyster Beds Under Air-Tight Seal

The Sealshipt System insures you oysters that are firm, clean, solid, fresh.

And more! It insures you the *only oysters* which reach you with the true oyster flavor—the delicious tang of the sea.

Please understand, first, that oysters are shipped in two ways.

Before the Sealshipt System was organized, oysters were placed in *open tubs*—open because of the necessity of re-icing on the train.

That is the way common oysters are shipped today.

The ice is in the tub with the oysters. The ice melts every few hundred miles and the expressman, with his naked hands, puts in another chunk of *railroad* ice.

If the ice is pure, the water in which the oysters are swimming will be pure. If the ice is impure, the water and the oysters will be impure.

But pure or impure, the water left in that tub is fresh water.

Fresh Water Spoils Oysters

Oysters are grown in salt water. Fresh water wilts them; bloats them; fades them; and washes out the salty tang of the sea, which is the oysters' true charm.

Fresh water, even if it is pure and clean, makes the oysters soggy, shapeless, insipid.

Sealshipt Oysters never touch fresh water.

At the seaside they are packed, solid, into air-tight containers, which are sealed.

Perfect Refrigeration

The ice is on the *outside* of the containers. The containers are in our patent Sealshiptors. Any ice will do. Common railroad ice cannot hurt Sealshipt Oysters.

For no matter how many re-icings are needed, not one drop of water can penetrate the air-tight container.

That is why a Sealshipt Oyster in New England, in Illinois, or in California, tastes the same as the day it was dredged from the deep.

In buying Sealshipt Oysters, please note that there is no "liquor"—nothing but solid meat.

What "Liquor" Is

Common oysters, as they are sold to you are half liquor—and that liquor is *only the melted railroad ice* that has washed the flavor out of the oysters.

So, if you have been buying a quart of common oysters, buy only a pint of Sealshipt.

Half the quantity gives you as much solid meat—you can add pure water, *free*, if you want to—but we urge you *not* to do it.

The price of Sealshipt Oysters is the standard of value—a lower price means adulterated oysters.

"Seaside Oyster Dishes" Free

If you want to know the flavor of the real sea oyster, write us the name of your oyster dealer. We will send you, free, our book "52 Seaside Oyster Dishes," which gives many shore receips unknown inland. Address Department 12 A.

The Sealshipt Oyster System, Inc.

(Formerly National Oyster Carrier Co.)

Sealshipt Oyster Stations at 30 Coast Points

General Office and Factory: South Norwalk, Conn.

Sealshipt Groceries and Markets Everywhere

Members of American Association for the Promotion of Purity in Food Products

The Confessions of a Reformed Street-Railway President

(Continued from Page 17)

That was a new move and, as the city finances were not in very good condition, we were puzzled and too unsophisticated to know that it was a resolution framed to be held as a club over our heads to make us put up hands and be plundered. It took some more experience before we realized that such a resolution usually is the handwriting on the wall which is to be interpreted as a signal to look for the open hand behind the politician's back. The resolution for the construction of a municipal lighting plant went along swimmingly without an opposing voice in the entire council. On our side we worried along for two or three weeks more, making no progress whatever.

When Money Talked

Then one day a man blew into my office whom I barely knew by sight, but who proved to be a saloonkeeper and a customer of our lighting lines. I had occasionally seen him when he came into the office to pay his monthly bills. This time he walked into my private office, cigar in his mouth at an aggressive angle, hat pulled down over his eyes. He shook hands in a patronizing and overbearing way, and seated himself without invitation after closing the door of the office. Then he took his cigar out of his mouth, looked me straight in the eye and said:

"See here, young feller, ain't you got any sense at all?"

It came over me like a flash just exactly what was meant, but inasmuch as I had never known him to be connected with politics in any way, I did not quite understand where he came into the deal. I said to him that presumably he referred to the city-lighting contract, and I would like to know what, in his opinion, I had best do.

He very laconically replied: "Come across."

This time I did not have to be hit over the head with a club, and as laconically asked: "How much?"

He mentioned fifteen hundred dollars. I told him that I did not have final authority and that I did not know how to go about it, and furthermore, how was I to know that we should get the contract after we had "come across." He looked at me in a pitying sort of way, and volunteered the information that I certainly was green. He then instructed me that the money was to be put into a safe-deposit box and the key turned over to a disinterested person with instructions that, in case we should get the contract at our price, this key was to be delivered to him, and in case we did not get the contract it was to come back to us. He smiled, however, and said that we would get the contract all right. I immediately hastened to have a conference with my friend, the general manager. The idea of giving a bribe in order to get a contract which was legitimately ours and for which we rendered service equivalent to the price asked, was abhorrent to both of us. The Puritanical side of my friend's nature was particularly offended, and he paced up and down in his office and announced that he would not do such a dishonorable thing; that, so far as he was concerned, the company should lose the contract if we could not get it honestly. We debated the question for an hour or two, considering ways and means; at one stage of our consultation we decided that it would be the best thing for both of us to resign our positions at once. Then we reflected that by such an action we would be deserting our guns in the middle of the fight and that we could never again get a job with any degree of responsibility attached, at least not in the only line of business with which we were acquainted. Another plan we proposed was to put the entire situation up to our New York superiors and let them send some one to do the bribing, if a bribe must be resorted to in order to get that contract. We decided to call them up on the long-distance telephone and explain the situation. The reply we got was that they had no one on the ground in whom they could place confidence excepting the general manager, and that it was the general manager's business to get that contract. It was then my friend paled, and he would have handed in his resignation then and there if I had not prevailed upon him to again think the matter over. We concluded that we simply had to have that contract or not only would the company be injured, but our own careers would be seriously checked. We consoled ourselves with the thought that, after all, it had to be done, that no man in our class of business could ever get along without "coming across," and so it was finally decided that it should be done. We were still unaccustomed in concealing transactions so the books would not show them, but we did our best and bought fifteen hundred dollars' worth of machinery from a concern in another city that could be trusted. We returned the machinery, and that enabled us to show the fifteen hundred dollars as a legitimate expenditure. Then we got that check cashed in nice yellow bills, placed them in a safe-deposit box, turned the key over to a person designated by the politician, and in a few days we had the contract all signed, sealed and delivered.

My friend, the general manager, having a New England conscience, seemed to grieve over this act a great deal more than I did; and from that time he lost interest in the business. Gradually he shifted more and more responsibility on my shoulders and centered his interest on the only daughter of a very respectable manufacturer in a neighboring city. The manufacturer had no son of his own, and he took an immense liking to my friend. Invitations were frequent, and he repeatedly hinted that what he needed in his business was some professionally-trained men and he needed them badly. In due time his only daughter agreed that my friend was a good-enough professional man for herself and for her pa. As for me, there was only one daughter, and I was shut out of the chance to become a professional son-in-law.

More Tribute to the Bosses

It was not so very long after the incident above related was closed that a party of promoters from the Middle West took a ride over our line. I got so well acquainted with them that they decided they needed some one with my experience and made me an offer to become associated with them. This offer I gladly accepted, for the property was very much larger than the one I had been engaged on, and the work was principally of an executive and engineering nature and promised freedom from contact with politics and bribes. I lost no time in taking up my new work, which proved to be generally agreeable; but if I had the notion that I was not now to come into contact with the world of graft I was very much mistaken. That company had a lot of track to build, and though it already owned some franchises, it needed a great many more. I did not come into direct contact with the big politicians, and all I know is that in due time the franchises were obtained, in some way or other; but I learned of a new form of graft which proved a revelation to me. The place was a large city and to this day I have not heard that it ever figured in any graft investigations; so I conclude conditions are still the same. In the building of extra mileage the company required large numbers of men, and as it was a part of my duties to complete the construction work, I went ahead with a will to do the best there was in me, only to find that I still had something to learn. Almost from the very first day I was besieged in my office by every species of ward heeler and petty grafter that ever existed, and if this small fry was a fair sample of the people's chosen leaders, then the Lord take pity on the poor citizens of that community! Every last one of these ward heelers wanted jobs for his constituents. They not only wanted them, but demanded them. I had work for a few hundred men, and had been accustomed to choosing my own organization and enforcing my own discipline in my own way, and generally my methods had brought results. It was out of the question to have faith in the class of imitation men for which the ward heelers demanded jobs, for they were mostly the riffraff of the slums, who showed the effects of excessive drink and bad habits in their faces. Every instinct within me revolted at the thought of such a working force to execute my commands.

Ralston
WEEKLY CATALOGUE
Style, smartness and character are obtainable in one comfortable shoe—the RALSTON.
No shoe is more correct in style, and no matter what one of the Ralston styles you choose, you know your shoes will give perfect comfort at first wearing.
That exclusive RALSTON feature—the moulded insole—makes *breaking-in unnecessary.*
RALSTON sole construction of cork, rubber-felt, and genuine oak-tanned leather, puts wear where it is needed.
Ask any RALSTON dealer to show you
$4
Stock No. 153
Wine Colored
Spartan Blucher
"Smile" Last
It's a refined model which meets every demand for up-to-dateness.
RALSTON HEALTH SHOEMAKERS
985 Main St.
Campello (Brockton)
Mass.
Send for Ralston Book AUTHORITY STYLES Fall and Winter FREE
Where we have no agent we supply direct and guarantee satisfaction or money refunded. Only 25c. extra for delivery. Agents in over 3000 towns.
UNION MADE
ANOTHER ONE NEXT WEEK
Copyrighted 1909

These are the Clothes of well-bred fellows who expect one hundred cents worth of style for every dollar they spend.

¶ When you have inspected them—you'll say that we are right!

¶ For, over a million well-bred boys—young and middle-aged—are wearing The L System and finding out for the first time how to be better dressers at the same expense.

Send 2c for *The L System Magazine*, or 24c for set of 4 original college posters in colors.

H. M. LINDENTHAL & SONS

Style Originators

CHICAGO
NEW YORK

Firmly, but politely, I turned down all requests to employ this type of humanity; but I had another guess coming. I was called to the inner recesses of the general offices and was given a nice, fatherly little talk by the gray-haired head of the company, who explained to me that he had to have a whole lot of additional franchises, for which he was then negotiating; and in order to get them we had to have the good will of the politicians, big and little. That meant that we had better give employment to those recommended by them, even if they were wrecks and hopeless as workers. I protested against such a policy, saying that, inasmuch as I was held responsible for the cost of the work, I was obliged to point out to him that the cost of construction with that sort of labor would be at least double what it should be. My superior smiled a grim smile, but agreed with me that that might be the case, and that if the cost was not more than doubled he would be thankful to me. I then replied that in view of such a situation, it would be unfair to charge the entire cost of this useless labor against construction, and suggested that the extra, and to me useless, expense be charged on the books to the account of "Franchises and Good Will." My venerable superior could not possibly entertain such an idea. The franchises could be capitalized later on, he said, but for the present he could not assign them any value or allow the books to show what they had cost. On the whole, my superior was very gentle but also very firm, and he had patience and forbearance with my youthful enthusiasm. He appreciated the fact that I was anxious to do this work as well and as cheaply as possible, but confessed that circumstances over which he had no control would prevent anything like an efficient organization and reasonable construction cost. There was nothing to do but to accept the situation. Later on I had a good many nice little talks with my fatherly superior officer, and he gave me some valuable insights into the inner workings of the business of franchise-getting. He said that his franchises would cost him anywhere from five hundred dollars to ten thousand dollars a mile of single track of street railway. Of course, not all of this money was paid direct to politicians, nor did it all represent bribes; but anyway the revenues of the municipality never showed a cent received as compensation for franchises granted. He explained to me that much of the money was spent in engaging lawyers with political influence—in fact, these lawyers usually ruled the politicians themselves. Additional sums of money had to be spent in entertaining aldermen. Whenever a franchise is asked for, the representative of the street-railway company asking for it must hobnob with the aldermen, get their good will and entertain them. He would not be looked at a second time if he furnished anything cheaper than twenty-five-cent cigars, and extra dry champagne for liquid refreshments. Then there are jobs to be given to all the friends of politicians and near-politicians. After them come the ward heelers and the small fry who were then besieging me. Of course, all these items go into the total cost of an electric railway, but all such expenses are so skillfully handled that no vestige of them ever shows on the books.

Surrounded by Politics

At one of our conferences I gingerly suggested that it might be a better plan to deal directly with the public and to pay over the sum required to secure a franchise for the public benefit. My paternal instructor only smiled and remarked that he wished it were so. Then he knocked my suggestion into a cocked hat with the question as to whom I would deal with. There was no answer to that question, for with whom can one deal except the chosen ones of the people?

Of course, the political boss collects his regular tribute from the people who are in no position to refuse. It has been my experience that saloonkeepers do not furnish the large campaign funds with which they are credited and that dives and other low resorts are about played out as sources of revenue for political purposes. But the politician worthy of the name knows his power, knows the enormous latitude of discretion and indiscretion allowed him by most municipal charters and knows that he can absolutely destroy the value of investments in public utilities in his city. He would think himself a fool not to use his powers. I do not know what sort of ideas our forefathers had in mind when they were organizing municipalities and issuing charters, but I am quite sure that they never contemplated giving to any one the power of life and death over legitimate business enterprises, and least of all to a miscellaneous assortment of human weaknesses, as represented by the average city council. The fact that any legitimate business enterprise would rather do business openly and aboveboard will hardly need any explanation. If municipalities were really competently represented there would be an open and aboveboard contract arrangement whereby a street-railway company would be given certain definite rights for certain definite service and other reasonable compensations, to be paid at such time as the two parties agreed upon. Such a contract would be subject to modification from time to time as local conditions should warrant or demand. That is the way two corporations like a municipality and a street railway should get together and do business—but who ever heard of such a thing? The municipality selects as its representatives men who have had no particular training in business affairs. They are elected for a short time, and if paid at all it is a beggarly sum, less than is allowed the men who sweep the streets. The object in life of these men is to look out for themselves.

Some Good Resolutions

I learned much which I would like to forget while I held the position here referred to, and, on the whole, I was not sorry when, after the property was entirely completed, it was sold and I found myself on the street looking for a job. I had been ousted by the new owners, a process which is perfectly legitimate—in fact, necessary—for when new owners take possession of a delicately-balanced piece of machinery, like a street railway, it is essential that they put their own organization in command. The enemy's captain is never left in command of the captured ship, you know. However, I had by this time built up a fairly good reputation in my business, and had a large acquaintance all over the country. It was not very long before I got in touch with some people who owned a street-railway property in the Middle West, and where things had not been all they should be. I arranged for a conference for the purpose of discussing the situation. At this conference I learned many things which caused my heart to leap with gladness. The property was not very large, although it represented several million dollars of investment and consisted of interurban and city mileage, as well as an electric-lighting department. The principal city in which the property was located was known to have a strictly honest administration. This property had not been doing well; in fact, the Eastern owners had been obliged to send money West every year to keep the cars going. They made me a proposal to take charge of this property and gave me a financial interest in the enterprise, but best of all, they gave me *carte blanche* to do as I saw fit. I should have no one to consult, no directors to bother me, no stockholders to come snooping around. My sole instructions were to go ahead and make a success of the property.

I decided that there should always be cars enough, so that every passenger should have a seat. I furthermore decided that all complaints against the company and its service should be given a polite hearing, and that the public should have free and unlimited access to my private office; that I would treat every passenger as a valued patron, and make the conductors say "Thank you" every time they received a fare. Oh, it was lovely! I also firmly resolved to make a visit each day to the power-station, carbarns and sub-stations, and would detail a certain portion of the day for such visits. I would see that everything was spotlessly clean and in the pink of condition and repair. I would keep in personal touch with employees and the public and would make every one my friend. I would make it my pleasant duty to get acquainted with the city fathers and tell them how I had heard of their honesty and integrity and assure them it was my intention to coöperate with them in every way, and that I was sure I wanted to have my permanent home in that town. The train could hardly take me to my destination fast enough.

Editor's Note—This is the first of two papers by a Reformed Street-Railway President. The second will appear in an early number.

THE Packard SHOE

$3.50 $4.00 $5.00

FOR MEN

SOME shoes keep continually reminding you how stylish they are. It's a good plan to avoid that kind. Think of tomorrow and buy a shoe you can live with.

The Packard Shoe is uniformly reliable and satisfactory. It is made by Brockton men who know no other trade than that of making shoes, nor did their fathers before them. The comfort it gives you is neither visionary nor intermittent—it is *permanent*.

When you pay $3.50 or more for a shoe you are entitled to the Packard and you should not be satisfied with less. We try to make every pair so good that next season will find you back for another.

You should wear the Packard—you owe it to yourself and your purse.
Ask your dealer, no matter where.
Send for free Catalogue.

MADE ONLY BY

M. A. PACKARD COMPANY

BROCKTON, MASSACHUSETTS

Who's Your Tailor?

TRADE MARK REGISTERED 1906

It takes good tailoring, not large quantities of printer's ink, to make good clothes.

The character of our tailoring is such that hundreds of thousands of men order clothes from us season after season.

Our reputation with them was made through superior workmanship—not through advertising.

COPYRIGHT 1909 E. V. PRICE & CO.

E. V. Price & Co.

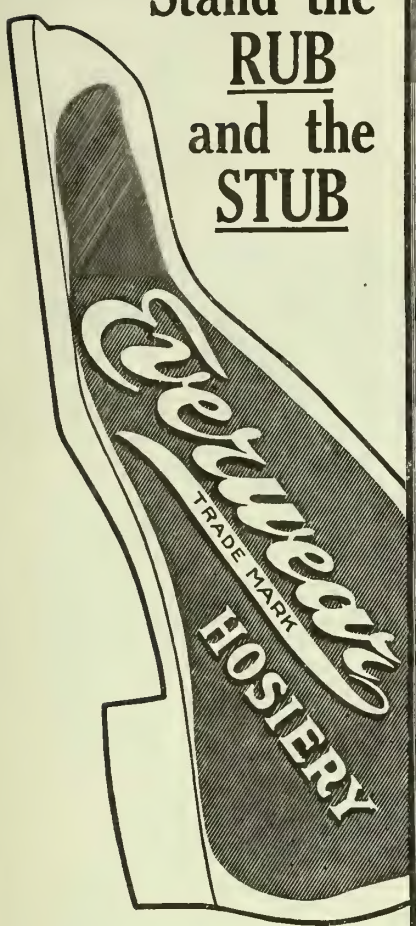
Largest makers in the world of GOOD tailored-to-order clothes

Price Building *Chicago*

Send for our Fall style book and name of our representative. He'll show you our Woolens and take your measure

$25.00 to $40.00

The Hose that Stand the RUB and the STUB



The true definition of "Everwear" is—absolute hose satisfaction.

Because, Everwear hose outlast our six months written guarantee, and give you splendid service for an indefinite time;

Because, Everwear hose takes the rub at the heel and the stub at the toe without a sign of wear, hole, rip, break, or run for a full half-year and longer;

Because, Everwear hose are light weight, seamless and perfect fitting;

Because, Everwear hose are the most luxurious, stylish, soft and comfortable hose ever made from silk lisle thread and genuine imported Egyptian cotton.

In fact, not theory, Everwear is the absolute perfection in hose durability, economy, elegance and comfort.

Your dealer has them in all the season's popular shadings.

Be sure to ask for Everwear—take nothing else. If your dealer can't supply you write to us and we will send them, express prepaid.

Send for free booklet "An Everwear Yarn."

Six Pairs of One Size in a Box—Solid or Assorted Colors

SILK LISLE	EGYPTIAN COTTON
Men's—$3.00 a box. Colors, black, tan, champagne, burgundy, lavender, light and dark shades of blue and gray, hunter green, reseda green, purple and gun metal.	**Men's**—$1.50 a box. Light or medium weight. Colors, black, black with white feet, blue, green and burgundy, light and dark shades of gray and tan.
Ladies'—$3.00 a box. Light weight. Colors, black and tan.	**Ladies'**—$2.00 a box. Colors, black, black with white feet and tan.

EVERWEAR HOSIERY CO.
Dept. 11, Milwaukee, Wis.

Don't get your Fall suit or overcoat before you send for our catalogue of smartest New York fashions and sixty-four (64) of the *finest* suit and overcoat samples.

We will *prove* that we not only can save you *big* money on your clothes, but also give you the *newest* New York styles, the most *perfect* fit, and tailoring that we *guarantee*.

For $13.50 we will make to your special measure positive $20 clothes

They are the *same* suit and overcoat values that we have sold year after year through our *agents* for $20. But we have *done away* with "in between men" and are selling you *direct*, the *same* quality clothes at the agent's *wholesale* price of $13.50.

We let *you* make the commission that we formerly gave the agent. This is a plain, bare-faced *business* proposition whereby we actually *save* you from 25 to 50% on New York tailoring of a *superior* quality.

We not only promise, but we *guarantee* to give you a $20 suit or overcoat for $13.50.

We guarantee fit, fabric and the finish, and if you are not *pleased* with the clothes when we deliver them, if you are *not* convinced that we have *saved* you at least 33⅓%, you are under *no obligation* to keep the clothes. We give this strong *guarantee* because in dealing *direct* with you, we can be sure there will be no misunderstanding.

Big Catalog and 64 Woolen Samples FREE

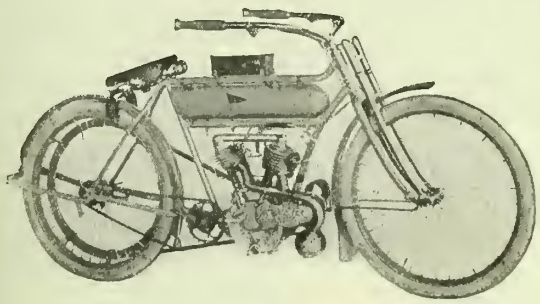
But let us *prove* these facts. Send for our large handsome catalogue and sixty-four (64) samples. *Examine them*—show them to anyone who pretends to be a *judge* of woolens. *Compare* them with the fabrics shown by *any other* tailoring organizations. *Then* decide *who* will be *your* tailor this fall. We want you to *see*, *believe* and *know* about THE BELL TAILORS of NEW YORK and their *superior* clothes values—so send for our catalogue *at once*. It is like *finding* so much money.

THE BELL TAILORS OF NEW YORK
113-119 Walker St., New York City

TELL YOUR FRIENDS

The Bell Tailors of New York

This Motor Cycle Has Proved Itself Supreme



1910
Twin Cylinder
6½ Horsepower
Bosch magneto
V belt drive
Standard color, gray
$300 F. O. B. Toledo

YALE Twin Cylinder 6½ H. P.

You will find—if you take the slight trouble to post yourself—that the 1910 Yale achieves all that motor cycle builders have heretofore striven for in vain.

The twin is good for 65 miles an hour; the single is a wonder that easily does 50 miles an hour.

Both are silent, the smoothest running machines in the world.

Maintenance cost—because of the careful workmanship and fine materials—is the lowest.

Every engine, before it is placed on a machine, must run on a belt, 300 revolutions per minute, for 6 solid hours.

In the past season, the Yale, time after time, has proved itself supreme by its splendid performances.

For instance, the Yale team of three riders established the world's record for endurance and won the silver trophy cup in the 600 mile Chicago endurance run July 9-11, the most severe motor cycle contest ever held. Every machine had a perfect score, with battery box, carburetor, spark plug and motor seals not broken during the entire three days.

Against 43 starters—twin and single cylinders—the Yale score was perfect in the Philadelphia Trade Association 300 mile run, July 11.

This feat was duplicated Aug. 10-11 in the F.A.M. Endurance contest, Cleveland to Indianapolis—380 miles. The Yale's score perfect—on time—not one stop for trouble or adjustment.

Still another—A. R. Horn and P. B. Fillmore left Minneapolis July 5th on Yales. Seventeen days later they arrived in New York—both machines ready to start back at once. One tire puncture measured the extent of their troubles in 1735 miles.

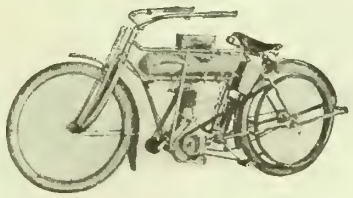
These are typical Yale performances—and they prove the Yale as nearly trouble proof as a motor cycle can be built.

They really put it up to you to get the literature which describes the 1910 Yales before you decide on your new machine.

The 1910 Yales are ready for delivery.

Room for a few aggressive, established dealers.

The Consolidated Mfg. Co.
1702 Fernwood Ave.
Toledo, Ohio



YALE 3½ H. P.—1910
V or flat belt drive—$200 F. O. B. Toledo.
Herz magneto, extra, $35.

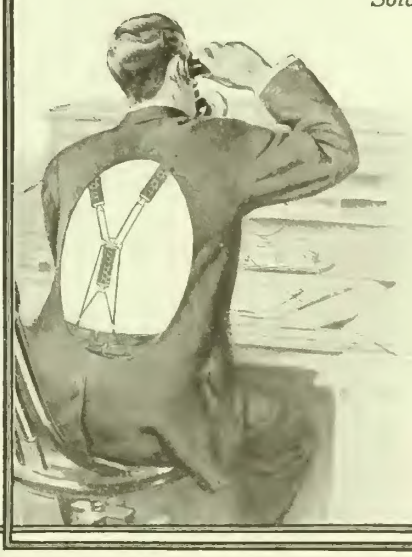
PRESIDENT SUSPENDERS

are the last word in suspender comfort. The suspenders the business man wears because he wants to forget himself and his clothes and not be harassed all day long by the constant pressure on his shoulders of rigid-back suspenders.

Light and medium weights. Guaranteed by makers.

Sold by all good dealers or by mail direct.

Price, 50 cents.



In Beautiful Gift Boxes for the Holidays

Exquisite designs in colors by Leon Moran. At your dealers, 50 cents, or we will mail direct to any address with your presentation card. State colors and weight desired.

Write us to-day

The C. A. Edgarton Mfg. Co.
1717 Main St.
Shirley, Mass.

OLE SQUINT-EYE

(Concluded from Page 15)

He turned sharply to the left and made a détour through the woods until he struck a path which led back to the bridge from the river side. By this manœuver he gained free running room. When Ransom emerged from the canebrake Peter got up.

"Howdy, Ransom?" he said.

"Howdy, Peter?"

"Whar you been?"

"Mister Robert sont me ober to Ellerslie wid a note."

"Dat's so? Want a chaw o' tobaccer? Hold dis bundle while I cuts off a piece."

It was a shallow subterfuge, but it served. He passed the bundle to Ransom, whose hand trembled as he took it. Then Peter went through those antics predicted by Ole Squint-Eye. He turned three times, made a cross-mark in the dust with his toe, and bent down to spit upon it. Ransom jerked off his hat and lit out for the river, gaining twenty-five yards before Peter knew that he had gone. For another twenty-five yards the astonished Peter stood and stared. Then he shouted: "Hole on, Ransom, hole on."

But Ransom tarried not in Jericho. He neither stopped nor looked behind him. He mounted the side of the levee like a cat, balanced himself on the crest and vanished down the slope beyond. Peter reached the top of the levee just in time to see Ransom square himself for a long throw, then hurl that conju bag into the yellow current. "My Gawd! My Gawd!" Peter moaned and sank where he stood, for the strength of manhood had gone.

Ransom turned, his eyes blazing with excitement. "Dar it goes! Dar it goes! Jes' a-whirlin' an' bubblin'. An' you gotter foller it, fer de wanderin' foot is on you. Squint-Eye tole me—Squint-Eye ——"

Dazed as Peter was he glanced up incredulously. "*Squint-Eye* tole you ——"

Ransom staggered. "Dar, now, I done tole it. Squint-Eye's gwine to hant me—gwine to hant me." He did not stop to gloat over Peter. Shivering with a deadly fear he climbed the levee and tottered toward the big house, to Mr. Robert, and such weak protection as a white man might give a negro in dire extremity.

When Ransom had gone Peter roused himself, rushed to the water's edge and strained his eyes to see whether the conju bag had floated or sunk. He ran along the river like a madman, following the running water and looking for a skiff. And neither Peter nor Jerry Bishop's skiff ever came back to Reveille.

Peter had now been gone for a week, but Ransom found no comfort. Another dread filled his mind. His sorrel mule followed Murdock's horse along the turn-row, while Pedro, the Gordon setter, raced on ahead. They were going home to supper after a long, hot day among the plows.

Suddenly a negro called from far across the field: "Oh, Mr. Murdock, wait a minit, please, suh!" Then he came running toward them.

Murdock halted his horse, and Ransom rode up close beside him. Murdock turned and asked with disconcerting suddenness: "Ransom, what's the trouble with you?"

"Nuthin', Mister Robert; what make you think dat?"

"Because you haven't got an arm's length away from me this whole week. And every night you've been sleeping in the hall outside of my door. You stick to me closer than Pedro. Are you afraid Peter might shoot you from the bushes?"

"No, suh, Mister Robert, I ain't skeered o' Peter de bes' day he ebber lived."

"Well, if there's any trouble of that kind on Reveille I want to know it."

"Yas, suh."

Murdock looked the old man through and through, and felt that he told the truth. But there was something behind it that he couldn't figure out.

"Well, what is it, Watson?" Murdock turned to the other negro who had come up.

"Mr. Robert, please, suh, gimme an order for de doctor to go an' see Ole Squint-Eye."

Watson clung to Murdock's pommel and spoke eagerly. "Po' ole man is mighty low, an' us niggers can't hep him any."

"What's the matter with him? Rheumatism? He's had that for fifty years."

"Naw, suh; naw, suh; hit's chokin' spells; he can't git his breff."

Murdock wrote an order on a leaf of his notebook, clucked to his horse, and rode on.

Ransom, dumb with terror, sat perfectly still and stared at the woods, those measureless, mysterious woods where cypress trees waved their gray beards like giant ghosts in torment.

"Dar now," he said; "dar—now." The mule moved on of her own accord, trailing the big horse. Suddenly the rider sat up very straight. "Yes, yes, dat's it; I'll peg his speerit in de lightnin' tree." He used his spur frantically. The mule, electrified, sprang forward.

Murdock had dismounted at the stable lot and turned Big Dick into the gate. Ransom dashed up, flung himself to the ground and darted toward the big house.

"Stop, Ransom! Here! What's happened?"

The negro did not even turn his head. Murdock ran to the house and met him as he came tumbling out of the back door with a brace-and-bit in his hand. He caught the negro's sleeve, but Ransom tore loose, hustled down the garden path and disappeared behind a hedgerow in the direction of Boggy Slough. Murdock dropped down on the step. Then, laughing and swearing together, he went to look after his horse.

The way was long and Ransom was old, but he tore through briars and cane until he reached the low grounds on the bank of Boggy Slough. Here he paused, scanned the treetops, then plunged on again to a hoary cypress which the lightning had split from its summit to the earth. Ransom had kept this tree in mind through his long week of suffering. With excited haste he bored into the soft trunk, then stuck a switchcane into the hole so he could find it in the dark. Dropping Murdock's brace-and-bit he ran to Squint-Eye's cabin. It was dark inside. Several old crones whispered beside the bed. Ransom screwed up his courage and asked: "Sister Clarissy, how's Brudder Harper?"

"He's mighty po'ly."

"Ain't he out o' his head?"

"Yas, chile; he don' know nobody."

With that assurance Ransom ventured in: "Kin I do anything fer 'im?"

"Nuthin; jest set heah an' give 'im med'cine outen dat cup ef he wake up; we'se done tuckered out."

Ransom sat in the split-bottomed chair and listened to the mummy's painful breathing. The old women moved around, in and out of the cabin. Ransom's eyes roamed furtively until he located the conjurer's staff and shoes. With apparent negligence he got these together beside the hearth, and laid the axe within reach. Then he opened his knife, felt its edge and sat down beside the bed to await the cursed opportunity. Presently the other watchers stepped outside the door. Ransom leaned over, and quicker than thought he snipped a twisted kink from Squint-Eye's head. Then he ran to the hearth, snatched the axe and cut a piece off the conjurer's staff. With one hand he tore the string from Squint-Eye's shoe, with the other grabbed a handful of ashes from his hearth. Ole Squint-Eye raised up in bed, strangling and gasping. Ransom bolted out of the door.

"Run to 'im, Sister Clarissy; he's a-dyin'. I'm gwine ter Mister Robert fer some whisky."

For once, Ransom had no whisky on his mind. Straight as a martin to its gourd he flew to the lightning tree. His hands trembled so violently he could hardly pull out the cane, and he spilled half the ashes trying to put them in the hole. Behind the ashes he stuffed in the shoestring and the lock of Squint-Eye's hair. Then he took off his own shoe, and with the heel hammered home the peg from Squint-Eye's staff.

For a moment he danced with delight. "Dar, now, I done plugged yo' speerit in de lightnin' tree, an' you can't walk de earth My Gawd! My Gawd! He mout er been dead a'ready."

He dropped his knife and rushed madly back to the sick man's cabin.

"How's Brudder Harper?" he gasped.

"Restin' easy," answered Aunt Clarissy.

Ransom stumbled out to the fence, leaned up against it and chuckled to himself. "You kin jes' go 'head an' die whenever you gits ready—'tain't nuthin' to me."

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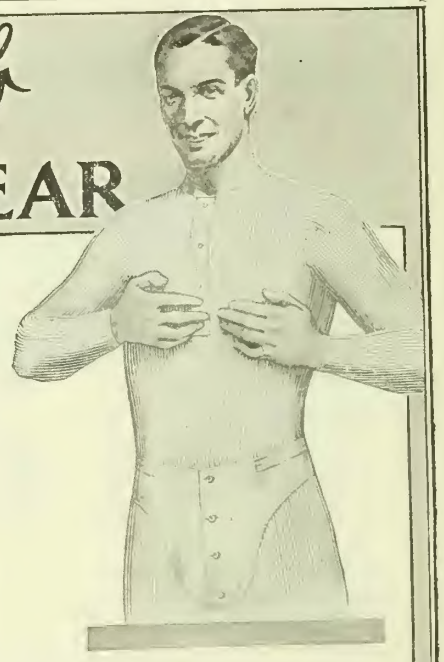

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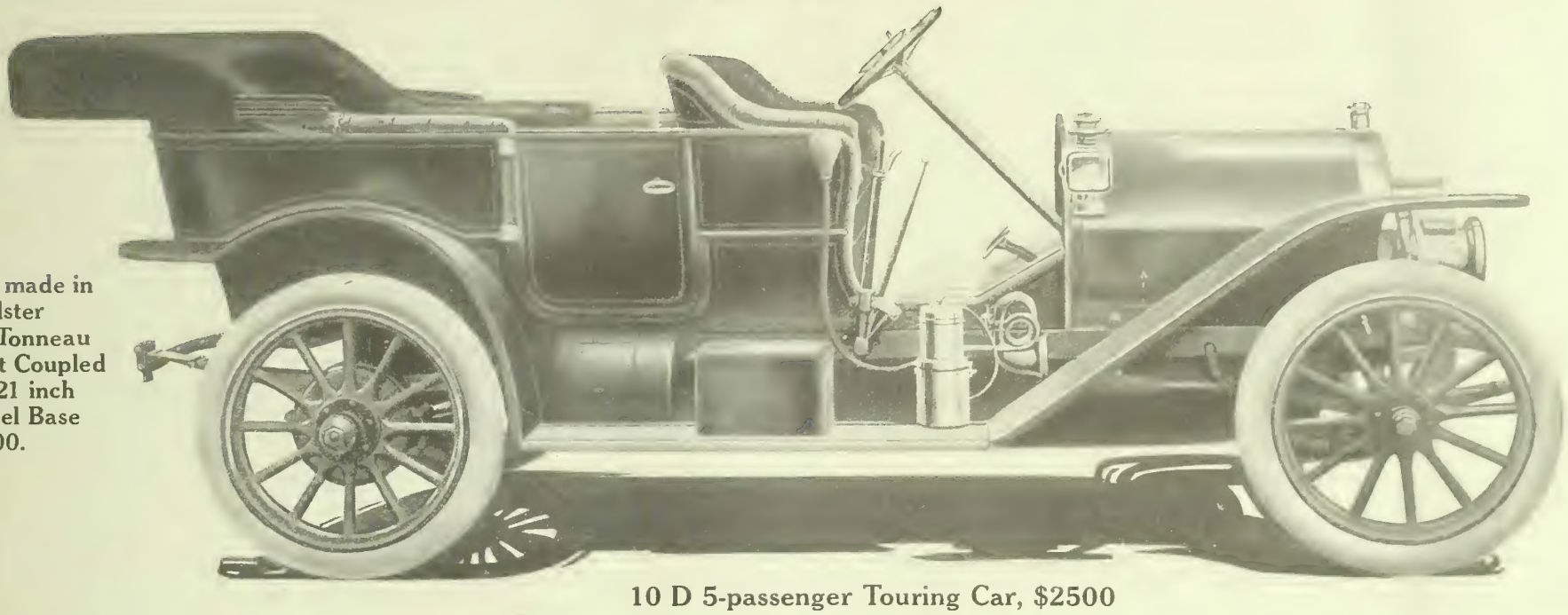

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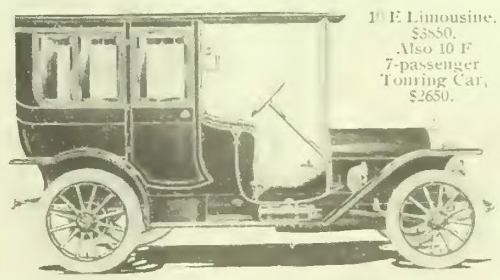

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